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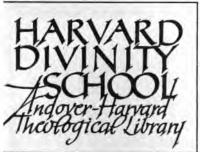
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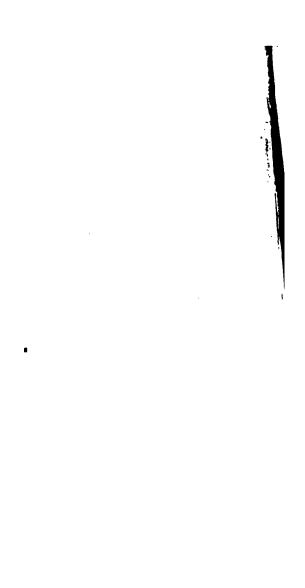


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MS AND HYMNS

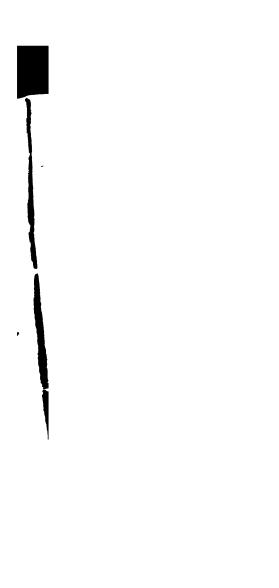
FOR

AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

res in pealms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, making melody in your hearts to God.

ST. PAUL.

- BOSTON: JEWETT AND COMPANY. 1858.



for the upright," and to admonish one and hymns and spiritual songs," is the Holy Writ. We find, also, that it was sof the early Christians to spend a porvion two or three were met in Jesus' alses to the Lord. At the close of the sung a hymn before they left the table; ended, they "were continually in the iblessing God;" at midnight, l'aul and prayed, and sang praises unto God;" "liny that Christians were wont to meet among themselves, alternately, a hymn

In obedience, then, to an order from dance with the practice of the early deration of the power of music over the strong and steady impulse of the soul se even, as its joys and raptures, and its adoration, in sacred melody and song, er, in her "holy convocations," assign to music a position very prominent and as she moves onward, rejoicing in the strious LEADER, "conquering and to doubtless, bring more frequently her



PREFACE.

schools, in our monthly concerts, and in our prayer meetings; this would inspire them with a new devotion; would break up the "spirit of heaviness" which sometimes broods over them, and would be the means of preparing the voices of all for mingling in the songs of the sanctuary. The promof all for mingling in the songs of the sanctuary. inent deficiency in our acts of social and private worship is, not that we do not read enough, or pray enough, or exhort enough, but that we do not SING enough; for this is the only act in which all can alike audibly engage, and by which the attention of all is at once arrested, and the feelings moved.

It is hoped that this Vestry Hymn Book, together with the "Congregational Tune Book," which has been very carefully arranged to be used in connection with it, will be instrumental in effecting a change in this respect for the better, by supplying a variety of select and appropriate hymns and

tunes for the use of the church in her devotions.

In this collection will be found most of her choicest and sweetest hymns, together with many new ones, breathing forth the living spirit of this present living age. They have been chosen with the greatest care from our best sacred lyric poets, and will be found adapted to every phase of Christian life and experience, and to every place where man comes to worship God, whether it be the private chamber, the domestic altar, the Sabbath school room, the deck of the

wessel, the vestry, the chapel, or the church.

The hymns, in most instances, have been drawn from original sources, and are given, as far as practicable, just as their respective authors wrote them. Each one of them is introduced by a passage of Scripture, of which it is a paraphrase, or whose spirit it most evidently breathes. Above each hymn is placed the name of an appropriate tune which may be readily found by referring to the "Congregational Tune Book," and held above the hymn for singing.

That many Christian hearts may be elevated, comforted, and sanctified by the use of this little manual of sacred song, and that God would make it as a "silver string" in that great symphony of praise that goes up from "million lyres" eternally to the LAMB, is the earnest hope and prayer of the compiler.

ELIAS NASON.

August 2, 1858.

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I asked the Lord that I might grow If human kindness meets return. If through unruffled seas. I know that my Redeemer lives. I'll praise my Maker with my breath I love the Lord; He guides my way I love the Lord; He heard my cries I love Thy kingdom, Lord I love to steal a while away. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord. In all my Lord's appointed ways. In all my ways, O God In evil long I took delight In expectation sweet.	C. M C. M L. P. M C. M S. M	42 28 9 4 28 29 41 37 40 38 49 27
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What are those soul-reviving strains L. M
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When bending o'er the brink of lifeC. M
When, driven by oppression's rodL. M
When gathering clouds around I viewL. M
When His salvation bringing
When I can read my title clear
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Who can describe the joys that rise	While we lowly how before Thee
Who can describe the joys that rise	While with ceaseless course, the sun
Why droops my soul, with grief oppressed. L. M. 99 Why should the children of a King C. M. 133 With humble heart and tongue S. M. 560 Within these walls be peace. S. M. 560 Within these walls be peace. S. M. 560 With joy we meditate the grace. C. M. 103 With one consent, let all the earth. L. M. 168 With stongs and honors, sounding loud. C. M. 42 Worldling, what hast thou to show 78. 236 Worship, honor, glory, blessing. 88 & 78. 55 Ye angels, who stand round the throne. 88. 583 Ye christian heralds, go, proclaim L. M. 475 Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell. C. M. 581 Ye hearts, with youthful vigor warm. C. M. 512 Ye servants of the Lord. S. M. 395 Ye sons of men, with joy record L. M. 290 Yes, the Redeemer rose. II. M. 27 Yes, we trust the day is breaking. 88, 78, & 4. 464 Ye tribes of Adam, join. 11. M. 37 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor C. M. 231 Your harps, ye trembling saints. S. M. 338 Zion, awake; thy strength renew L. M. 448 Zion stands with hills surrounded. 88, 78, & 4. 418	Who can describe the joys that rise L. M 220
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VESTRY HYMNS.

D.—BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

I. M. DUKE STREET. WATTS.

THE LORD REIGNETH. - Ps. 93:1.

HOVAH reigns; He dwells in light, rded with majesty and might: he world, created by His hands, all on its first foundation stands.

it ere this spacious world was made, had its first foundations laid, by throne eternal ages stood, by self the ever-living God.

ke floods the angry nations rise, id aim their rage against the skies; in floods, that aim their rage so high! Thy rebuke the billows die.

3

4 Forever shall Thy throne endure; Thy promise stands forever sure; And everlasting holiness Becomes the dwellings of Thy grace.

2. H. M. DARWELL. WATTS.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns; His throne is built on high;

The garments He assumes
Are light and majesty.

His glories shine | No mortal eye With beams so bright, | Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard His holy law;
where His love | | His truth confirms

And where His love His truth confirms
Resolves to bless, And seals the grace.

3 Through all His ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs.

Strong is His arm,

And shall fulfil

His great decrees,
His sovereign will.

BEING AND P

And can this a
Of Glory co
And will He o
My Father
I love His name;
I love His word:

3. C. M.
LORD, THOU HAST BEEN OUT

1 OUR God, our he
Our hope for y

- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all its sons away; They fly, forgotten, as a dream Dies at the opening day.
- 6 Our God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Be Thou our guard while troubles la And our eternal home.

4. L. M. [P.] HANOVER. DODDRIDG

- 1 Great Former of this various frame, Our souls adore Thine awful name,
 - And bow and tremble, while they prai The Ancient of eternal days.
 - 2 Our days a transient period run, And change with every circling sun; And, in the firmest state we boast, A moth can crush us into dust.
 - 3 But let the creatures fall around; Let death consign us to the ground; Let the last general flame arise, And melt the arches of the skies;



JING AND PERFECTIONS.

Im as the summer's ocean, we an all the wreck of nature sec, While grace secures us an abode Unshaken as the throne of God.

5. C. M. BARBY. E. SCOTT.

THOU, GOD, SEEST ME. - Gen. 16:13.

- GREAT God, Thy penetrating eye Pervades my inmost powers;
 With awe profound my wondering soul Falls prostrate and adores.
- 2 To be encompassed round with God, The holy and the just, Armed with omnipotence to save, Or crumble me to dust;
- 8 O, how tremendous is the thought! Deep may it be impressed; And may Thy Spirit firmly grave This truth within my breast.
- 4 Begirt with thee, my fearless soul
 The gloomy vale shall tread;
 And Thou wilt bind the immortal crown
 Of glory on my head.

O LORD, THOU HAST SEARCHED ME AND KNOWN ME. - Ps. :

- 1 Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me through Thine eye commands, with piercing v My rising and my resting hours, My heart and flesh, with all their pow
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own Are to my God distinctly known; He knows the words I mean to speak Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within Thy circling power I stand; On every side I find Thy hand: Awake, asleep, at home, abroad, I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great! What large extent! what lofty height My soul, with all the powers I boast, Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O, may these thoughts possess my b Where'er I rove, where'er I rest; Nor let my weaker passions dare Consent to sin, for God is there.

__ prove __pressed with sacred love! he'er they dwell, they dwell with Thee; saven, in earth, or on the sea.

ne remains nor place nor time; country is in every clime: n be calm and free from care ny shore, since God is there.

e place we seek, or place we shun, oul finds happiness in none; ith a God to guide my way, ual joy to go or stay.

I be cast where Thou art not, ere, indeed, a dreadful lot; ions none remote I ~"

-

- 2 He shakes the heavens with loud al How terrible is God in arms! In Israel are His mercies known; Israel is His peculiar throne.
- 3 Proclaim Him king, pronounce Him He's your defence, your joy, your r When terrors rise, and nations fain God is the strength of every saint.
- 9. C. M. ABLINGTON.
 THE LORD ON HIGH IS MIGHTIER THAN THE NOISE
- 1 THE Lord our God is clothed with 1
 The winds obey His will;
 He speaks, and in His heavenly hei
 The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land With threatening aspect roar; The Lord uplifts His awful hand, And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night; your force con Without His high behest,
 Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
 Disturb the sparrow's nest.

Ations, bend; in reverence bend; monarchs, wait His nod, bid the choral song ascend celebrate your God.

C. M. London.

PATRICK.

GLORIOUS IN HOLINESS. - Ex. 15:11.

D, we praise Thee, and confess t Thou the only Lord verlasting Father art, ull the earth adored.

e all angels cry aloud:

GOD.

tles' glorious company, rophets crowned with light, the martyrs' noble host, onstant praise recite.

ly church throughout the world, ord, confesses Thee, hou eternal Father art, boundless majesty.

C. M. WINDSOR. NEEDHAM.

Y and reverend is the name our eternal King:
ice holy Lord! the angels cry;
hrice holy! let us sing.

e deepest reverence of the mind, Pay, O my soul, to God; It with thy hands a holy heart To His sublime abode.

Vith sacred awe pronounce His name Whom words nor thoughts can rest broken heart shall please Him mo Than the best forms of speech.

IG AND PERFECTIONS.

God, preserve my soul 1 pollution free; in heart are Thy delight, y Thy face shall see.

Doxology.

ho reigns in worlds of light, rnal King of heaven, majesty, and might, sise, and glory given.

S. M. DOVER.

WATTS.

HE IS HOLY.—Ps. 99:8.

e Lord our God,
rship at His feet:
e is all holiness,
ercy is His seat.

ael was His church, Aaron was His priest, ses cried, when Samuel prayed, e His people rest.

gave their sins, uld destroy their race; ie made His vengeance known, hey abused His grace.



GOD.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still He's a God of holiness,
And jealous for His name.

13. L. M. WINCHESTER. BEDDOM

WISDOM AND MIGHT ARE HIS. - Dan. 2:20.

- 1 Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will; Tumultuous passions, all be still; Nor let a murmuring thought arise; His ways are just, His counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells, Performs His work, the cause conceal But, though His methods are unknow Judgment and truth support His thre
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and so He executes His firm decrees; And by His saints it stands confesse That what He does is ever best.
- 4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wa Prostrate before His awful seat; And 'mid the terrors of His rod, Trust in a wise and gracious God.

- 8 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will His changeless goodness prove;
 From the gloom His brightness streameth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
 - 4 He with earthly cares entwineth Hope and comfort from above: Every where His glory shineth; God is wisdom, God is love.

15. C. M. AVON. WATTS.
THE MEMORY OF THY GREAT GOODNESS. - Ps. 145:7.

SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
 My God, my heavenly King!
 Let age to age Thy righteousness
 In sounds of glory sing.

- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confine His goodness to the skies; Through the whole earth His bounty shi And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wai On Thee for daily food; Thy liberal hand provides their meat, And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord How slow Thine anger moves! But soon He sends His pardoning wo To cheer the souls He loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race, Thy power and praise proclaim; But saints, that taste Thy richer grac Delight to bless Thy name.

GOD. — CREATION AND PROVIDEN

16. C. M. DEVIZES. WA
THE LORD BY WISDOM HATH FOUNDED THE EARTH.—Prov.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom, Thee we praise, Thee the creation sings; With Thy loved name, rocks, hills, and se And heaven's high palace rings. how wide it spread the sky! rious to behold! h a blue of heavenly dye, red with sparkling gold.

blaze all nature round, te the gazing sight, ies, and seas, and solid ground, ror and delight.

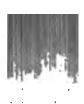
ingth, and equal skill, rough the worlds abroad; vith vast amazement fill, ak the Builder — God.

C. M. BALLERMA. BERRIDGE.

OF THE COODMESS OF THE LORD.—Pr. 33:5.
288, Lord, our souls confess:
lness we adore;
hose blessings never fail,
thout a shore.

and stars, Thy love attest golden ray; the curtains of the night, returns the day.





- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns
 With all the bliss it yields,
 With joyful clusters loads the vine
 With strengthening grain the fi
- 4 But chiefly Thy compassions, Lor Are in the gospel seen; There, like a sun, Thy mercy shir Without a cloud between.
- 18. S. M. St. Thomas. V Bless the Lord, O My soul. – Ps. 108:2.
- O, BLESS the Lord, my soul!
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless His n
 Whose favors are divine.
- 2 O, bless the Lord, my soul, Nor let His mercies lie Forgotten in unthankfulness, And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis He forgives thy sins:'Tis He relieves thy pain;'Tis He that heals thy sicknessAnd makes thee young agai

.- wer to save.

wondrous works and ways le made by Moses known; sent the world His truth and grace y His beloved Son.

L. M. ELLENTHORPE.

WATTS.

IS MERCY ENDURETH FOREVER. - Ps. 107:1.

thanks to God; He reigns above; are His thoughts; His name is Love; ercy ages past have known, res long to come shall own.

redeemed of the Lord

the saints with joy record truth and goodness of the Lord! great His works! how kind His ways! every tongue pronounce His praise.

L. M. DUKE STREET. DODDEIDGE.

THAT MEN WOULD PRAISE THE LORD FOR HIS GOOD-

YE sons of men, with joy record

The various wonders of the Lord; And let His power and goodness sound Through all your tribes, the earth arour

- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite Those spacious fields of brilliant light, Where sun, and moon, and planets ro And stars, that glow from pole to pol
 - 3 But O, that brighter world above, Where lives and reigns Incarnate Lo God's only Son, in flesh arrayed, For man a bleeding victim made.
 - 4 Thither, my soul, with rapture so There, in the land of praise, ador This theme demands an angel's Demands an undeclining day.

EATION AND PROVIDENCE.

C. M. CLARENDON. ADDISON. TALT REMEMBER ALL THE WAY .- Deut. 8:2. all Thy mercies, O my God, rising soul surveys. ported with the view, I'm lost vonder, love, and praise. nbered comforts to my soul tender care bestowed, my infant heart conceived m whom those comforts flowed. , in the slippery paths of youth, h heedless steps I ran, arm, unseen, conveyed me safe, I led me up to man. gh every period of my life, goodness I'll pursue, fter death, in distant worlds, glorious theme renew.

S. M. LINCOLN. WATTS.

THEE PITIETH HIS CHILDREN.—Ps. 103:13.

Finally, repeat His praise,

lose mercies are so great;

e anger is so slow to rise,

ready to abate.

- 2 The pity of the Lord, To those that fear His name, Is such as tender parents feel: He knows our feeble frame.
- 3 He knows we are but dust, Scattered by every breath; His anger, like a rising wind, Can send us swift to death.
- 4 Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower;
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the fit
 It withers in an hour.
- 5 But Thy compassions, Lord, To endless years endure; And children's children ever find Thy words of promise sure.

23. L. M. LUTON.

MY HELP COMETH FROM THE LORD. - Ps. 121:

1 He lives; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the
The heavens, with all their hosts, He
And the dark regions of the dead.

JEATION AND PROVIDENCE.

guides our feet, He guards our way; is morning smiles bless all the day; if e spreads the evening veil and keeps. The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

Israel, a name divinely blest, May rise secure, securely rest; Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes Admit no slumber, nor surprise.

Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

4. L. M. WELLS. WATTS.

GOD is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled Down to the deep and buried there; Convulsions shake the solid world; Our faith shall never yield to fear.

- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar; In sacred peace our souls abide; While every nation, every shore, Trembles and dreads the swelling
- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God; Life, love, and joy still gliding throu And watering our divine abode;
- 5 That sacred stream, Thine holy wor That all our raging fear controls; Sweet peace Thy promises afford, And give new strength to fainting
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love, Secure against a threatening hour Nor can her firm foundations move, Built on His truth and armed with p
- 25. C. M. MEAR. TATE & B

BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT TRUSTETH IN HIM. - Ps.

1 Through all the changing scenes of In trouble and in joy, The praises of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ.



LEATION AND PROVIDENCE.

nagnify the Lord with me, With me exalt His name; When, in distress, to Him I called, He to my rescue came.

- 3 The hosts of God encamp around The dwellings of the just; Deliverance He affords to all Who on His succor trust.
- 4 O, make but trial of His love, Experience will decide How blest are they, and only they, Who in His truth confide.
- 5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then Have nothing else to fear; Make you His service your delight, He'll make your wants His care.

26. L. M. Dresden. Addison.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD; I SHALL NOT WANT. - Ps. 23:1.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye; My noonday walks He shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountain pant, To fertile vales and dewy meads My weary, wandering steps He lead Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I treat With gloomy horrors overspread, My steadfast heart shall know no ill For Thou, O Lord, art with me still Thy friendly crook shall give me aid And guide me through the dreadful statement of the statement of
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stre
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
 The barren wilderness shall smile
 With sudden greens and herbage cro
 And streams shall murmur all arour
- 27. S. M. WHITNEY'S CHANT. V
 - 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well supplied; Since He is mine and I am His, What can I want beside?

stion flows.

ay, soul reclaim, in His own right way, ; holy name.

ds His aid,
d to fear;
ild walk through death's
,
d's with me there.

my foes, y table spread; lessings overflows,



28. 11s. Portuguese Hymn. J. Montgo

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, nor want shall I I I feed in green pastures; safe folded I rest He leadeth my soul where the still waters flo Restores me when wandering, redeems wh pressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death th stray,

Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my sta No harm can befall with my Comforter nea

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread; With blessings unmeasured my cup runnet With perfume and oil Thou anointest my hea O, what shall I ask of Thy providence mor

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God, Still follow my steps, till I meet Thee abov I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod Through the land of their sojourn, Thy ki of love.

29. C. P. M. GANGES.

HE HATH MADE WITH ME AN EVERLASTING COVEN

1 Now for a hymn of praise to God! Ye trophies of a Saviour's blood, Join the sweet choir above; All your harmonious accents bring, Wake every high, celestial string, To chant redeeming love.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

- 2 Ere God pronounced creation good, Or bade the vast, unbounded flood Through fixéd channels run; Ere light from ancient chaos sprung, Or angels earth's formation sung, He chose us in His Son.
- 3 Then was the covenant ordered sure,
 Through endless ages to endure,
 By Israel's triune God;
 That none His covenant might evade,
 With oaths and promises 'twas made,
 And ratified in blood.
- 4 God is the refuge of my soul,
 Though tempests rage, though billows roll,
 And hellish powers assail;
 Eternal walls are my defence;
 Environed with Omnipotence,
 What foe can e'er prevail?
- 5 Then let infernal legions roar, And waste their curséd, vengeful power; My soul their wrath disdains; In God, my refuge, I'm secure, While covenant promises endure, Or my Redeemer reigns.

11s. HINTON.

I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE, NOE FORSAK

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints Is laid for your faith in His excell. What more can He say than to yo You who unto Jesus for refuge ha
- 2 In every condition, —in sickness, In poverty's vale, or abounding in At home and abroad, on the land, "As thy days may demand shall thy
- 3 "Fear not; I am with thee; O, bo I, I am thy God, and will still give I'll strengthen thee, help thee, a stand,

Upheld by My righteous, omnipote

- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pa My grace all sufficient shall be thy The flame shall not hurt thee; I o Thy dross to consume, and thy gol
- 5 "Even down to old age, all My pe My sovereign, eternal, unchangeal And when hoary hairs shall their t Like lambs they shall still in My i
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath lear I will not, I will not desert to his That soul, though all hell should ε I'll never—no, never—no, never

EATION AND PROVIDENCE.

C. M. ARLINGTON.

Cow

UDGMENTS ARE A GREAT DEEP. - Ps. 36 : 6.

noves in a mysterious way wonders to perform; nts His footsteps in the sea, rides upon the storm.

n unfathomable mines never-failing skill, asures up His bright designs, works His sovereign will.

ful saints, fresh courage take; louds ye so much dread with mercy, and shall break usings one your head.

the Lord by feeble sense, st Him for His grace; frowning providence s a smiling face.

es will ripen fast, y every hour; y have a bitter taste, will be the flower. 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err And scan His work in vai God is His own Interpreter, And He will make it plain

32.12s & 11s. PORTUGUESE HY

THE LORD IS MY PORTION. - Lam.

- 1 WHILE Thou, O my God, art my Help : No cares can o'erwhelm me, no terro The wiles and the snares of this world v More lively my hope in my God and
- 2 Yes, Thou art my Refuge in sorrow ar My Strength when I suffer, my Hope My Comfort and Joy in this land of th My Treasure, my Glory, my God, an
- 3 To Thee, dearest Lord, will I turn with Though grief may oppress me, or so And love Thee till death my blest spiri Secures to me Jesus, my God and m
- 4 And when Thou demandest the life The With joy will I answer Thy merciful And quit Thee on earth but to find Th My Portion forever, my God and my

ADORATION.

OD. — ADORATION.

7s. NUREMBURG. BARBAULD.

HEE, AND PRAISE THY GLORIOUS NAME, 1 Chron. 29:13.

ove that crowns our days: s source of every joy,

praise our tongues employ; lessings of the field,

ores the gardens yield, ine's exalted juice, enerous olive's use.

at whiten all the plain, eaves of ripened grain, at drop their fattening dews, temperate warmth diffuse;

pring, with bounteous hand, 'er the smiling land; iberal autumn pours rich o'erflowing stores;

Thee, O God, we owe, hence all our blessings flow! hese my soul shall raise vows and solemn praise. 34. L. M. OLD HUNDRED. TATE
BE THOU EXALTED, O GOD, ABOVE THE HEAVENS

- 1 BE Thou, O God, exalted high; And, as Thy glory fills the sky, So let it be on earth displayed, Till Thou art here, as there, obe
- 2 O God, my heart is fixed 'tis Its thankful tribute to present; And with my heart, my voice I' To Thee, my God, in songs of I
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resour To all the listening nations roun Thy mercy highest heaven trans Thy truth beyond the clouds ex
- 4 Be Thou, O God, exalted high; And, as Thy glory fills the sky, So let it be on earth displayed, Till Thou art here, as there, obe

35. C. M. ARUNDEL. V

1 Lift up to God the voice of pra Whose breath our souls inspiration Loud and more loud the anthem With grateful ardor fired.

ADORATION.

aft up to God the voice of praise, Whose goodness, passing thought, Loads every minute, as it flies, With benefits unsought.

Lift up to God the voice of praise, From whom salvation flows, Vho sent His Son our souls to save From everlasting woes.

ift up to God the voice of praise, For hope's transporting ray, hich lights, through darkest shades of death, Co realms of endless day.

Doxology.

God the Father glory be, nd to His only Son; ame, O Holy Ghost, to Thee, iile ceaseless ages run.

L. M. Iosco. LORD, O MY SOUL, AND PORGET NOT ALL HIS LIVINGSTONE. oul, with humble fervor raise od the voice of grateful praise; very mental power combine, ss His attributes divine,

- 2 Deep on my heart let memory t His acts of mercy and of grace; Who, with a Father's tender can Saved me when sinking in desper
- 3 Gave my repentant soul to prov The joy of His forgiving love; Poured balm into my bleeding t And led my weary feet to rest.

37. H. M. LENOX.

HIS NAME ALONE IS EXCELLENT. - Ps. 148:

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.

Ye holy throng In worlds of angels bright, Begin the

2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
And moon, that rul'st the nigl
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light,
is power declare. | And clouds

His power declare, Ye floods on high, And clouds In empty a

3 The shining worlds above In glorious order stand;

ADORATION.

ift courses move, is supreme command. word, | From nothi

word, From nothing came frame To praise the Lord.

he nations fear word that rules above; so His people near, nakes them taste His love.

Ilis saints shall raise praise, His honors high.

C. M. AVON. STEELE.

re saints, your voices raise in grateful songs; a memory of His grace your hearts and tongues.

st gloom, when sorrow spreads, it and hope depart, celestial morning sheds, revives the heart.

ny God, is mercy hear; ny plaintive cry; my gracious Helper, near, my sorrows fly.

67



GOD.

I hear Thy voice divine; v joys exulting bound; bes of mourning I resign, d gladness girds me round.

Thee, my gracious God, I raise y thankful heart and tongue; e Thy goodness and Thy praise Ay everlasting song.

L. M. TRURO.

WATTS.

LORY OF GOD IN THE FACE OF JESUS CHRIST. - 2 Cor. 4:6.

ow to the Lord a noble song!
wake, my soul; awake, my tongue;
Iosanna to the eternal name,
and all His boundless love proclaim.

ee where it shines in Jesus' face; 'he brightest image of His grace; lod, in the person of His Son, las all His mightiest works outdone.

'he spacious earth, and spreading floo 'roclaim the wise and powerful God; and Thy rich glories from afar parkle in every rolling star.

ADORATION.

His looks a glory stands, oblest labor of Thine hands; leasing lustre of His eyes nes the wonders of the skies.

! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme; oughts rejoice at Jesus' name; gels, dwell upon the sound; avens, reflect it to the ground.

y I live to reach the place He unveils His lovely face; all His beauties you behold, ing His name to harps of gold.

C. M. BARBY. TATE & BRADY.

ING AND GIVE PRAISE, EVEN WITH MY GLORY. Ps. 108:1.

D, my heart is fully bent magnify Thy name; ngue with cheerful songs of praise all celebrate Thy fame.

se Thy mercy's boundless height highest heaven transcends, ar beyond the aspiring clouds raithful truth extends.

3 Be Thou, O God, exalted high Above the starry frame, And let the world, with one consent, Confess Thy glorious name.

41. L. M. LUTON. BLACKLOCK

THE MAJESTY OF THE LORD. - Is. 24:14.

- 1 Come, O my soul, in sacred lays Attempt Thy great Creator's praise: But, O, what tongue can speak His fame? What verse can reach the lofty theme?
- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, He glory like a garment wears; To form a robe of light divine, Ten thousand suns around Him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs, Almighty power, with wisdom, shines; His works, through all this wondrous frame, Declare the glory of His name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing, Do thou, my soul, His glories sing; And let His praise employ thy tongue, Till listening worlds shall join the song.

ATION.

LOGY.

hom all blessings flow; atures here below; ye heavenly host; , and Holy Ghost.

WINTER. WATTS.

ELY. - Ps. 147:1.

pnors sounding loud,
d on high:
He spreads His cloud,
the sky.

cers of blessings down,
tins below;
ss the mountains crown,

is fleecy snow, the the ground; forbear to flow, und.

leys grow.

1 and melts the snow;
iger mourn;
er gales to blow,
ring return.

5 The changing wind, the flying cloud Obey His mighty word: With songs and honors sounding lou Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

43. L. M. OLD HUNDRED.

BLESS HIS HOLY NAME. - Ps. 103:1.

- 1 High o'er the heavens, supreme, al The eternal Lord prepares His thro O'er all His kingdom He'll extend, . Beyond a limit or an end.
- 2 Bless ye the Lord; His glories tell, Ye angels, who in might excel, Who do His will, who hear His voice. And in His high commands rejoice.
- 3 Bless ye the Lord; proclaim His sta Ye heavenly hosts, who round Him Quick to perform His acts of might. His pleasure your supreme delight.
- 4 Bless ye the Lord, His works aroun Creation with His praise resound; My soul, the general chorus join, And bless the Lord in songs divine.

· x

ADORATION.

C. M. PETERBORO'.

LYTE.

WITH THE VOICE OF TRIUMPH. - Ps. 47:1.

people, and adore;
g strike the chord;
earth, from shore to shore,
the Almighty Lord.

is aloud, wide echoing round, ending God proclaim; e choir respond the sound, ike creation's frame.

of death and hell o'erthrown riumphant hour; exalts His conquering Son right hand of power.

e people, and adore;
g strike the chord;
earth, from shore to shore,
the Almighty Lord.

Doxology.

, Son, and Holy Ghost, d, whom we adore, as it was, is now, all be evermore.

45. L. P. M. NEWCOURT.

WAT

I WILL SING PRAISES UNTO MY GOD WHILE I HAVE A BEING. - Ps. 146: 2.

- 1 I'll praise my Maker with my breath And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powe My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God; He made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their trai
 His truth forever stands secure;
 He saves the oppressed, He feeds the por
 And none shall find His promise vai
- 3 He loves His saints, He knows them we But turns the wicked down to hell;
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
 Let every tongue, let every age,
 In this exalted work engage;
 Praise Him in everlasting strains.
- 4 I'll praise Him while He lends me brea And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler power

ADORATION.

My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or immortality endures.

- 78. NUREMBURG. MERRICK.
 T EVERY THING THAT HATH BEREATH PRAISE THE LORD.
 Pa. 150:6.
- 1 Praise, O, praise the name divine; Praise Him at the hallowed shrine; Let the firmament on high To its Maker's praise reply.
- 2 All who vital breath enjoy, In His praise that breath employ; Heaven and earth the chorus join; Praise, O, praise the name divine.
- 7. 11s & 8s. WAREHAM. RIPPON'S COLL.

AVE LOVED THEE WITH AN EVERLASTING LOVE. - Jer. 31:3.

In songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims, for Zion who press,
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of Days,
His rich and distinguishing grace.

His love, from eternity, fixed upon you, Broke forth, and discovered its flame, When each with the cords of His kindness He drew, And brought you to love His great name. 3 What was there in you that could merit esteen Or give the Creator delight? 'Twas, "Even so, Father," you ever must sing "Because it seemed good in Thy sight."

4 'Twas all of Thy grace we were brought to ob.
While others were suffered to go
The road which by nature we chose as our way
Which leads to the regions of woe.

5 Then give all the glory to His holy name; To Him all the glory belongs; Be yours the high joy still to sound forth His! And crown Him in each of your songs.

48

8s & 7s. WILMOT. DUBLIN

PRAISE YE THE LORD. - Ps. 148:14.

1 Praise the Lord; ye heavens, adore I Praise Him, angels in the height; Sun and moon, rejoice before Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken Worlds His mighty voice obeyed; Laws, which never can be broken, For their guidance He hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious; Never shall His promise fail; God hath made His saints victorious Sin and death shall not prevail.

ADORATION.

God of our salvation; high, His power proclaim it earth, and all creation, ad magnify His name.

. M. WINCHESTER. WATTS.

THEE, MY GOD, O KING .- Ps. 145:1.

y King, Thy various praise e remnant of my days; employ my humble tongue, and glory raise the song.

of every hour shall bear cful tribute to Thine ear; setting sun shall see of duty done for Thee.

ind justice I'll proclaim; flows an endless stream; swift; Thine anger slow, il to the stubborn foe.

times and nations raise accession of Thy praise, ages make my song labor of their tongue. But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds? Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds; Thy greatness an our thousing ways; Vast and immortal be Thy praise. THE TRUTH OF THE LORD EXDURETH FOREYER. PS. III 18 1 THY name, Almighty Lord, tlands;
Shall sound through distant mane, Shall sound through distant mane. Shall sound burough distant lands; word; Thy word; Thy grace, and sure Great is Thy forever stands.

Thy truth forever 50. Far be Thine honor spread, And long Thy praise endure, Till morning light and evening shade Shall be exchanged no more. ALL NATIONS SHALL COME AND WORSHIP REPORT TO 108 & 118. LYONS. 1 O, worship the King, all glorious above, it is wonderful love; of I And gratefully Befender, and oirded with worth and shield and Defender, and oirded with a Our Shield and an aniender, and oirded with a Positioned in aniender. our ones and Desender, the Angles with pour on the property of 2 Thy bountiful care what tongue can redi I'ny nountrul care what longue can reci I't breathes in the air, it shines in the li It breathes from the hills it descends to It preatnes in the air, it anines in the il the bills, it descends to It streams from the bills, it descends the It streams from the bills, it descends the And sweetly distils in the

ADORATION.

of dust, and feeble as frail, trust, nor find Thee to fail; ow tender! how firm to the end! efender, Redeemer, and Friend.

aty, how faithful Thy love! delight to hymn Thee above, reation, though feeble their lays, ration shall lisp to Thy praise.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. SALISBURY COLL. OLY IS THE LORD OF HOSTS.—Is. 6:3.

y, holy Lord, prious name adored; mercies never fail; tial goodness, hail.

worthy, Lord, Thine ear, humble songs to hear; se we hope to bring, and Thy throne we sing. ongue shall silent be; in in harmony; agh heaven's capacious round, Thee may ever sound.

mercies never fail; tial goodness, hail; , holy Lord, orious name adored.

53.

10s & 11s. Lyons.

THOU ART VERY GREAT. - Ps. 104 : 1.

- 1 O, PRAISE ye the Lord; His greatness proclai Jehovah, our God, how awful Thy name! How wast is Thy power! Thy glory how great Lo, myriads of spirits Thy mandates await.
- 2 Thy canopy's heaven, in splendor so bright; Thy chariot the clouds, Thy garment the light The works of creation Thy bidding perform; Thou ridest the whirlwind, directest the storm
- 3 What wisdom is shown, what power displayed In all that Thy hand hath fashioned and made The earth full of riches, in beauty complete; The fathomless ocean, with wonders replete.
- 4 O Thou, our great God, Redeemer, and King, With hearts full of love to Thee will we sing; To life's latest moment our voices we'll raise, And join the full chorus of blessing and prais

54.

8s. Worthing.

BLESSED BE THY GLORIOUS NAME. - Neh. 9:5.

1 LAUDED be Thy name forever,
Thou, of life the Guard and Giver!
Thou canst guard Thy creatures slee
Heal the heart long broke with weep
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blesséd be Thy name forever!

ADORATION.

who slumberest not, nor sleepest, and are they Thou kindly keepest. If evening's yellow ray, of yonder dawning day, rises from the distant sea, breathings of eternity; of life, that fade shall never, to Thy name forever!

8s & 7s. WILMOT.

SHIP, honor, glory, blessing, rd, we offer to Thy name; g and old, their thanks expressing, n Thy goodness to proclaim; e hosts of heaven adore Thee, too bow before Thy throne; e angels serve before Thee, on earth Thy will be done.

7s. Rosefield.

PRAISE OUR GOD.—Rev. 19:5.

SE to God on high be given;

e Him, all in earth and heaven;

e Him at the dawn of light,

e Him at returning night;

Saints below and saints above, Praise, O, praise the God of love.

WAT L. M. OLD HUNDRED.

PRAISE HIM, ALL YE PROPLE, - Ps. 117 : 1.

1 From all that dwell below the skies, 57. Let the Creator's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung Through every land by every tongue

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord; Eternal truth attends Thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to Till suns shall rise and set no more

CHRIST. - THE ADVENT.

11s. PORTUGUESE HYMN. D PREPARE YE THE WAY OF THE LORD. - LI 58.

1 A VOICE from the desert comes awful ar The Lord is advancing; prepare yet The word of Jehovah He comes to fulf And o'er the dark world pour the spl

2 Bring down the proud mountain, thoug And be the low valley exalted on hi rugh path and crooked be made smooth and even, or, Zion, your King, your Redeemer, is nigh.

he beams of salvation His progress illume; The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her Lord; The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom, And the olive of peace spreads its branches abread.

59. 7s. Spanish Hymn. Bowring.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?-Is. 21:11.

- 1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.
 Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height
 See that glory-beaming star!
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
 Traveller, yes; it brings the day,
 Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night; Higher yet that star ascends.
 Traveller, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Traveller, ages are its own;
 See! it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings ceas
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

60. 8s, 7s, & 4. TAMWORTH. J. MONTG

GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY. - Luke 2:10.

- 1 Angels, from the realms of glory, Wing your flight o'er all the eart Ye who sang creation's story, Now proclaim Messiah's birth; Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding, Watching o'er your flocks by nig God with man is now residing; Yonder shines the infant light; Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King

THE ADVENT.

we your contemplations; r visions beam afar; great Desire of nations; e seen his natal star; e and worship, Christ, the new-born King.

fore the altar bending, ng long in hope and fear, , the Lord, descending, temple shall appear; e and worship, Christ, the new-born King.

vrung with true repentance, d for guilt to endless pains, w revokes the sentence; calls you; break your chains; e and worship, Christ, the new-born King.

M. ADORATION. SALISBURY COLL.

FEAR NOT. - Luke 2:10.

R ! what celestial sounds, hat music fills the air !

CHRIST. Soft warbling to the morn, It strikes the ravished ear: In tuneful notes, Loud, sweet, and shrill w all is still; ow wild it floats 2 The angelic hosts descend, See how from heaven they bend, With harmony divine; And in tull chords join: King, Jesus, your King, Jesus, your Koday.", Is born to-day.", Great joy we bring: And in full chorus join! 3 He comes your souls to save From death's eternal gloom; To realms of bliss and light He lifts you from the tomb. Your songs unite
Of endless praise Your voices raise, With sons of light; 4 Glory to God on high; Ye mortals, spread the sound, And let your raptures fly To earth's remotest bound; To man is given At Jesus' birth. For Peace on earth, From God in heaven,

L. M. KING. DOBELL'S COLL.

BEN THIS DAT, IN THE CITY OF DAVID, A

SAVIOUR. — Luke 2:11.

rise, and hail the morn, is a Saviour's born; he angels wing their way, n the glorious day. at sweet music! what a song!

at sweet music! what a song! m the bright, celestial throng; g, whose melting sounds impart h raptured, listening heart.

the angels in the sky; Fod, who reigns on high; and love on earth abound, e revolves, and years roll round.

11s & 10s. FRANKLAND. HEBER.
HICH THEY SAW IN THE EAST.—Matt. 2:9.
and best of the sons of the morning,
ur darkness, and lend us thine aid;
sat, the horizon adorning,
re our infant Redeemer is laid.
cradle the dewdrops are shining;
is head with the beasts of the stall;
i Him in slumber reclining,
i Monarch, and Saviour of all.

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- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion, Odors of Edom, and offerings divine, Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean, Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation, Vainly with gifts would His favor secure; Richer by far is the heart's adoration, Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the horizon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

CHRIST .- LIFE AND MINISTRY.

64. L. M. ROSCOE. BOWRING.

THOU ART A TEACHER COME FROM God. -- John 8:2.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound From lips of gentleness and grace, When listening thousands gathered round, And joy and reverence filled the place!
- 2 From heaven He came.of heaven He spoke, To heaven He led His followers' way; Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke, Unveiling an immortal day.

LIFE AND MINISTRY.

- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home; Come, all ye weary ones, and rest." Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come, Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.
- Decay, then, tenements of dust;
 Pillars of earthly pride, decay;
 A nobler mansion waits the just,
 And Jesus has prepared the way.

65. L. M. WARE.

WATTS

LEAVING US AN EXAMPLE. -1 Pet. 2:21.

- 1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord, I read my duty in Thy word; But in Thy life the law appears, Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal, Such deference to Thy Father's will, Such love, and meekness so divine, I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer; The desert Thy temptations knew, Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear More of Thy gracious image here; Then God, the Judge, shall own my n Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

66.

L. M. REST.

RAFE

ABIDE WITH US. - Luke 24:29.

- 1 Abide with us; the evening shades Begin already to prevail; And, as the lingering twilight fades, Dark clouds along the horizon sail.
- 2 Abide with us; and still unfold Thy sacred, Thy prophetic lore; What wondrous things of Jesus told! Stranger, we thirst, we pant for mo
- 3 Abide with us; our hearts are cold;
 We thought that Israel He'd restor
 But sweet the truths Thy lips have to
 And, Stranger, we complain no mo
- 4 Abide with us; amazed they cry,
 As, suddenly, whilst breaking break
 Their own lost Jesus meets their eye,
 With radiant glory on His head!

00

LIFE AND MINISTRY.

^ n	,	
h 7		
	_	

11s. KINGSLEY.

DΓ

HE WENT FORTH WITH HIS DISCIPLES OVER II CEDBON. - John 18:1.

1 Thou soft-flowing Cedron, by thy silver st Our Saviour, at midnight, when moonli beam

Shone bright on thy waters, would frequen And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the

- 2 How damp were the vapors that fell on II How hard was His pillow, how humble II The angels, astonished, grow sad at the s And followed their Master with solemn de
 - 3 O garden of Olivet, dear, honored spot, Thy name and thy wonders shall ne er be The theme most transporting to seraphs a The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of lo
- 4 Come, saints, and adore Him; come bow a O, give Him the glory, the praise that is: Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise, And join the grand chorus that gladdens

68. L. M. ASHLAND. PRAT

HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST. - Matt. 21 :5

1 What are those soul-reviving str Which echo thus from Salem's p What anthems loud, and louder s Sweetly resound from Zion's hill

77

- 2 Lo, 'tis an infant chorus sings Hosanna to the King of kings: The Saviour comes, and babes procl. Salvation sent in Jesus' name.
- 3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise. For we will join this song of praise: Still Israel's children forward press, To hail the Lord their Righteousnes
- 4 Messiah's name shall joy impart Alike to Jew and Gentile heart: He bled for us, He bled for you, And we will sing hosanna too.
- 5 Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear; See David's Son and Lord appear; Glory and praise on earth be given. Hosanna in the highest heaven.
- 69. 8s. & 6s. GETHSEMANE. S. F. S.
 UNTO A PLACE CALLED GETHSEMANE. Matt. 26:
- BEYOND where Cedron's waters flow Behold the suffering Saviour go To sad Gethsemane;
 His countenance is all divine,

Yet grief appears in every line.

ECTION, AND GLORY.

the sins of men; and cries again, nane; rnful eyes above: this cup remove?"

mation still s Father's will, nane; e, Thine only Son; Thy will be done."

d; and angels, there, n of God in prayer, nane; adful cup of pain, and joy again.

TH, RESURRECTION, GLORY.

WINDHAM.

STEELE.

THE TO THE SLAUGHTER. -18.53:7.

g cross, the Saviour dies;
g groans arise;

See, from His hands, His feet, His Runs down the sacred, crimson tide

- 2 And didst Thou bleed? for sinners'
 And could the sun behold the deed
 No! he withdrew his sickening ray
 And darkness veiled the mourning
- 3 Can I survey this scene of woe, Where mingling grief and wonder And yet my heart unmoved remain Insensible to love or pain?
- 4 Come, dearest Lord, Thy power im To warm this cold, this stupid hear Till all its powers and passions mov In melting grief and ardent love.

71. 8s, 7s, & 4. Zion.

F

I HAVE FINISHED THE WORK. - John 17:4.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mere Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the s
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

I, RESURRECTION, AND GLORY.

finished!" O, what pleasure these charming words afford! venly blessings, without measure, low to us from Christ the Lord:

"It is finished!" aints, the dying words record.

e your harps anew, ye seraphs, oin to sing the pleasing theme; on earth, and all in heaven, oin to praise Immanuel's name:

Hallelujah! lory to the bleeding Lamb.

8s & 7s. SICILY. ROBINSON.

E WIGH BY THE BLOOD OF CHRIST. - Eph. 2:18.

ZET the moments, rich in blessing, Thich before the cross I spend; , and health, and peace possessing, 'rom the sinner's dying Friend.

ly blesséd is this station, ow before His cross to lie, ile I see divine compassion leaming in His gracious eye.

- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing, With my tears His feet I'll bath Constant still, in faith abiding, Life deriving from His death.
- 4 May I still enjoy this feeling, Still to my Redeemer go, Prove His wounds each day more I And Himself more truly know.

73. L. M. WARE.

CONFORMABLE UNTO HIS DEATH. - Phil. 3:1

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cros On which the Prince of glory di My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pi
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boas Save in the death of Christ, my All the vain things that charm me I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See from His head, His hands, His Sorrow and love flow mingled d Did e'er such love and sorrow mee Or thorns compose so rich a cro

TION, AND GLORY.

alm of nature mine, sent far too small; so divine, il, my life, my all.

WILMOT. BOWRING.
GLORY, SAVE IN THE CROSS OF
CHRIST. - Gal. 6:14.

ist I glory, e wrecks of time; red story s head sublime.

life o'ertake me, nd fears annoy, ss forsake me; peace and joy.

liss is beaming pon my way, radiance streaming to the day.

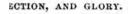
pain and pleasure, sanctified; knows no measure, all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

75. L. M. Brighton. OLIVER.

HIS GREAT LOVE WHEREWITH HE LOVED US. - Eph. 2:4

- 1 Soft be the gently-breathing notes
 That sing the Saviour's dying love;
 Soft as the evening zephyr floats,
 And soft as tuneful lyres above:
 Soft as the morning dews descend,
 While warbling birds exulting soar,
 So soft to our almighty Friend,
 Be every sigh our bosoms pour.
- 2 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray, That scatters life and joy abroad; Pure as the lucid orb of day, That wide proclaims its Maker, God; Pure as the breath of vernal skies, So pure let our contrition be; And purely let our sorrows rise To Him who bled upon the tree.



VILMOT. RIPPON'S COLL. BISEN, AS HE SAID. - Matt. 28 : 6. l, is risen to-day, angels, say; and triumphs high! and, earth, reply.

work is done, the battle won; ose is o'er; od no more.

ie watch, the seal; he gates of hell; bids His rise; ed paradise.

dorious King; h, is now thy sting?" r souls to save : tory, boasting Grave?

ere Christ has led, alted Head: like Him we rise; e grave, the skies.

77. H. M. LENOX.

DODDRIDE

THEY HAD ALSO SEEN A VISION OF ANGELS, WHICH SAL

1 YES, the Redeemer rose; The Saviour left the dead; And o'er our hellish foes High raised His conquering head. In wild dismay, Fell to the ground, And sunk away. The guards around

2 Lo, the angelic bands In full assembly meet, To wait His high commands, And worship at His feet; Joyful they come, | From realms of da And wing their way | To such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly, And the glad tidings bear; Hark! as they soar on high. What music fills the air! Their anthems say, | Hath left the dead; "Jesus, who bled, He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound, Redeemed by Him from hell, 100

ESURRECTION, AND GLORY.

d the echo round
lobe on which you dwell;
cry, Hath left the dead,
bled, No more to die."

triumphant Lord,
sav'st us with Thy blood;
Thy name adored,
rising, reigning God.
re rise, And empires gain
reign, Beyond the skies.

C. M. CORONATION. WATTS.

to the Prince of Light, thed Himself in clay, the iron gates of death, the bars away.

o more the king of dread, ir Immanuel rose; ie tyrant's sting away, illed our hellish foes.

he Conqueror mounts aloft, His Father flies,

With scars of honor in His flesh, And triumph in His eyes.

- 4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongue To reach His blest abode; Sweet be the accents of your songs To our incarnate God.
- 5 Bright angels, strike your loudest a Your sweetest voices raise; Let heaven, and all created things, Sound our Immanuel's praise.

CHRIST. - THE WAY OF SALVA'

79. C. M. DUNDEE.

JUSTIFIED BY THE FAITH OF CHRIST. - Gal. 2

- 1 In vain we seek for peace with Go By methods of our own; Jesus, there's rothing but Thy bloc Can bring us near the throne.
- 2 The threatenings of the broken law Impress the soul with dread;

THE WAY OF SALVATION.

God His sword of vengeance draw, It strikes the spirit dead.

It Thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answered these demands;
and peace and pardon from the skies
Are offered by Thy hands.

is by Thy death we live, O Lord;
"Tis on Thy cross we rest;
rever be Thy love adored,
Thy name forever blest.

L. M. ALL SAINTS. S. STENNETT.

E LORD HATH FREFARED A SACRIFICE. - Zeph. 1:7.

OW shall the sons of men appear,
reat God, before Thine awful bar?
ow may the guilty hope to find
sceptance with the Eternal Mind?

ot vows, nor groans, nor broken cries, ot the most costly sacrifice, ot infant blood, profusely spilt, ill expiate a sinner's guilt.

ny blood, dear Jesus, Thine alone, ath sovereign virtue to atone;

Here we will rest our only plea, When we approach, great God, to T

81. C. M. ARLINGTON.

I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE .- John

- 1 Thou art the Way; to Thee alone From sin and death we flee; And he who would the Father seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth; Thy word alor True wisdom can impart; Thou only canst inform the mind, And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life; the rending tom Proclaims Thy conquering arm; And those who put their trust in Th Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the I Grant us that Way to know, That Truth to keep, that Life to win Whose joys eternal flow.

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BALVATION.

CHMAN. WATTS.

s BLOOD. - Eph. 1:7.

beasts, ain, conscience peace,

stain.

nly Lamb, away; name

name nan they.

er hand of Thine, I stand, my sin.

o see didst bear, curséd tree, It was there.

move; with cheerful voice, ding love.

JESUS MADE A SUBETY. - Heb. 7:22.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;

Before the throne my Surety stands; My name is written on His hands.

- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede;
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood, to plead;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
 Received on Calvary;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me.
 Forgive him, O, forgive, they cry,
 Nor let that ransomed sinner die.
 - 4 The Father hears Him pray,
 His dear anointed One;
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of His Son;

HERRIN IS LOVE. - 1 John 4:10.

- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay, Without one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimmering day.
- With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw, and O, amazing love!
 He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above, With joyful haste He fled, Entered the grave in mortal flesh, And dwelt among the dead.

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- 4 He spoiled the powers of darkness the And brake our iron chains; Jesus has freed our captive souls From everlasting pains.
- 5 O, for this love let rocks and hills Their lasting silence break, And all harmonious human tongues The Saviour's praises speak.
- 6 Angels, assist our mighty joys; Strike all your harps of gold; But when you raise your highest note: His love can ne'er be told.
- 85. C. M. BALLERMA. WA
 - I HAVE COMPASSION ON THE MULTITUDE. Matt. 15:
- 1 How condescending and how kind Was God's eternal Son! Our misery reached His heavenly min And pity brought Him down.
- He sank beneath our heavy woes,
 To raise us to His throne;
 There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows
 But cost His heart a groan.

THE WAY OF SALVATION.

vas compassion like a God, it when the Saviour knew rice of pardon was His blood, pity ne'er withdrew.

though he reigns exalted high, love is still as great: He remembers Calvary let His saints forget.

let our hearts begin to melt, ile we His death record, with our joy for pardoned guilt, irn that we pierced the Lord.

C. M. ORTONVILLE. S. STENNETT.

2 18 ALTOGETHER LOVELY. — Cant. 5:16. STIC sweetness sits enthroned on His awful brow;

ead with radiant glories crowned, lips with grace o'erflow.

ortal can with Him compare, ong the sons of men: He is than all the fair at fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distr He flew to my relief; For me He bore the shameful cro And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breatl And all the joys I have; He makes me triumph over deatl And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of His about He brings my weary feet, Shows me the glories of my God And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from His bounty I receive Such proofs of love divine, Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine

87. C. M. LANESBORO'.

GOD WAS IN CHRIST, RECONCILING THE WORLD SELF. - 2 Cor. 5:19.

1 Dearest of all the names above.
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist Thy heavenly lov
Or trifle with Thy blood?

AY OF SALVATION.

erits of Thy death r smiles again; interceding breath dwells with men.

uman flesh I see, ts no comfort find; , and sacred Three; to my mind.

nuel's face appear, ny joy begins; bids my slavish fear, removes my sins.

n their own law rely, s of wisdom boast, arnate mystery, I fix my trust.

SILVER STREET. DODDRIDGE.

TE ARE SAVED.—Eph. 2: 5.

a charming sound,
s to my ear;
the echo shall resound,
earth shall hear.

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- 2 Grace first contrived a way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

CHRIST. - NAMES AND CHARACTEF

89. H. M. BETHESDA. WA

A NAME WHICH IS ABOVE EVERY NAME. - Phil. 2:9.

1 Join all the glorious names Of wisdom, love, and power, That ever mortals knew, That angels ever bore;

ND CHARACTERS.

| Too mean to set h. | My Saviour forth.

et of my God,
would bless Thy name;
joyful news
vation came;
Of hell subdued,
And peace with Heaven.

at High Priest, s blood and died; science seeks e beside. d | And now it pl

d | And now it pleads | Before the throne.

ighty Lord.
eror and my King,
und Thy sword,
ng grace I sing.
r; | In willing bonds
| Beneath Thy feet.

C. M. ORTONVILLE.

NEW

THY NAME IS AS OINTMENT POURED FORTH. - Cant. 1

- How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wound
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary, rest.
- 3 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain, Although with sin defiled; Satan accuses me in vain, And I am owned a child.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend My Prophet, Priest, and King; My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

91. C. M. ARLINGTON. DODDRIDGE.
UNTO YOU THEREFORE WHICH BELIEVE, HE IS PRECIOUS.
1 Pct. 2:7.

- 1 Jesus, I love Thy charming name;
 'Tis music to mine ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul, My transport and my trust; Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys, And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish, In Thee do richly meet; Nor to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart, And sheds its fragrance there; The noblest balm of all its wounds, The cordial of its care.

- 5 I'll speak the honors of Thy name With my last laboring breath; Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine ε The Antidote of death.
- 92. C. M. FOUNTAIN. C. WE

I AM HE THAT LIVETH. - Rev. 1:18.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives, And ever prays for me; A token of His love He gives, A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find Him lifting up my head;
 He brings salvation near;
 His presence makes me free indeed,
 And he will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be; What can withstand His will? The counsel of His grace in me He surely shall fulfil.
- 4 When God is mine, and I am His, Of paradise possessed, I taste unutterable bliss, And everlasting rest.

L. M. ZEPHYR.

STEELE.

AVE TE SHALL LIVE ALSO. - John 14:19 is and fears prevailing rise, inting hope almost expires, Thee I lift my eyes, e I breathe my soul's desires. mortal Saviour lives, y immortal life is sure; a firm foundation gives; et me build, and rest secure. ny faith unshaken dwell: able the promise stands; e powers of earth or hell er dissolve the sacred bands. ny soul, thy trust repose; s is forever mine, itself, that last of foes, reak a union so divine.

C. M. Avon. CENNICE.

FOUR SOUL IS TO THY NAME.—IL. 29:8.

AT Redeemer, dying Lamb,

to hear of Thee;

's like Thy charming name,

If so sweet can be.

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- O, may I ever hear Thy voice
 In mercy to me speak;
 And in my Priest will I rejoice,
 Thou great Melchisedec.
- 3 My Jesus shall be still my theme, While on this earth I stay; I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name, When all things else decay.
- 4 When I appear in yonder cloud, With all His favored throng, Then will I sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be my song.
- 95. C. P. M. GANGES. MEDLEY.

THEY SHALL SEE THE GLORY OF THE LORD .- Is. 35:2.

- O, COULD I speak the matchless worth,
 O, could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour shine,
 I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
 In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt— My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of sin and wrath divine;

AMES AND CHARACTERS.

1g His glorious righteousness, nich all-perfect, heavenly dress 7 soul shall ever shine.

ng the characters He bears, all the forms of love He wears, alted on His throne; fliest songs of sweetest praise, ald to everlasting days ake all His glories known.

the delightful day will come, a my dear Lord will bring me home, d I shall see His face; , with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, est eternity I'll spend, iumphant in His grace.

S. M. WHITNEY'S CHANT. STEELE.

L FEED HIS FLOCK LIKE A SHEPHEED.—IS. 40:11.

LE my Redeemer's near,

r Shepherd and my Guide,
farewell to anxious fear;

r wants are all supplied.

ver-fragrant meads, here rich abundance grows,

- His gracious hand, indulgent, leads And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
 My wandering feet restore;
 To Thy fair pastures guide my wa
 And let me rove no more.
- 97. 8s & 7s. SICILY. MADAN

THE PEOPLE THAT WALKED IN DARKNESS HAVE GREAT LIGHT. — Is. 9:2.

- 1 Light of those whose dreary dw Borders on the shades of death Come, and Thy dear self revealir Dissipate the clouds beneath.
- 2 Still we wait for Thine appearing
 Life and joy Thy beams impar
 Chasing all our fears, and cheerin
 Every poor, benighted heart.
- 3 Save us in Thy great compassion, O Thou mild, pacific Prince; Give the knowledge of salvation, Give the pardon of our sins.
- 4 By Thine all-sufficient merit, Every burdened soul release;

AND CHARACTERS.

fluence of Thy Spirit, is into perfect peace.

& 7s. WORTHING. NEWTON.

IND THAT STICKETH CLOSER THAN A TOTHER. - Prov. 16: 24.

above all others, ves the name of Friend; youd a brother's, and knows no end.

e His kindness prove ting love.

r friends, to save us, ald have shed his blood? lied to have us Him to God. ess love indeed; I in need.

on earth abaséd, ers was His name; rry raiséd, he same. brethren, friends, nts attends.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to lov
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above
But when home our souls are brow
We will love Thee as we ought.

99. L. M. LOUVAN.

IS THERE NO PHYSICIAN THERE ?- Jer. 8:

- 1 Why droops my soul, with grief opp Whence these wild tumults in my Is there no balm to heal my woun No kind physician to be found?
 - 2 Raise to the cross thy weeping ey Behold, the Prince of glory dies! He dies extended on the tree, Thence sheds a sovereign balm fo
 - 3 Dear Saviour, at Thy feet I lie, Here to receive a cure, or die; But grace forbids that painful fear Infinite grace, which triumphs her
- 4 Expand, my soul, with holy joy; Hosannas be thy blest employ, Salvation thy eternal theme, And swell the song with Jesus' na

12

ND CHARACTERS.

f. Ashland. Medley.

ESSES OF THE LORD. - Is. 63:7

oul, in joyful lays, great Redeemer's praise; ns a song from me; dness, O, how free!

ined in the fall, notwithstanding all; from my lost estate; dness, O, how great!

, like a gloomy cloud, thick and thundered loud, oul has always stood; idness, O, how good!

y sinful heart y Jesus to depart; have Him oft forgot, dness changes not.

ass the gloomy vale, aortal powers must fail; st, expiring breath idness sing in death.

6 Then let me mount and soar away To the bright world of endless day, And sing, with rapture and surprise, His loving kindness in the skies.

101. C. M. FOUNTAIN.

COWPE

IN THAT DAY THERE SHALL BE A FOUNTAIN OPENED. Zech. 13:1.

- 1 THERE is a Fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see That Fountain in his day; And there have I, as vile as he, Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be, till I die.

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

02. 8s, 7s, & 4. Zion. Kelly.

WITH THER IS THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE. - Ps. 36:9.
SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow;

God has opened there a Fountain
That supplies the world below;
They are blesséd

Who its sovereign virtues know.

Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay;
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day.

Gladdened by the flowing treasure, All-enriching as it goes, Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure, Buds and blossoms as the rose; Every object

Sings for joy where'er it flows.

Bı

A man shall be as an Hiding-place. - Is. 3:

- 1 Hail, sovereign love, that first be The scheme to rescue fallen man; Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace That gave my soul a Hiding-place
 - 2 Against the God that rules the sky I fought with hand uplifted high; Despised His rich, abounding grace Too proud to seek a Hiding-place.
 - 3 But thus the eternal counsel ran:
 "Almighty love, arrest that man."
 I felt the arrow of distress,
 And found I had no Hiding-place.
- 4 Indignant justice stood in view; To Sinai's fiery mount I flew; But Justice cried, with frowning f. "This mountain is no Hiding-place
- 5 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard And Mercy's angel form appeared She led me on, with gentle pace, To Jesus, as my Hiding-place.

for the chosen race, became their Hiding-place.

re rolling suns, at most, me safe on Canaan's coast, shall sing the song of grace, sy glorious Hiding-place.

7s. Rock of Ages. Toplady.

OCK WAS CHRIST. -1 Cor. 10:4.

Ages, cleft for me, de myself in Thee; ater and the blood, riven side which flowed, the double cure; e from its guilt and power.

zeal no respite know,
tears forever flow,
could not atone;
t save, and Thou alone;
my hand I bring;
Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

105. L. M. WARE.

Steels.

- I GIVE UNTO THEM ETERNAL LIFE. John 10:28.
- 1 Thou only Sovereign of my heart, My Refuge, my almighty Friend, And can my soul from Thee depart, On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go, A wretched wanderer from my Lord? Can this dark world of sin and woe One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life Thy words impart;
 On these my fainting spirit lives;
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
 Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine; While Thou art near, in vain they call;

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

One smile, one blissful smile of Thine, My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Low at Thy feet my soul would lie; Here safety dwells and peace divine; Still let me live beneath Thine eye, For life, eternal life, is Thine.

106. 7s. Spanish Hymn. C. Wesley.

A REFUGE FROM THE STORM. - Is. 25:4.

1 Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe into the haven guide; O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, ah, leave me not alone; Still support and comfort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring; Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.

ø

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint;
Heal the sick, and lead the bli
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin, I am;
Thou art full of truth and gra

107. L. M. BLENDON. ZINZ:
HE HATH COVERED ME WITH THE BODE OF RIGHTS
18. 61:10.

- 1 Jesus, Thy blood and righteousnes My beauty are, my glorious dress; 'Mid flaming worlds, in these array With joy shall I lift up my head.
- When from the dust of death I ris To take my mansion in the skies, E'en then shall this be all my plea "Jesus hath lived, and died for me
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day For who aught to my charge shall While, through Thy blood, absolve From sin's tremendous curse and s

MES AND CHARACTERS.

oraham, the friend of God, the armies bought with blood, of sinners, Thee proclaim; of whom the chief I am. tless robe the same appears anned nature sinks in years; can change its glorious hue; e of Christ is ever new. e dead now hear Thy voice; d, Thy banished ones rejoice; auty this, their glorious dress,

e Lord, our Righteousness.

L. M. BRIGHTON. GRANT.
THE FEELING OF OUR INFIRMITIES.—Heb.4:15.
(athering clouds around I view, s are dark, and friends are few, I lean, who, not in vain, aced every human pain; my griefs, allays my fears, nts and treasures up my tears.

should tempt my soul to stray eavenly wisdom's narrow way, he good I would pursue, e thing I would not do,

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ill He who felt temptation's power, Vill guard me in that dangerous hour.

When, mourning, o'er some stone I bend,

Which covers all that was a friend, And from his hand, his voice, his smile,

My Saviour marks the tears I shed, Divides me for a little while, For "Jesus wept" o'er Lazarus dead.

4 And, O, when I have safely passed Through every conflict but the last,

nrough every common our witch beside Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside My dying bed, for Thou hast died; Then point to realms of cloudless day, WATI

And wipe the latest tear away. C. M. ARLINGTON.

WE HAVE A GREAT HIGH PRIEST. - Heb. 4: 14 1 WITH JOY We meditate the grace; Of our High Priest above;

His heart is made of tenderness, His powels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within, He knows our feeble frame;

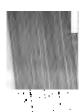
He knows what sore temptations He has felt the some.

emer stood;
ry darts He bore,
to blood.

of feeble flesh, is cries and tears; sure feels afresh nember bears.

mble faith address nd His power; n delivering grace, ssing hour.

L. M. WARE.



STEELE.

- 3 He sweetens every humble groan, He recommends each broken pra Recline thy hope on Him alone Whose power and love forbid des
- 4 Teach my weak heart, O gracious I
 With stronger faith to call Thee
 Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
 My Father, God, with joy divine.

111. C. M. MEAR.

THROUGH HIM WE BOTH HAVE ACCESS BY ONE SPIR THE FATHER. - Eph. 2:18.

- 1 Come, let us lift our joyful eyes
 Up to the courts above,
 And smile to see our Father there
 Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath, And shot devouring flame; Our God appeared consuming fire, And vengeance was His name.
- 3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood.
 That calmed His frowning face,
 That sprinkled o'er the burning the
 And turned the wrath to grace.

CHARACTERS.

before His feet, are the Lord; anards His sem, uing sword.

s of heavenly bliss the Son; our notes of praise, almighty throne.

sand thanks we bring, ; on high; eternal King, fury by.

LENOX. C. WESLEY.

Lord is King; nd King adore; nanks and sing, r evermore;

Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

nur, reigns, rath and love;

When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above;
Lift up your hearts, Rejoice, agai
Lift up your voice; I say, rejoice

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your hearts, Rejoice, agai
Lift up your voice; I say, rejoice

4 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear | The trump of C
The archangel's voice; | Shall sound, Re

113. L. M. ANTIGUA.

家が出いた世界には、これは、まないまとの場所はようにある。 こうしん

THOU ART FAIRER THAN THE CHILDREN OF MEN. - F

1 THE King of saints, how fair His fa Adorned with majesty and grace! He comes with blessings from above And wins the nations to His love.

AND ADORATION.

and our eyes behold ayed in purest gold; mires her heavenly dress, by and righteousness.

beauties like His own; seats her near His throne; r, let thine heart forget thy native state.

PRAISE AND ADORATION.

C. M. CORONATION. C. WESLEY.
HIS MY STRENGTH AND MY SONG.—IA. 12:2.
HOUSAND tongues, to sing
At Redeemer's praise;
Ho of my God and King,
mphs of His grace.

is Master, and my God, to proclaim, through all the earth abroad, ors of Thy name.

CHRIST.

- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin; He sets the prisoner free; His blood can make the foulest clean; His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks; and, listening to His voice, New life the dead receive; The mournful, broken hearts rejoice; The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye duml Your loosened tongues employ; Ye blind, behold your Saviour come; And leap, ye lame, for joy.

115. C. M. CHRISTMAS. STEEL

THE LOVE OF CHRIST. - 2 Cor. 5:14.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name Awake the sacred song;

O, may His love — immortal flame — Tune every heart and tongue.

RAISE AND ADORATION.

e what mortal thought can reach? t mortal tongue display? tion's utmost stretch onder dies away.

ord, while we, adoring, pay numble thanks to Thee, ery heart with rapture say, Saviour died for me."

the sweet, the blissful theme every heart and tongue, ingers love Thy charming name, join the sacred song.

L. M. TRURO. DODDRIDGE.

PRINCE AND A SAVIOUR. - Acts 5:81.

the Prince of life and peace, holds the keys of death and hell; cious world unseen is His, sovereign power becomes Him well.

ne and torment once He died; now he lives forevermore; wn, ye saints, around His seat, all ye angel bands adore.

CHRIST.

er, glorious Lord, by foes and guard Thy friends, hy chosen tribes rejoice y dominion never ends.

ly hand to hold the keys, by wisdom and by love; o rule o'er mortal life, vorlds below, and worlds abov

r reign, victorious King; through the earth Thy name bek all my longing soul to sing limer anthems near Thy thre

68 & 48. ITALIAN HYMN. KI

AT THE NAME OF Phil 2:10.

Let us awake our joys; Strike up with cheerful voice Each creature, sing;

Angels, begin the song;

Mortals, the strain prolong, In accents sweet and stron " Jesus is King."

JSE AND ADORATION.

aim abroad His name;
1 of His matchless fame;
What wonders done;
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victory is won."

- 3 He vanquished sin and hell,
 And our last foe will quell;
 Mourners, rejoice;
 His dying love adore;
 Praise Him, now raised in power;
 Praise Him forevermore,
 With joyful voice.
- 4 All hail the glorious day,
 When, through the heavenly way,
 Lo, He shall come,
 While they who pierced Him wail;
 His promise shall not fail;
 Saints, see your King prevail;
 Great Saviour, come.

-	-	\sim
		~

L. M. MENDON.

n

HIS THRONE IS UPHOLDEN BY MERCY. - Pro

- 1 EXALTED Prince of life, we own The royal honors of Thy throne 'Tis fixed by God's almighty han And seraphs bow at Thy comma
- 2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
 The sovereign triumphs of Thy
 Where beams of gentle radiance
 And temper majesty divine.
- 3 Wide Thy resistless sceptre swa Till all Thine enemies obey; Wide may Thy cross its virtues And conquer millions by its love

Doxology.

To God the Father, God the Sc And God the Spirit, Three in O Be honor, praise, and glory give By all on earth and all in heave

RAISE AND ADORATION.

C. M. CAMBRIDGE.

WATTS.

S THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN. - Rev. 5:12.

et us join our cheerful songs angels round the throne; usand thousand are their tongues, ill their joys are one.

y the Lamb that died," they cry, be exalted thus;" y the Lamb," our lips reply, 'He was slain for us."

worthy to receive r and power divine; ssings, more than we can give, lord, forever Thine.

that dwell above the sky, air, and earth, and seas, e to lift Thy glories high, speak Thine endless praise.

ole creation join in one less the sacred name that sits upon the throne, to adore the Lamb.

CHRIST.

120. S. M. ST. THOMAS.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, inv 1 Tim. 1:17.

- 1 To God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the sl
 Their humble praises bring
- 2 'Tis His almighty love, His counsel and His care, Preserve us safe from sin and And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
 Unblemished and complete
 Before the glory of His face,
 With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the thro
 Shall bless the conduct of His
 And make His wonders kn
- 5 To our Redeemer God Wisdom and power belong: Immortal crowns of majesty, And everlasting songs.

AND ADORATION.

I. CORONATION.

DUNCAN.

RD OF ALL. - Acts 10 : 36.

power of Jesus' name; prostrate fall, e royal diadem, Him Lord of all.

e morning stars of light, his floating ball; strength of Israel's might, Him Lord of all.

e martyrs of our God, Iis altar call; 1 of Jesse's rod, Him Lord of all.

d of Israel's race, weak and small, saves you by His grace, Him Lord of all.

ners, ne'er forget ood and the gall; ur trophies at His feet, Him Lord of all.

CHRIST.

- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe On this terrestrial ball, To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
- O that, with yonder sacred throng.
 We at His feet may fall!
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

122. S. M. Dover. HAM

AND THEY SING THE SONG OF MOSES. - Rev. 15

- AWAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb;
 Wake every heart and every tong
 To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love; Sing of His rising power; Sing how He intercedes above, For us, whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our heart
 Ascending with our tongue;
 Sing, till the love of sin depart,
 And grace inspire our song.

AISE AND ADORATION.

hall we hear Him say, blesséd children, come!" vill He call us hence away our eternal home.

shall our raptured tongue endless praise proclaim, weeter voices tune the song floses and the Lamb.

& 12s. PORTUGUESE HY. NOEL'S COLL.

GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH. - Rev. 19:6.

the anthems of triumph that rise ong of the blest, from the hosts of the skies; sy sing, in rapturous strains, Lord God omnipotent reigns!

the light its beneficent wings; ith the councils of senates and kings; one in the clouds the lightnings are hurled, h the factions that rage through the world.

that love Him; His power-cannot fail; tent goodness shall surely prevail; 1 of evil will shortly be passed, nipotent King shall conquer at last.

an now maketh the nations his prey, no of darkness shall soon pass away join heaven's rapturous strains, Lord God omnipotent reigns!

CHRIST.

4 8s & 7s. Sicily. Robinson.

BEING THE BEIGHTNESS OF HIS GLORY.—Heb. 1:8. RIGHTNESS of the Father's glory, Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?

Shall Thy praise unuttered he?
"ly, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die.

old archangels sing Thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
hame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

'rom the highest throne in glory To the cross of deepest woe, .ll to ransom guilty captives! Flow, my praise, forever flow.

to, return, immortal Saviour;
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne
'hence return, and reign forever;
Be the kingdom all Thine own.

5. C. M. ARLINGTON. WATTE

GOLDEN VIALS, FULL OF ODORS.—Rev. 5:8.

EHOLD the glories of the Lamb,

Amid His Father's throne;

BE AND ADORATION.

w honors for His name, s before unknown.

vorship at His feet, ch adore around; 'ull of odors sweet, s of sweeter sound.

ne prayers of all the saints, the hymns they raise; d to our complaints; to hear our praise.

Lamb, that once was slain, s blessings paid; lory, joy, remain on Thy head.

of nature and of grace beneath Thy power; n these delaying days, g the promised hour.

Doxology.

God, the Father, Son, r Spirit, sing; to God, the Three in One, ution ring.

ALLELUIA, FOR THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT BEIGNI Rev. 19: 6.

- 1 HARK! the song of jubilee!
 Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore.
- 2 Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent shall reign; Hallelujah! let the word Echo round the earth and main.
- 3 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
 From the depths unto the skies,
 Wakes, above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies.
- 4 See Jehovah's banner furled; Sheathed His sword; He speaks, 'tis And the kingdoms of this world Are the kingdoms of His Son.
- 5 He shall reign from pole to pole, With illimitable sway; He shall reign, when, like a scroll Yonder heavens have passed a

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PRAISE AND ADORATION.

n the end; beneath His rod Man's last enemy shall fall;
tallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in All.

27. 6s & 4s. AMERICA. PRATT'S COLL.

THOU ART WORTHY. - Rev. 5:9.

- 1 Come, all ye saints of God,
 Publish through earth abroad
 Your Saviour's fame;
 Tell what His love has done;
 Trust in His name alone;
 Shout to His lofty throne,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears! Dry up your mournful tears; Swell the glad theme; To Christ, our gracious King, Strike each melodious string, Join heart and voice to sing, "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 3 Hark! how the choirs above, Filled with the Saviour's love, Dwell on His name!

CHRIST.

, may we be found, and glory crowned, the heavens resound, thy the Lamb!"

78 & 68. WEBB.

3SED BE THE KING. - Luke 10:88. nee, my God, my Saviour, soul exulting sings, icing in Thy favor, Imighty King of kings!

celebrate Thy glory, With all the saints above, id tell the joyful story

Of Thy redeeming love.

soon as the morn with roses Bedecks the dewy east,

And when the sun reposes Upon the ocean's breast,

My voice in supplication, My Saviour, Thou shalt hee

O, grant me Thy salvation, And to my soul draw ness

PRAISE AND ADORATION.

8 By Thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode;
There cast my crown before Thee,
And, all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore Thee;
What would an angel more?

29. 8s, 7s, & 4. GREENVILLE. KELLY.

'nou wast slain, and hast redeemed us. - Rev. 5:9.

GLORY, glory everlasting,
Be to Him who bore the cross,
Who redeemed our souls by tasting
Death, the death deserved by us;
Spread His glory,
Who redeemed His people thus.

While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, "Everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb;"
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to His name.

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THE HOLY SPIRIT.

THE HOLY SPIRIT. - INVOCATION.

130. C. M. CAMBRIDGE. WATE

PRAYING IN THE HOLY GHOST. - Jude 20.

- l Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers, Kindle a flame of sacred love, In these cold hearts of ours.
- ? Look, how we grovel here below, Fond of these trifling toys! Our souls can neither fly nor go To reach eternal joys.
- In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Hosannas languish on our tongues, And our devotion dies.
- 1 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live At this poor dying rate? Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers; Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.

INVOCATION.

7s. APHEK.

REED.

INCTINICATION OF THE SPIRIT. - 1 Pet. 1:2.

Ghost, with light divine, upon this heart of mine; the shades of night away; the darkness into day.

Ghost, with power divine, se this guilty heart of mine; has sin, without control, dominion o'er my soul.

Ghost, with joy divine, this saddened heart of mine: y many woes depart; ny wounded, bleeding heart. Spirit, all divine,

within this heart of mine: lown every idol throne; supreme, and reign alone.

L. M. LOUVAN. RIPPON'S COLL. IE DOWN LIKE RAIN UPON THE MOWN GRASS. Ps. 72:6.

oft silence, vernal showers and cheer the fainting flowers, 155

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

So, in the secrecy of love, Falls the sweet influence from above.

- 2 That heavenly influence let me find In holy silence of the mind, While every grace maintains its bloom, Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 3 Nor let these blessings be confined To me, but poured on all mankind; Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise, And a young Eden bless our eyes.
- 133. C. M. PETERBORO'.

.....

YE WERE SEALED WITH THAT HOLY SPIRIT OF PROMISE. Eph. 1:13.

- 1 Why should the children of a King Go mourning all their days? Great Comforter, descend and bring Some tokens of Thy grace.
- 2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints, And seal the heirs of heaven? When wilt Thou banish my complaints, And show my sins forgiven?

INVOCATION.

In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

4. 7s. Hendon. Stocker.

HE WILL GUIDE YOU INTO ALL TRUTH. -- John 16:18-

- 1 Gracious Spirit! Love divine! Let Thy light within me shine; All my guilty fears remove; Fill me with Thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me; Set the burdened sinner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in His precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart; Seal salvation on my heart; Dwell Thyself within my breast, Earnest of immortal rest.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

4 Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

135. L. M. Roscoe. Beddons.

THE ANOINTING WHICH YE HAVE RECEIVED OF HIM ABIDETS
IN YOU. —1 John 2: 27.

- 1 Come, blesséd Spirit, Source of light, Whose power and grace are unconfined Dispel the gloomy shades of night, The thicker darkness of the mind.
- 2 To mine illumined eyes display The glorious truth Thy word reveals Cause me to run the heavenly way; The book unfold, unloose the seals.
- 3 Thine inward teachings make me kno
 The mysteries of redeeming love,
 The emptiness of things below,
 The excellence of things above.
- 4 While through this dubious maze I Spread, like the sun, Thy beams a To show the dangers of the way, And guide my feeble steps to G

INVOCATION.

L. M. ZEPHYR.

STEELE.

WITH YOU FOREVER. - John 14: 16. and shall Thy Spirit rest wretched heart as mine? velling! glorious Guest! mishing! divine!

evails, and gloomy fear, almost expires in night, y Spirit then be here, ng of comfort, life, and light?

t Comforter is nigh; stains my fainting heart; ly hopes forever die, cheering ray depart.

w cheerful hope can say, God, and taste His grace, t Thy blissful ray igs this dawn of sacred peace?

1 Spirit in my heart well, O God of love, 1 heavenly peace impart, lest of the joys above.

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THE HOLY SPIRIT.

137. S. M. WATCHMAN. BEDDOEL IT IS GOD WHICH WORKETH IN YOU BOTH TO WILL AND IN DO. -- Phil. 2:13.

- 1 'TIS God, the Spirit, leads
 In paths before unknown;
 The work to be performed is ours,
 The strength is all His own.
- 2 Assisted by His grace, We still pursue our way, And hope, at last, to reach the prize, Secure in endless day.
- 3 'Tis He that works to will,
 'Tis He that works to do;
 His is the power by which we act;
 His be the glory, too.
- 138. L. M. EFFINGHAM. TOPLAD

CALL YE UPON HIM WHILE HE IS NEAR. - Is. 55:6.

1 AT anchor laid, remote from home, Toiling, I cry, "Sweet Spirit come; Celestial Breeze, no longer stay, But swell my sails, and speed my way.

INVOCATION.

ould I mount, fain would I glow, e my cable from below; n only spread my sail; u must breathe the auspicious gale."

S. M. SHIRLAND. BEDDOME.

SPIRIT THAT QUICKENETH. - John 6: 63.

Holy Spirit, come, h energy divine, n this poor, benighted soul h beams of mercy shine. melt this frozen heart;

melt this frozen heart;
s stubborn will subdue;
evil passion overcome,
I form me all anew.

will the profit be,
Thine shall be the praise;
nto Thee I will devote
remnant of my days.

Doxology.

d the only wise,
Saviour and our King,
I who dwell below the skies
ir grateful praises sing.
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THE HOLY SPIRIT.

L. M. WARE.

BROT

AS ARE LED BY THE SPIRIT OF GOD, THEY THE SUNS OF GOD. - Rom. 8:14.

E, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove h light and comfort from above; Thou our guardian, Thou our guider every thought and step preside.

he light of truth to us display, and make us know and choose Thy we Plant holy fear in every heart, That we from God may ne'er depart

Lead us to holiness—the road That we must take to dwell with C Lead us to Christ—the living Wa Nor let us from His pastures stray

41. C. M. LANESBORO'. MON YMY SPIRIT, SAITH THE LORD OF HOSTS.— SPIRIT of power and might, bel

A world by sin destroyed:

Creator Spirit, as of old,

Move on the formless void

INVOCATION.

he word; that healing sound 1 the deadly strife; gain, like Eden crowned, he tree of life.

norning stars for joy, ure rose to view, shall angel harps employ, ou shalt all renew!

ons of God rejoice Saviour's name, ransomed raise their voice, that Saviour came!

dred, tongue, and tribe, g round the throne, ation shall ascribe ign love alone.

M. OLMUTZ. CLELAND'S HYMNS.

orfer divine,
of heavenly love
oom and darkness shine,
r souls above.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Draw, with Thy still small voice, From every sinful way, And bid the mourning saint rejoice, Though earthly joys decay.
- 3 By Thine inspiring breath,
 Make every cloud of care,
 And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
 A smile of glory wear.
- 143. 88 & 78. WORTHING. TOPLAN THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT IS LOVE, JOY, ETC. Gal 5:2
- 1 Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness; Pierce the clouds of sinful night; Come, thou Source of sweetest gladness Breathe Thy life and spread Thy ligh
- 2 Author of our new creation, Bid us all Thine influence prove; Make our souls Thy habitation; Shed abroad the Saviour's love.
- 144. L. M. SHOEL. WAT:
 HE SHALL TEACH YOU ALL THINGS.—John 14: 26.
- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
 And sing the wonders of Thy grace;

INVOCATION.

power conveys our ble in God the Father and

alightened by Thy heaver our shades and darkness tu Thine inward teachings mal Our danger, and our refuge

Thy power and glory work And break the chains of re-Do our imperious lusts sub-And form our wretched hea

4 The troubled conscience kno Thy cheering words awake Thy words allay the stormy And calm the surges of the

145. L. M. WINDHAM.

MY SPIRIT SHALL NOT ALWAYS STRI

- 1 STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, Though I have done Theo Nor cast the sinner quite av Nor take Thine everlasting
- 2 Though I have most unfaith Of all who e'er Thy grad Ten thousand times Thy go Ten thousand times Thy good 165

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Tet, O, the chief of sinners spare, In honor of my great High Priest; Nor, in Thy righteous anger, swear To exclude me from Thy people's re

Now, Lord, my weary soul release;
Upraise me with Thy gracious hand;
And guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

GOD HATE REVEALED THEM UNTO US BY HIS SPIRIT. 1 Cor. 2:10.

- 1 Descend from heaven, immortal Dov Stoop down and take us on Thy wi And mount, and bear us far above The reach of these inferior things
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky, Up where eternal ages roll, Where solid pleasures never die, And fruits immortal feast the so
- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
 Of our almighty Father's thro
 There sits our Saviour crowned w
 Clothed in a body like our ow

ADORATION.

saints around Him stand, arones and powers before Him fall; shines gracious through the man, heds sweet glories on them all. amazing joys they feel, to their golden harps they sing, on every heavenly hill, aread the triumphs of their King! all the day, dear Lord, appear, shall mount, to dwell above, d and bow among them there, iew Thy face, and sing, and love?

TRINITY. — ADORATION.

t 4s. ITALIAN HYMN. MADAN'S COLL.

E WORD, AND THE HOLY GROST.—1 John 5:7.

IE, Thou almighty King,
pius Thy name to sing,
lelp us to praise;
ner all glorious,
all victorious,
ne and reign over us,
ncient of days.

THE TRINITY.

- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise, Scatter our enemies, And make them fall; Let Thine almighty aid Our sure defence be made; Our souls on Thee be stayed; Lord, hear our call.
- 3 Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword; Our prayer attend; Come, and Thy people bless, And give Thy word success; Spirit of holiness, On us descend.
- 4 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour.
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.
- 5 To the great One in Three, The highest praises be, Hence evermore;



gn majesty glory see, nity l adore.

SPRING.

HART.

AND EVER. - Ps. 48:14.

od we adore, hangeable Friend, irge as His power, ws measure nor end.

st and the Last, all guide us safe home; or all that is past, or all that's to come.

DLOGY.

ather, the Son, he holy and blessed, me, Three in One, il still be addressed.

THE SCRIPTURES.

THE SCRIPTURES.—INSPIRATION AND EXCELLENCE.

149. C. M. CHRISTMAS. COWPER.

THE LIGHT OF THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL OF CHRIST. - 2 Cor. 4:4.

- 1 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to sight;
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic, like the sun;
 It gives a light to every age;
 It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat;
 His truths upon the nations rise;
 They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine.
 For such a bright display
 As makes a world of darkness thine
 With beams of heavenly day.

INSPIRATION AND EXCELLENCE.

150. C. M. MEDFIELD. FAWCETT.

ALL SCRIPTURE IS GIVEN BY INSPIRATION OF GOD. 2 Tim. 3:16.

- How precious is the book divine, By inspiration given!
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts, In this dark vale of tears; Life, light, and joy it still imparts, And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night Of life shall guide our way, Till we behold the clearer light Of an eternal day.

151. S. M. SHIRLAND. WATTS.

THE LAW OF THE LORD IS PERFECT. - Ps. 19:7.

Behold, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run
And life and light convey.

THE SCRIPTURES.

But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is Thy word,
And all Thy judgments just!
Forever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain Are Thy directions given! O, may I never read in vain, But find the path to heaven.

152. L. M. ASHLAND.

M. Ashland.

1 THE heavens declare Thy glory, I In every star Thy wisdom shine But when our eyes behold Thy w We read Thy name in fairer liv

ENLIGHTENING THE EYES. - Ps. 19: 8.

2 The rolling sun, the changing lig And nights and days, Thy powe But the blest volume Thou hast Reveals Thy justice and Th



convey Thy praise arth, and never stand; began its race, need on every land.

ding gospel rest, orld Thy truth has run; e nations blessed, or feel the sun.

eousness, arise; d with heavenly light; e simple wise; Thy judgments right.

here we view and sins forgiven; s, my soul renew, l my guide to heaven.

ILLIPS.

STEELE.

AY OF THY TESTIMONIES. : 14.

es, in Thy word lory shines! ame adored, ial lines. 1

- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want Exhaustless riches find; Riches above what earth can grant, And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice Spreads heavenly peace around, And life and everlasting joys Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O, may these heavenly pages be My ever dear delight; And still new beauties may I see, And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord, Be Thou forever near; Teach me to love Thy sacred word, And view my Saviour there.
- 154. C. M. PETERBORO'. WATT

THY COMMANDMENT IS EXCEEDING BROAD. - Ps. 119:96.

1 Let all the heathen writers join To form one perfect book; Great God, if once compared with Thin How mean their writings look!

(SPIRATION AND EX

the most perfect rule Sould show one sin fo or lead a step beyond t But Thine conduct to

I've seen an end of what Perfection here below How short the powers of And can no farther go

Yet men would fain be j By works their hands But Thy commands, exc Extend to every thoug

Our faith, and love, and Fall far below Thy we But perfect truth and rig Dwell only with the I

Doxologi

THE SCRIPTURES.

155. C. M. CLARENDON.

O, HOW LOVE I THY LAW !- Ps. 119:97.

- O, How I love Thy holy law!
 'Tis daily my delight;
 And thence my meditations draw
 Divine advice by night.
- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day
 To meditate Thy word;
 My soul with longing melts away
 To hear Thy gospel, Lord.
- 3 How doth Thy word my heart engated How well employ my tongue!

 And in my tiresome pilgrimage

 Yields me a heavenly song.
- 4 When nature sinks, and spirits droo Thy promises of grace Are pillars to support my hope, And there I write Thy praise.

156. 7s. GRACE.

I LOVE THY COMMANDMENTS ABOVE GOLD .- Ps. 11

1 Holy Bible, book divine, Precious treasure, thou art min

ASPIRATION AND EXCELLENCE.

Mine, to tell me whence I came; Mine, to teach me what I am;

- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove; Mine, to show a Saviour's love; Mine art thou, to guide my feet; Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress, If the Holy Spirit bless; Mine, to show, by living faith, How to triumph over death;
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come, And the rebel sinner's doom; O, thou precious book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine!

157. C. M. ARLINGTON. WATTS.

THE ENTRANCE OF THY WORDS GIVETH LIGHT. - Ps. 119:130.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

127

SCRIPTURES.

enters to the mind, such light abroad, souls instruction find, their thoughts to God.

, sun, a heavenly light, des us all the day; gh the dangers of the night, to lead our way.

I is everlasting truth; ly book shall guide our youth, well support our age.

L. M. DUKE STREET.

D OF OUR GOD SHALL STAND FOREVER. -I starry firmament on high, all the glories of the sky, shine not to Thy praise, O Le brightly as Thy written word.

ne hopes that holy word suppli s truths divine and precepts wi 1 each a heavenly beam I see nd every heam conducts to

INSPIRATION AND EXCELLENCE.

lmighty Lord, the sun shall fail, he moon forget her nightly tale, nd deepest silence hush on high he radiant chorus of the sky.

ut fixed for everlasting years, nmoved amid the wreck of spheres, hy word shall shine in cloudless day, 'hen heaven and earth have passed away.

C. M. BALLERMA.

WATTS.

A MERITAGE FOREVER. — Ps. 119: 111.

ORD, I have made Thy word my choice, My lasting heritage; here shall my noblest powers rejoice, My warmest thoughts engage.

Il read the histories of Thy love, And keep Thy laws in sight, 'hile through the promises I rove, With ever fresh delight.

is a broad land, of wealth unknown, Where springs of life arise, weds of immortal bliss are sown, and hidden glory lies.

179

THE SCRIPTURES.

4 The best relief that mourners have, It makes our sorrows blessed; Our fairest hope beyond the grave, And our eternal rest.

160. C. M. GLENCAIRN. WAT

THY WORD WAS UNTO ME THE JOY AND REJOICING OF MINE HEART. — Jer. 15:16.

- 1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears, I fly to Thee, my Lord; And not a glimpse of hope appears But in Thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace Does all my grief assuage; Here I behold my Saviour's face Almost in every page.
- 3 This is the field where hidden lies
 The pearl of price unknown;
 That merchant is divinely wise
 Who makes the pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows,

 To quench my thirst of sin;

 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,

 Nor danger dwells therein.

AND SANCTUARY; OPENING.

he judge that ends the strife, wit and reason fail; e to everlasting life, gh all this gloomy vale.

Thy counsels, mighty God, ving feet command, rsake the happy road eads to Thy right hand.

-THE SABBATH AND THE SCTUARY; OPENING.

S. M. LISBON.

WATTS.

TH WAS MADE FOR MAN. - Mark 2:27.

ome, sweet day of rest, saw the Lord arise, ne to this reviving breast these rejoicing eyes.

ing Himself comes near, feasts His saints to-day; e may sit, and see Him here, ove, and praise, and pray.

- 3 One day amid the place Where my dear God hath been Is sweeter than ten thousand days Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And sit and sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss.

162. H. M. DARWELL. HAYWARD.

THE LORD SHALL BLESS THEE OUT OF ZION. - Ps. 128:5.

1 Welcome, delightful morn;
Thou day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return:
Lord, make these moments blessed:
From the low train
Of mortal toys,
I mmortal joys.

2 Now make the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face:
Let sinners feel And learn to know
Thy quickening word, And fear the Lord.

182

SABBATH AND SANCTUARY; OPENING.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Display the Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours;
Then shall my soul | Nor Sabbath days
New life obtain, | Be spent in vain.

163. L. M. WARE. CUNNINGHAM

THE SABBATH A DELIGHT. - Is. 58:13.

- 1 Dear is the hallowed morn to me, When village bells awake the day, And by their sacred minstrelsy Call me from earthly cares away.
- 2 And dear to me the wingéd hour Spent in Thy hallowed courts, O Lord; To feel devotion's soothing power, And eatch the manna of Thy word.
- 3 And dear to me the loud Amen Which echoes through the blest abode; Which swells, and sinks, and swells again, Dies on the walls, but lives to God
- 4 Oft when the world, with iron hands, Has bound me in its six-days' chain, This bursts them, like the strong man's bands, And lets my spirit loose again.

- 5 Then dear to me the Sabbath morn,
 The village bells, the shepherd's voice;
 These oft have found my heart forlorn,
 And always bid that heart rejoice.
- 6 Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre; Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms; Ours are the prophet's car of fire Which bears us to a Father's arms.

164. 7s. Rosefield. Newton.

THY HOLY SABBATH. - Neh. 9:14.

- 1 SAFELY through another week,
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in His courts to-day:
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show Thy reconciling face,
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in Thee.

SABBATH AND SANCTUARY; OPENING.

- Here we come Thy name to praise;
 Let us feel Thy presence near;
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in Thy house appear;
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief from all complaints;
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.
- 165. L. M. GREEN'S HUNDRED. WATTS.
 To show porth Thy Loying kindness in the morning.
 Ph. 92: 2
- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal cares shall seize my breastn; O, may my heart in tune be found road, Like David's harp of solemn son God.

- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless His works, and bless His word; Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep Thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high; Like brutes they live, like brutes they die; Like grass they flourish, till Thy breath Blast them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part, When grace hath well refined my heart, And fresh supplies of joy are shed, Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

166. 10s. SAVANNAH.

MASON.

THE LORD BLESSED THE SABBATH DAY AND HALLOWED IT. Ex. 20:11.

- 1 Again the day returns of holy rest, Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blessed When, like His own, He bade our labors cease, And all be piety, and all be peace.
- 2 Let us devote this consecrated day To learn His will, and all we learn obey; So shall He hear while fervently we raise Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

Ther in heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Frome power defends us, and whose precepts of
May we Guardian, and in death our Friend
May be Thine till time shall end.

SABBATH AND BANCTUARY; OPENING.

167. L. M. DUKE STREET. DODDRIDGE.

THERE REMAINETH THEREFORE A REST TO THE PEOPLE OF GOD. — Heb. 4:9.

- LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
 On this Thy day, in this Thy house,
 And own, as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs which from the desert rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a nobler rest above; To that our laboring souls aspire, With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress, Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place; No groans to mingle with the songs Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
 No cares to break the long repose;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O, long-expected day, begin;
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death, to rest with God.

- 168. L. M. OLD HUNDRED. TATE & BRADY.
 ENTER INTO HIS GATES WITH THANKSGIVING. Ps. 100:4.
- 1 With one consent, let all the earth
 To God their cheerful voices raise;
 Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
 And sing before Him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinced that He is God alone, From whom both we and all proceed, We, whom He chooses for His own, The flock which He vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O, enter then His temple gate, Thence to His courts devoutly press; And still your grateful hymns repeat, And still His name with praises bless.
- 4 For He's the Lord, supremely good;
 His mercy is forever sure;
 His truth, which all times firmly stood,
 To endless ages shall endure.
- 169. S. M. Lincoln. S. Stennett.

EVEN THINE ALTARS, O LORD OF HOSTS. - Ps. 84: &

1 How charming is the place Where my Redeemer God, 188

AND SANCTUARY; OPENING.

the beauties of His face, sheds His love abroad!

fair palaces hich the great resort, se to be compared with this, re Jesus holds His court.

1 the mercy seat, radiant glory crowned, ful eyes behold Him sit, smile on all around.

e, O Lord, a place in Thy blest abode, the children of Thy grace, servants of my God.

, 7s, & 4. GREENVILLE. KELLY.

THY SERVANT HEARETH. - 1 Sam. 3:10.

ime, O Lord, assembling, y people, now draw near; to rejoice with trembling; and let Thy servants hear—ear with meekness, hy word with godly fear.

days on earth are lengthened, e give them, Lord, to Thee; by hope, and daily strengthened, we run, nor weary be, out clouds, in heaven we see.

, in worship purer, sweeter, ee Thy people shall adore, ng of enjoyment greater ar than thought conceived before WA'

Full, unmixed, and evermore.

C. M. LANESBORO'.

EARLY WILL I SEEK THEE. - Ps. 83:1. 1 EARLY, my God, without delay, I haste to seek Thy face; My thirsty spirit faints away Without Thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sa Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cooling stream at h And they must drink or die

.TH AND SANCTUARY; OPENING.

ve seen Thy glory and Thy power Through all Thy temple shine; My God, repeat that heavenly hour, That vision so divine.

- 4 Not life itself, with all her joys, Can my best passions move, Or raise so high my cheerful voice, As Thy forgiving love.
- 5 Thus, till my last, expiring day, I'll bless my God and King; Thus will I lift my hands to pray, And tune my heart to sing.

72. 7s. Rock of Ages.

- B PREPARATIONS OF THE HEART IN MAN, AND THE ANSWER OF THE TONGUE, IS FROM THE LORD. Prov. 16:1.
- 1 Holy Lord, our hearts prepare
 For the solemn work of prayer;
 Grant that, when we bend the knee,
 All our thoughts may turn to Thee,
 And Thy presence may be found
 Breathing peace and joy around.
- 2 Lord, when we approach Thy throne, Make Thy power and glory known:

Thus may we be taught to call Humbly on the Lord of all, And with reverence and fear At Thy footstool to appear.

3 Teach us, as we breathe our woes, On Thy promise to repose, All Thy tender love to trace In the Saviour's work of grace, And with confidence depend On a gracious God and Friend.

PRATT'S SEEVE HIM IN SINCERITY AND IN TRUTH. - Josh. 36 173.

1 Lord, when we bend before Thy t And our confessions pour, O, may we feel the sins we own, And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits pitying see; True penitence impart; Then let a healing glance from Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in O, let our wills resign; And not a thought our boson Which is not wholly This

SABBATH AND SANCTUARY; OPENING.

Let faith each weak petition fill,
And lift it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

74. S. M. SILVER STREET. WATTS.

- O, COME, LET US WORSHIP AND BOW DOWN. Ps. 95 : G.
- Come, sound His praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing;
 Jehovah is the sovereign God, The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown; He gave the seas their bound; The watery worlds are all His own, And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at His throne; Come, bow before the Lord; We are His work, and not our own; He formed us by His word.
- 4 To-day attend His voice,
 Nor dare provoke His rod;
 Come, like the people of His choice,
 And own your gracious God.
 18

65 & 48. ITALIAN L PENISE HIM ACCORDING PO THE EXCELLENT Praise through His courts proclains PRAISE Ye Jehovah's name, High of the heavens above Sound His great acts of love, Sound His great acts or love, While His rich grace we prove, While as His power. 2 Now let the trumpet raise Sounds of triumphant praise, There let the harp be found; Organs, with solemn sound, Roll your deep notes around, Filled with His name. While His high praise ye Shake every sounding str Sweet the accord! He vital breath hestow Let every breath that His noblest fame dis Praise ye the Lo

'H AND SANCTUARY; OPENING.

H. M. BETHESDA.

WATTS.

GETH, YEA, EVEN PAINTETH, FOR THE COURTS OF THE LORD. — Ps. 84:2.

of the worlds above,
we pleasant and how fair
dwellings of Thy love,
nine earthly temples are!
abode With warm desires,
aspires, To see my God.

ppy souls that pray here God appoints to hear; ppy men that pay leir constant service there: se Thee still; | That love the way y they | To Zion's hill.

r go from strength to strength wough this dark vale of tears,

Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King Our willing

177. 78. PLEYEL'S HYMN. H. AND TE SHALL SEEK ME AND FIND ME WHEN Y SEARCH FOR ME WITH ALL YOUR HEART.—Jer.

- LORD, we come before Thee now At Thy feet we humbly bow;
 O, do not our suit disdain;
 Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vai
- 2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend; In compassion now descend; Fill our hearts with Thy rich gra Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
- 3 In Thine own appointed way, Now we seek Thee, here we stay Lord, we know not how to go, Till a blessing Thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from Thy we That may joy and peace afford; Let Thy Spirit now impart Full salvation to each heart.

ATH AND SANCTUARY; (

mfort those who weep and a let the time of joy return; Those who are cast down lift a Make them strong in faith and

Grant that all may seek, and f Thee a gracious God and kind Heal the sick, the captive free Let us all rejoice in Thee.

178. C. M. DUNDEE.

THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS SHALL COMP

- Come, Thou Desire of all Thy Our humble strains attend,
 While, with our praises and co Low at Thy feet we bend.
- 2 How should our songs, like the With warm devotion rise! How should our souls, on wing Mount upward to the skies!
- 3 Come, Lord, Thy love alone con In us the heavenly flame;
 Then shall our lips resound The Our hearts adore Thy name

- 4 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine And fill Thy dwellings here, Till life, and love, and joy divine A heaven on earth appear.
- 5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say, Come, great Redeemer, come, And bring the bright, the glorious day, That calls Thy children home!
- 179. 8s, 7s, & 4. Zion. Rippon's Coli
- 1 Come, Thou soul-transforming Spirit,
 Bless the sower and the seed;
 Let each heart Thy grace inherit;
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
 From the gospel
 Now supply Thy people's need.
- 2 O, may all enjoy the blessing
 Which Thy word's designed to give
 Let us all, Thy love possessing,
 Joyfully the truth receive;
 And forever
 To thy praise and glory live.

SABBATH AND SANCTUARY; OPENING.

180. 8s & 7s. Greenville. Taylor.

THE LORD WILL GIVE GRACE AND GLORY. - Ps. 84:11

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
 Sordid hopes and vain desires,
 Here our willing footsteps meeting,
 Every heart to heaven aspires;
 From the fount of glory beaming,
 Light celestial cheers our eyes,
 Mercy from above proclaiming
 Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 2 Who may share this great salvation? Every pure and humble mind; Every kindred, tongue, and nation, From the dross of guilt refined; Blessings all around bestowing, God withholds His care from none; Grace and mercy ever flowing From the fountain of His throne.
- 3 Every stain of guilt abhorring, Firm and bold in virtue's cause, Still Thy providence adoring, Faithful subjects to Thy laws;

Lord, with favor still attend us Bless us with Thy wondrous Thou, our Sun and Shield, def All our hope is from above.

181. C. M. CLARENDON.

WHAT SHALL I RENDER UNTO THE LORD FOR FITS TOWARD ME? - Ps. 116:12.

- 1 What shall I render to my G For all His kindness shown My feet shall visit Thine abode My songs address Thy thror
- 2 Among the saints that fill Thy My offerings shall be paid; There shall my zeal perform the My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy Thy delig Thou ever blesséd God! How dear Thy servants in Thy How precious is their blood
- 4 How happy all Thy servants a
 How great Thy grace to me
 My life, which Thou hast made
 Lord, I devote to Thee.

200

Thy courts I leave my vow, Thy rich grace record; , ye saints, who hear me now, orsake the Lord!

M. BRATTLE STREET. H. M. WILLIAMS.

F MEEP HIM IN PERFECT PRACE WHOSE MIND IS STAYED ON THEE. — Is. 28:3.

E Thee I seek, Protecting Power, my vain wishes stilled; ay this consecrated hour hotter hopes be filled.

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My heart shall find delight in praise, Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill; Resigned when storms of sorrow lower, My soul shall meet Thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear, The gathering storm shall see; My steadfast heart shall know no fear,-That heart will rest on Thee.

11s & Ss. WAREHAM. MONTGOME 183.

ENTER INTO HIS GATES WITH THANKSGIVING. -- Ps. 100

1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth; O, serve Him with gladness and fear; Exult in His presence with music and mirth With love and devotion draw near.

2 For Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone, Creator and Ruler o'er all;

And we are His people, His sceptre we own His sheep, and we follow His call.

3 O, enter His gates with thanksgiving and a Your yows in His temple proclaim; His praise with melodious accordance prol And bless His adorable name.

AND SANCTUARY; CLOSING.

d is the Lord, inexpressibly good, we are the work of His hand; rey and truth from eternity stood, shall to eternity stand.

P.—THE SABBATH AND SANC-TUARY; CLOSING.

L. M. REST.

EDMESTON.

IME OF THE EVENING OBLATION. - Dan. 9:21.

er is the light of Sabbath eve, d soft the sunbeams lingering there; hese blest hours the world I leave, afted on wings of faith and prayer.

ime how lovely and how still; ace shines and smiles on all below; lain, the stream, the wood, the hill, fair with evening's setting glow.

n of rest! the tranquil soul els the sweet calm, and melts to love; while these sacred moments roll, ith sees the smiling heaven above.

4 Nor will our days of toil be long Our pilgrimage will soon be t And we shall join the ceaseless The endless Sabbath of our C

185. 7s. Humility.

WHEN THE EVENING WAS COME, HE WAS TH. Matt. 14:23.

- 1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray Of the holy Sabbath day; Gently as life's setting sun When the Christian's course i
- 2 Night her solemn mantle spre O'er the earth, as daylight fac All things tell of calm repose At the holy Sabbath's close.
- 3 Still the Spirit lingers near Where the evening worshippe Seeks communion with the sk Pressing onward to the prize.
- 4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be Days of peace and joy in The Till in heaven our souls repos Where the Sabbath ne'er sha

SABBATH AND SANCTUARY; CLOSING.

186. 8s & 7s. Sicily.

O THAT THOU WOULDEST BLESS ME INDEED. - 1 Chron. 4:10.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase.
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to Thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give Thee nobler praise.

187. L. M. OLD HUNDRED. HEBER.

The desire of the righteous shall be granted. Prov. 10:24.

- 1 LORD, now we part in Thy blest name, In which we here together came; Grant us our few remaining days To work Thy will, and spread Thy praise.
- 2 Teach us in life and death to bless
 The Lord our Strength and Righteousness;
 And grant us all to meet above;
 Then shall we better sing Thy love.

188. 7s. Pleyel's Hymn. Whith When they had sung a hymn they went out. — Mark 14: 28

- 1 Christians, brethren, ere we part, Every voice and every heart Join, and to our Father raise One last hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 Though we here should meet no more, Yet there is a brighter shore: There, released from toil and pain, There we all may meet again.
- 3 Now to Thee, Thou God of heaven, Be eternal glory given; Grateful for Thy love divine, May our hearts be ever Thine.
- 189. 88 & 78. CONCORD. BICKERSTETE.
- 1 Israel's Shepherd, guide me, feed me,
 Through my pilgrimage below,
 And beside the waters lead me,

and beside the waters lead me, Where Thy flock, rejoicing, go.

2 Lord, Thy guardian presence ever, Meekly kneeling, I implore;

I have found Thee, and would never, Never wander from Thee more.

BBATH AND SANCTUARY; CLOSING.

C. M. CAMBRIDGE. WATTS. GRACE ARE YE SAVED THROUGH FAITH. - Eph. 2:8. SALVATION! O, the joyful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears. Buried in sorrow and in sin. At hell's dark door we lay; But we arise by grace divine, To see a heavenly day. Salvation! let the echo fly The spacious earth around. While all the armies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.

8s & 7s. WILMOT. NEWTON. E GRACE OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. - 2 Cor. 13:14. AY the grace of Christ, our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love, ith the Holy Spirit's favor, Rest upon us from above. hus may we abide in union With each other and the Lord, nd possess, in sweet communion, Joys which earth cannot afford.

192. 8s, 7s, & 4. SICILY. BUE:
THE GOD OF LOVE AND PEACE SHALL BE WITH YOU 2 Cor. 13:11.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace:
 O, refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration, For Thy gospel's joyful sound; May the fruits of Thy salvation In our hearts and lives abound; May Thy presence With us evermore be found.
- 3 Then, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

THE SOUL.

MAN A BEING. — THE SOUL.

O. M. CLARENDON. MONTGONERY.

HAT SHALL A MAN GIVE IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS SOUL?

Mark 8: 37.

What is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in Christ is found:

The soul of man, Jehovah's breath, That keeps two worlds at strife;

Hell moves beneath to work its death, Heaven stoops to give it life.

God, to reclaim it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son;

Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear The sins of all in One.

And is this treasure borne below In earthly vessels frail? Can none its utmost value know Till flesh and spirit fail?

Then let us gather round the cross, This knowledge to obtain; Not by the soul's eternal loss, But everlasting gain.

14. 9

194. L. M. WELLS

THE LORD SHALL GUIDE THEE CONTINUALLY, THY SOUL. - Is. 58:11.

- 1 Man has a soul of vast desires He burns within with restless f Tossed to and fro, his passions From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to fin Some solid good to fill the mine We try new pleasures, but we: The inward thirst and torment
- 3 So, when a raging fever burns, We shift from side to side by to And 'tis a poor relief we gain, To change the place, but keep
- 4 Great God, subdue this vicious This love to vanity and dust; Cure the vile fever of the mind And feed our souls with joys re

CONDITION BY NAI

A SINNER. — CONDIT. TURE.

L. M. WINDHAM. WAS SHAPEN IN INIQUITY, - Ps. I am vile, conceived in rn unholy and unclean from the man whose go s the race, and taints us we draw our infant bre ls of sin grow up for de demands a perfect hear defiled in every part. fall before Thy face; efuge is Thy grace; d forms can make me c y lies deep within. s bird, nor bleeding bea branch, nor sprinkling brook, nor flood, nor se e dismal stain away. ed, Thy blood alone ufficient to atone; make me white as sr s could cleanse me ;

196. C. M. WINDSOR.

THEY THAT ARE IN THE FLESH CANNOT Rom. 8: S.

- How helpless guilty nature li Unconscious of its load;
 The heart, unchanged, can ne To happiness and God.
- 2 The will perverse, the passion In paths of ruin stray; Reason, debased, can never fit The safe, the narrow way.
- 3 Can aught, beneath a power of The stubborn will subdue? 'Tis Thine, almighty Saviour, To form the heart anew.
- 4 O, change these wretched hea And give them life divine; Then shall our passions and o Almighty Lord, be Thine.

197. C. M. Avon.

DEAD IN TRESPASSES AND SINS. - I

1 How sad our state by nature Our sin, how deep it stain

CONDITION BY NATURE.

- And Satan binds our captive minds Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace Sounds from the sacred word;
 - "Ho, ye despairing sinners, come, And trust upon the Lord."
- 3 My soul obeys the almighty call, And runs to this relief;
 - I would believe Thy promise, Lord; O, help my unbelief.
- 4 To the dear fountain of Thy blood, Incarnate God, I fly;
 - Here let me wash my spotted soul From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm, On Thy kind arms I fall;
 - Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness, My Jesus, and my All.
- 198. C. M. BARBY. WATTS.

I WAS ALIVE WITHOUT THE LAW ONCE. - Rom. 7:0.

- LORD, how secure my conscience was, And felt no inward dread!
 - I was alive without the law,

 And thought my sins were dead.

- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and brigl But since the precept came With a convincing power and light, I find how vile I am.
- 3 My guilt appeared but small before, Till terribly I saw How perfect, holy, just, and pure Was Thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
 My sins revived again:
 I had provoked a dreadful God,
 And all my hopes were slain.
- 5 I'm like a helpless captive sold,
 Under the power of sin;
 I cannot do the good I would,
 Nor keep my conscience clean.

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6 My God, I cry with every breath For some kind power to save, To break the yoke of sin and death And thus redeem the slave.

N A SINNER. — WARNINGS AND IN-VITATIONS.

9. O. M. COBONATION. WATTS.

EVERY OFF THAT THIRSTETH, COME TO THE WATERS.

IL. A5:1.

LET every mortal ear attend, And every heart rejoice; The trumpet of the gospel sounds With an inviting voice.

Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls,That feed upon the wind,And vainly strive with earthly toysTo fill an empty mind!

Eternal wisdom has prepared A soul-reviving feast, And bids your longing appetites The rich provision taste.

Io, ye that pant for living streams, And pine away, and die! Iere you may quench your raging thirst With springs that never dry.

- 5 Rivers of love and mercy, here,
 In a rich ocean join;
 Salvation, in abundance, flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 The happy gates of gospel grace Stand open night and day: Lord, we are come to seek supplies And drive our wants away.

200. 6s & 4s. To-DAY.

TO-DAY, IF YE WILL HEAR HIS VOICE, HARDEN N HEARTS. -- Heb. 3:15.

SI

- 1 To-day the Saviour calls! Ye wanderers, come; O, ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?
- 2 To-day the Saviour calls! O, listen now; Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls!
 For refuge fly;
 The storm of vengeance falls:
 Ruin is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day! Yield to His power; O, grieve Him not away; 'Tis mercy's hour.

S. M. WHITNEY'S CHANT. DODDRIDGE.

HE CARETH FOR YOU. -1 Pet. 5:7.

ow gentle God's commands! How kind His precepts are! Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust His constant care."

hile Providence supports, Let saints securely dwell; nat hand which bears all nature up, Shall guide His children well.

hy should this anxious load Press down your weary mind? aste to your heavenly Father's throne, And sweet refreshment find.

is goodness stands approved Down to the present day; I drop my burden at His feet, And bear a song away.

202. L. M. ROSCOE. BURDEN IS LIGHT. - Matt. 11

1 "Come hither, all ye weary so Ye heavy-laden sinners, con I'll give you rest from all your And raise you to My heave:

2 "They shall find rest that lear I'm of a meek and lowly mi But passion rages like the sea, And pride is restless as the

3 "Blest is the man whose should My yoke, and bear it with d My yoke is easy to his neck, My grace shall make the bu

4 Jesus, we come at Thy comma With faith, and hope, and h

Resign our spirits to Thy hand To mould and guide us at T

203. 8s & 6. JUST AS I AM. COME. - Rev. 22:17.

1 Just as thou art, - without or Of love, or joy, or inward grac-Or meetness for the heavenly O guilty sinner, come!



hy sins I bore on Calvary's tree; he stripes thy due were laid on Me. hat peace and pardon might be free:

O wretched sinner, come! urdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest? rust not the world; it gives no rest; bring relief to hearts oppressed:

O weary sinner, come! ome, leave thy burden at the cross; ount all thy gains but empty dross; y grace repays all earthly loss:

O needy sinner, come! ome, hither bring thy boding fears, hy aching heart, thy bursting tears; is mercy's voice salutes thine ears:

O trembling sinner, come! The Spirit and the bride say, Come;" ejoicing saints reëcho, Come! ho faints, who thirsts, who will, may come: Thy Saviour bids thee come.

L. M. WELLS. DWIGHT.

THY LOVING KINDNESS BE DECLARED IN THE GRAVE? Ps. 88:11.

THILE life prolongs its precious light, Mercy is found, and peace is given; 219

But soon, ah, soon approaching night Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

While God invites, how blessed the day! How sweet the gospel's charming sound!

Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away, While yet a pardoning God He's found

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing, Shall death command you to the grave, Before His bar your spirits bring,

And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair, No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise No God regard your bitter prayer,

Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

88, 78, & 4. GREENVILLE.

TAKE MY YOUR UPON YOU. - Matt. 11 : 29. 205.

1 Come, ye souls by sin afflicted, Bowed with fruitless sorrow dov By the perfect law convicted,

Through the cross behold the C

Mercy flows through Him &

. Take His easy yoke, and wear it; Love will make obedience sweet: Christ will give you strength to bear it, While His wisdom guides your feet Safe to glory, Where His ransomed captives meet.

8 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary, Light to newly-opened eyes; Or full springs in deserts dreary, Is the rest the cross supplies; All who taste it Shall to rest immortal rise.

4 While the wounds of woe are healing, While the heart is all resigned, Tis the solemn feast of feeling. 'Tis the Sabbath of the mind: None but Jesus Can the broken heart upbind.

5 But to sing the rest of glory. Mortal tongues far short must fall; Tongues celestial strive to reach it; Faith believes it, hope expects it, Love desires it. But it overwhelms them all. 991

206. 128 & 88. DULCIMER. S. F. SM
THE HARVEST IS PAST, THE SUMMER IS ENDED, AND WINOT SAVED.—Jer. 8: 20.

- 1 When the harvest is past, and the summer is g And sermons and prayers shall be o'er, When the beams cease to break of the blest Sabbath r And Jesus invites thee no more, —
- 2 When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall by The gospel no message declare,— Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailing of How suffer the night of despair?
- 3 When the coly have gone to the regions of pear To dwell in the mansion above, — When their harmony wakes, in the fulness of bl Their song to the Saviour of love, —
- 4 Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
 Who fearest no trouble to come,
 Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
 Or bear the impenitent's doom?
- 207. 8s & 7s. Love. Montgom.

 In that day there shall be a Fountain opens.
 Zech. 13:1.
 - 1 Come to Calvary's holy mountain, Sinners ruined by the fall; Here a pure and healing Fountain Flows to you, to me, to all.

- 2 Come, in sorrow and contrition, Wounded, impotent, and blind; Here the guilty, free remission, Here the troubled, peace may find.
- 3 He that drinks shall live forever;
 "Tis a soul-renewing flood;
 God is faithful; God will never
 Break His covenant in blood.
- 208. 8s, 7s, & 4. TAMWORTH. ALLEN.
- 1 Sinners, will you scorn the message
 Sent in mercy from above?
 Every sentence, O, how tender!
 Every line is full of love.
 Listen to it;
 Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel News from Zion's King proclaim, To each rebel sinner pardon, Free forgiveness in His name. How important! Free forgiveness in His name.

Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears.
Tender heralds

Chase away the falling tears.

4 Who hath our report believéd?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it?
Offered to you by the Lord.

5 O, ye angels, hovering round us, Waiting spirits, speed your way; Hasten to the court of heaven, Tidings bear without delay: Rebel sinners Glad the message will obey.

209. S. M. DOVER.

HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON. - John 8

1 RAISE your triumphant songs

To an immortal tune,

Let the wide earth resound the celestial grace has done.

224



now eternal Love chief Belovéd chose. bid Him raise our wretched race om their abyss of woes. and no thunder bears: terror clothes His brow: olts to drive our guilty souls fiercer flames below. 3 mercy filled the throne, d wrath stood silent by, Christ was sent with pardons down rebels doomed to die. inners, dry your tears; hopeless sorrow cease; the sceptre of His love, take the offered peace. e obey Thy call; y a humble claim ulvation Thou hast brought, ve and praise Thy name.

C. M. SILOAM.

HEBER.

ou wilt being me to Deate. - John 128.

our feet and o'er our head

varning given;

AN A SINNER. hie the countless dead, s is the heaven. es on every passing breeze, s in every flower; son has its own disease, ril every hour. es have seen the rosy light outh's soft cheek decay, ate descend in sudden night manhood's middle day. eyes have seen the steps of age Talt feebly towards the tomb; d yet shall earth our hearts engage, And dreams of days to come? turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know; Where er thy foot cun trend, The earth rings hollow from below, And warns thee of her dead. Turn, Christian, turn; thy soul apply The bones that underneath thee is Shall live for hell or heaven

7s. MARTYN.

NEWTON.

STAND BEFORE HIS INDIGNATION ?- Nahum 1 : 6.

R, art thou still secure? It thou still refuse to pray? It thou still refuse to pray? It thou still refuse to pray? It thou still secure?

Iis mighty arm is bared; ful terrors clothe His brow; lis judgments stand prepared; nu must either break or bow.

s presence nature shakes; th, affrighted, hastes to flee; mountains melt like wax: at will then become of thee?

His advent may abide?

1 that glory in your shame,

70u find a place to hide,
en the world is wrapped in flame?

L. M. WELLS.

WATTS.

the time to serve the Lord, to insure the great reward;

And while the lamp holds out to bu The vilest sinner may return.

- 2 Life is the hour that God has given To escape from hell and fly to heav The day of grace, — and mortals m Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die But all the dead forgotten lie; Their memory and their sense are a Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 Then what my thoughts design to d My hands, with all your might purs Since no device nor work is found, Nor faith nor hope, beneath the gro
- 5 There are no acts of pardon passed In the cold grave to which we haste But darkness, death, and long despa Reign in eternal silence there.

213. S. M. OLMUTZ.

Now is the accepted time. - 2 Cor. 6:2.

Now is the accepted time;
 Now is the day of grace;
 Now, sinners, come, without delay
 And seek the Saviour's face.

- 2 Now is the accepted time;
 The Saviour calls to-day;
 To-morrow it may be too late;
 Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is the accepted time;
 The gospel bids you come;
 And every promise in His word
 Declares there yet is room.
- 214. C. M. BALLERMA. DODDRIDGE.

 EXCEPT VE REPERT, YE SHALL ALL LIKEWISE PERISH.

 Luke 13:3.
- REPENT, the voice celestial cries;
 No longer dare delay;
 The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
 And meets a fiery day.
- 2 Together in His presence bow, And all your guilt confess; Accept the offered Saviour now, Nor trifle with the grace.
- 3 Bow ere the awful trumpet sound, And call you to His bar; For mercy knows the appointed bound And turns to vengeance there.

Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days;
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

215. L. M. SHOEL. COLLY

HASTE THEE; ESCAPE THITHER. - Gen. 19:22.

- 1 Haste, traveller, haste! the night comes on And many a shining hour is gone; The storm is gathering in the west, And thou far off from home and rest.
- 2 The rising tempest sweeps the sky; The rains descend, the winds are high: The waters swell, and death and fear Beset thy path, nor refuge near.
- 3 O, yes! a shelter you may gain, A covert from the wind and rain; A hiding-place, a rest, a home, A refuge from the wrath to come.
- 4 Then linger not in all the plain;
 Flee for thy life; the mountain gain;
 Look not behind; make no delay;
 O, speed thee, speed thee on thy way.

r amazing words of grace n the gospel found! o every sinner's case, knows the joyful sound.

nful, thirsty, fainting souls reely welcome here; in like a river rolls, dant, free, and clear.

een, with all your wants and wounds, every burden bring; ve, unchanging love, abounds, ep, celestial spring.

er will - O, gracious word! -

217.

12s. SCOTLAND.

THOUSE.

ESCAPE TO THE MOUNTAIN. - Gen. 19:17.

1 The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain!"

For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain; For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression, His blood flows so freely in streams of salvation.

Chorus. Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought wa pardon;

We'll praise Him again when we pass over Jordan.

- 2 Ye souls that are wounded, to the Saviour repair; Now He calls you in mercy; and can you forbear? Though your sins are increased as high as a mountain,
 - His blood can remove them; it flows from the fountain.
- 3 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious; O'er sin, death, and hell He is more than victorious; With shouting proclaim it; O, trust in His passios; He saves us most freely; O, precious salvation!
- 4 When on Zion we stand, having gained the bless shore,
 With our harps in our hands, we will praise Him the

more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the rive.
And sing of salvation forever and even.

218. L. M. MEROE. T. SCOTT.

I MADE HASTE, AND DELAYED NOT. - Ps. 119: 60.

- 1 HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
 And stay not for the morrow's sun;
 The longer wisdom you despise,
 The harder is she to be won.
- 2 O, hasten, sinner, to return, And stay not for the morrow's sun, For fear thy lamp should fail to burn, Before the needful work is done.
- 8 O, hasten, sinner, to be blessed, And stay not for the morrow's sun, For fear the curse should thee arrest Before the morrow is begun.
- 4 O Lord, do Thou the sinner turn;
 Now rouse him from his senseless state;
 O, let him not Thy counsel spurn,
 Nor rue his fatal choice too late.
- 219. 7s. CONCORD. Epis. COLL.

 AWARE, OU THAT SLEEPEST. Eph. 5:14.
- I SINNER! rouse thee from thy sleep; Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;

e thy spirit, dark and dead; s waits His light to shed.

e from sleep, arise from death, the bright and living path; chful tread that path; be wise; re thy folly, seek the skies.

re thy folly, cease from crime; n this hour redeem thy time; secure without delay; is the mortal day.

ot blind and foolish still: ed of Jesus, learn His will; s calls from death and night, s waits to shed His light.

L. M. NAZARETH.

WATTS.

L BE IN HEAVEN OVER ONE SINNER THAT REPENT-ETH, - Luke 15:7.

o can describe the joys that rise ough all the courts of paradise, ce a prodigal return, ee an heir of glory born?

934

- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
 The fruit of His eternal love;
 The Son with joy looks down and sees
 The purchase of His agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view The holy soul He formed anew; And saints and angels join to sing The growing empire of their King.

221. 8s, 7s, & 4. Zion. Reed.

LET HIM RETURN UNTO THE LORD, AND HE WILL HAVE MER-CY UPON HIM. - Is. 55:7.

- 1 Listen, sinner! Mercy hails you; With her sweetest voice she calls; Bids you hasten to the Saviour, Ere the hand of Justice falls; Listen, sinner! 'Tis the voice of Mercy calls.
- 2 See the storm of vengeance gathering
 O'er the path you dare to tread;
 Hark! the awful thunders rolling
 Loud and louder o'er your head;
 Tarry, sinner!
 Lest the lightnings strike you dead.

aste, an, mercy grace is Sue His mercy will pass away.
Soon the day life will pass away.
Soon Haston sinner! You must perish if you stay. HASTINGS. WHO HATH WARNED YOU TO TIME 3.7. 1 THAT warning voice, O sinner, hear;
And while salvation to charge. Flee from destruction's downward part riee from the threatening storm of w 2 Soon night comes on, with thickening The tembest hovers of er thy head The winds their fory pour; The lightnings rend the earth ar The thunders roar, the flames, What terrors fill that hour! That warning voice, O sinner Whose accents linger on thir why footsteps now retrac

ce thy sins, and be forgiven; , become an heir of heaven, sing redeeming grace.

H. M. LENOX. C. WESLEY.

THOU CAUSE THE TRUMPET OF THE JUBILEE TO SOUND. — Lev. 25:9.

v ye the trumpet, blow, e gladly solemn sound; ll the nations know, earth's remotest bound, of jubilee is come; ransomed sinners, home.

, our great High Priest, th full atonement made; eary spirits, rest; mournful souls, be glad; of jubilee is come; ransomed sinners, home.

the Lamb of God, e all-atoning Lamb; mption in His blood roughout the world proclaim; of jubilee is come; ransomed sinners, home. 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blessed in Jesus live;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

224. S. M. AYLESBURY. S. F. SEIT

THE RIGHT COMETH. - John 9:4.

- 1 DARK brood the heavens o'er thee; Black clouds are gathering fast; In awful power thy God has come; Thy days of mirth are past.
- 2 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee; Red flames are bursting round; Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders How shakes the trembling ground

cood the heavens o'er thee; ld, the Judge appears; bered millions throng around, id from the dust of years.

cood the heavens o'er thee; er, behold thy doom! tion opens wide for thee chosen, final home.

y; the vision lingers; , sinner, wilt thou die? ood the heavens, but mercy waits: hour to Jesus fly.

S. M. OLMUTZ. EPIS. COLL.

T AND THE BRIDE SAY, COME. - Rev. 22:17.

sirit, in our hearts, ispering, "Sinner, come;" de, the church of Christ, proclaims 1 His children, Come.

that heareth say
l about him, Come!
that thirsts for righteousness
hrist, the Fountain, come.

Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
"Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; I wait Thy hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

226. L. M. WINDHAM.

WA

BROAD IS THE WAY THAT LEADETH TO DESTRUCTION

- 1 Broad is the road that leads to death And thousands walk together there: But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a traveller.
- 2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross," Is the Redeemer's great command; Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heavenly lan
- 3 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Create my heart entirely new— Which hypocrites could ne'er attain, Which false apostates never knew.

.27. 7s. Pleyel's Hymn. Barbauld.

COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN. - Matt. 11:28.

- Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
 Come, and make My paths your choice;
 I will guide you to your home;
 Weary pilgrim, hither come.
- 2 Sinner, come; for here is found Balm that flows for every wound; Peace that ever shall endure; Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

228. 8s & 7. Greenville.

ASK AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN YOU: SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND. -- Matt. 7: 7.

- 1 HARK! the gospel trumpet's sounding; Sinners, hear the joyful call; Christ, in pardoning love abounding, Offers liberty to all.
- 2 Though your crimes have reached to heaven,
 And of deepest dye appear,
 Ask, and they shall be forgiven;
 Seek, and you shall find Him near.

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3 Cast your load of guilt behind you;
To the Lord for mercy flee;
Though the strongest fetters bind you,
His salvation makes you free.

229. S. M. OLMUTZ.

HYDI

GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT OF GOD. - Eph. 4:30.

- 1 And canst thou, sinner, slight The call of love divine? Shall God with tenderness invite, And gain no thought of thine?
- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve The Spirit from thy breast, Till He thy wretched soul shall leave With all thy sins oppressed?
- 3 To-day, a pardoning God
 Will hear the suppliant pray;
 To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
 Will wash thy guilt away.
- 4 But grace so dearly bought,
 If yet thou wilt despise,
 Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraugh
 Will fill thee with surprise.

949

11s. Kingsley. Sacred Songs.

THE DAY IS AT HAND. - Rom. 18:12.

ELLAY not, delay not; O sinner, draw near; The waters of life are now flowing for thee; to price is demanded; the Saviour is here; Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

lelay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
t fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come! For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day: Her voice is not heard in the shade of the tomb; Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

belay not, delay not; the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

\$1. S. M. AYLESBURY. DODDRIDGE.
THE TIME IS SHORT. -1 Cor. 7: 29.

1 To-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,—
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

- 2 The present moment flies,And bears our life away;O, make Thy servants truly wise,That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since, on this wingéd hour,
 Eternity is hung,
 Waken, by Thine almighty power,
 The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care;
 O, be it still pursued,
 Lest, slighted once, the season fair
 Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly, Swift as the morning light, Lest life's young golden beams should d In sudden, endless night.
- 232. S. M. Lincoln. Montgome

YE ARE NOT AS YET COME TO THE REST. - Deut. 12:0

O, WHERE shall rest be found, —
 Rest for the weary soul?
 Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.

- The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
- Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years;
 And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath;
 O, what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun, Lest we be banished from Thy face, And evermore undone.

33 L. M. WARE. WATTS.

Thus saith the wisdom of the Lord, —
"Blessed is the man that hears My word,
Keeps daily watch before My gates,
And at my feet for mercy waits.

MAN A SINNER.

2 "The soul that seeks Me shall obtain.
Immortal wealth and heavenly gain;
Immortal life is his reward;
Life, and the favor of the Lord."

234. C. M. FOUNTAIN. STEELE

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
 Behold a royal feast,
 Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store
 For every humble guest.

- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms; He calls, He bids you come; Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms; But see, there yet is room!
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
 There love and pity meet;
 Nor will He bid the soul depart
 That trembles at His feet.
- 4 In Him, the Father, reconciled, Invites your souls to come; The rebel shall be called a child, And kindly welcomed home.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

35. L. M. ZEPHYR.

HYDE.

A STILL SMALL VOICE. -1 Kings 19:12.

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin

Urged thee to leave the ways of sin, And yield thy heart to God's control?

Hath something met thee in the path Of worldliness and vanity,

And pointed to the coming wrath,

And warned thee from that wrath to fice?

Sinner, it was a heavenly voice;
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou mayst not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

36. 7s. Concord. C. Elizabeth.

CVIL PURSUETH SINNERS; BUT TO THE RIGHTEOUS GOOD SHALL BE REPAID. — Prov. 13:21.

Worldling, what hast thou to show Like the joys believers know?

MAN A SINNER.

Is thy path of fading flowers Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?

- 2 Doth a skilful, healing Friend On thy daily steps attend? And where thorns and stings abound Shed a balm on every wound?
- 3 When the tempests roar on high, Hast thou still a Refuge nigh? Can, O can thy dying breath Summon One more strong than death?
- 4 Worldling, when wilt thou be wise? What though faithless fools despise? We have treasures, honors, bliss; God is ours, and all things His.

237. 10s, 6s, & 4s. Invitation.

I WOULD HASTEN MY ESCAPE FROM THE WINDY STORM AND TEMPEST. — Ps. 55:8.

1 Child of sin and sorrow, filled with dismay, Wait not for to-morrow, yield thee to-day; Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room; Child of sin and sorrow, Hear and obey.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

ild of sin and sorrow, why wilt thou die?
ne, while thou canst borrow help from on high;
Grieve not that love,
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

lls. Portuguese Hymn.

KNOX.

UAINT NOW THYSELF WITH HIM, AND BE AT PEACE. Job 22: 21.

QUAINT thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God, i joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on Thy road; I peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head, i sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

uaint thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God, i He shall be with thee when fears are abroad; 7 Safeguard in danger that threatens thy path; 7 Joy in the valley and shadow of death.

L. M. Meroe.

GREGG.

OLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK.—Rev. 3:20. EHOLD the Saviour at thy door!

e gently knocks, has knocked before; as waited long, is waiting still,—
ou treat no other friend so ill.

, lovely attitude! He stands ith melting heart and outstretched hands;

MAN A SINNER.

O, matchless kindness! and I. This matchless kindness to Hi

- 3 Admit Him; for the human be Ne'er entertained so kind a gu Admit Him; or the hour's at When at His door denied you
- 4 "Open my heart, Lord, enter Slay every foe, and conquer si I now to Thee my all resign; My body, soul, and all are Th

240. L. M. RETREAT.

RETURN UNTO ME. - Mal. 3:7

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
 And seek an injured Father
 Those new desires that in thee
 Were kindled by reclaiming
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return, And seek a Father's meltin Whose pitying eyes thy grief Whose hand shall heal thine in

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

Leturn, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
"Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
"Tis Mercy's voice invites thee near.

41. S. M. AYLESBURY. C. WESLEY.

IE LORD JESUS CHRIST, WHO SHALL JUDGE THE QUICK AND THE DEAD. - 2 Tim. 4:1.

- 1 Thou Judge of quick and dead, Before whose bar severe, With holy joy or guilty dread, We all shall soon appear:
- 2 Our cautioned souls prepare For that tremendous day; And fill us now with watchful care, And stir us up to pray.
- 3 O, may we thus be found
 Obedient to thy word;
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord.

MAN A SINNER.

4 O, may we all insure
A lot among the blessed,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

242.

7s. MARTYN.

C. WESLEY

WHY WILL YE DIE? - Ezek. 18:31.

- 1 SINNERS, turn! why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you why; God, who did your being give, Made you with Himself to live; He the fatal cause demands, Asks the work of His own hands; Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross His love, and die?
- 2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why;
 God, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died Himself, that ye might live.
 Will you let Him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight His grace, and die?
- 3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die? God, the Spirit, asks you why;



WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

He who all your lives hath strove, Wooed you to embrace His love; Will ye not His grace receive? Will ye still refuse to live? Why, you long-sought sinners, why Will you grieve your God and die?

43. 8s, 7s, & 4. GREENVILLE. HART.

42, BUT WINE AND MILK WITHOUT MONEY, AND WITHOUT PRICE. — Is. 55:1.

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, joined with power.
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

Ho, ye needy; come, and welcome; God's free bounty glorify! True belief and true repentance, Every grace that brings us nigh, Without money, Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fitness fondly dream; All the fitness He requireth

MAN A SINNER.

Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all;
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 Lo, the incarnate God, ascended, Pleads the merit of His blood; Venture on Him, venture wholly; Let no other trust intrude: None but Jesus Can do helpless sinners good.
- 6 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with His name.
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may sing the same.

. . 4



WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

244. 8s, 7s, & 4. Zion. Newton.

THEY SHALL SEE THE SON OF MAN COMING IN THE CLOUDS OF HEAVEN, WITH POWER AND GREAT GLORY. — Matt. 24:30.

1 Day of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine.

3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner.

What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confesséd,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blesséd,

MAN A SINNER.

See the kingdom I bestow;
You forever
Shall My love and glory know."

245. C. M. PETERBORO'.

WHEN THEY SHALL SAY, PEACE AND SAFETY, THEN SUDDEN DESTRUCTION COMETS. -- 1 Thess. 5: 3.

- 1 THERE is a line, by us unseen,
 That crosses every path,
 The hidden boundary between
 God's patience and His wrath.
- 2 To pass that limit is to die,
 To die as if by stealth;
 It does not quench the beaming eye,
 Nor pale the glow of health.
- 3 The conscience may be still at ease,
 The spirit light and gay;
 That which is pleasing still may please,
 And care be thrust away.
- 4 O, where is this mysterious bourn
 By which our path is crossed;
 Beyond which God Himself hath sworn
 That he who goes is lost?



WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

How far may we go on to sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent,—
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart."

46. C. M. BARBY.

WATTS.

THE HOUR OF HIS JUDGMENT IS COME. - Rev. 14:7.

Sing to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts, And thou, O earth, adore; Let death and hell, through all their coasts, Stand trembling at His power.

His sounding chariot shakes the sky; He makes the clouds His throne; There all His stores of lightning lie Till vengeance darts them down.

Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And send His wrath abroad.

MAN A SINNER.

- 4 What shall the wretch, the sinner do?

 He once defied the Lord;

 But he shall dread the Thunderer now,

 And sink beneath His word.
- 5 Tempests of angry fire shall roll
 To blast the rebel worm,
 And beat upon his naked soul
 In one eternal storm.

247. 7s. Humility.

S. F. SMITH

WHERE SHALL THE UNGODLY AND THE SINNER APPRAR?

1 Pet. 4:18.

- 1 When thy mortal life is fled, When the death shades o'er thee spread, When is finished thy career, Sinner, where wilt thou appear?
- 2 When the world has passed away, When draws near the judgment day, When the awful trump shall sound, Say, O where wilt thou be found?
- 3 When the Judge descends in light, Clothed in majesty and might, When the wicked quail with fear, Where, O where wilt thou appear?

- 4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart, When the saints and thou must part? When the good with joy are crowned, Sinner, where wilt thou be found?
- 5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh, Quickly to the Saviour fly; Then shall peace thy spirit cheer; Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

MAN A SUPPLIANT. — PENITENCE AND CONFESSION.

248. C. M. BALLERMA.

JONES.

IF I PERISH, I PERISH. — Est. 4:16.

- 1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve,
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
 And make this last resolve:
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin Hath like a mountain rose;
 I know His courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.

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- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before His throne, And there my guilt confess; I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone, Without His sovereign grace.
- 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach
 Whose sceptre pardon gives;
 Perhaps He may command my touch,
 And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps He will admit my plea, Perhaps will hear my prayer; But if I perish, I will pray, And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish if I go, I am resolved to try; For if I stay away, I know I must forever die."
- 249. C. M. ORTONVILLE.

WATTE

CHRIST DIED FOR OUR SINS. -1 Cor. 15:8.

1 Alas, and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die? Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as 1?



Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree? Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When God, the mighty Maker, died For man, the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face, While His dear cross appears; Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt my eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give myself away, 'Tis all that I can do.

L. M. SAXONY. WATTS.

HAVE MERCY UPON ME. - Ps. 51:1.

Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive; Let a repenting rebel live; Are not Thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in Thee?

- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass.
 The power and glory of Thy grace:
 Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
 So let Thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O, wash my soul from every sin, And make my guilty conscience clean; Here on my heart the burden lies, And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess, Against Thy law, against Thy grace; Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe, I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death; And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope still hovering round Thy word, Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against despair.



251. 8s & 6. JUST AS I AM. ELLIOTT.

HIM THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT. John 6: 37.

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am, though so depraved, So long by Satan's power enslaved, To be by Thee renewed and saved, O Lamb of God, I come!

- 6 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive; Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Because thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come!
- 7 Just as I am, Thy love unknown Has broken every barrier down; Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come!

252. L. M. Wells. Hillhouse.

BE OF GOOD CHEER, THY SINS BE FORGIVEN THEE. - Matt. 9:2.

- 1 TREMBLING, before Thine awful throne, O Lord, in dust my sins I own; Justice and mercy for my life Contend; O smile, and heal the strife.
- 2 The Saviour smiles; upon my soul New tides of hope tumultuous roll; His voice proclaims my pardon found! Seraphic transport wings the sound.
- 3 Earth has a joy unknown in heaven, The new-born peace of sins forgiven; Tears of such pure and deep delight, Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.



- 4 Loud is the song, the heavenly plain Is shaken by the choral strain; And dying echoes, floating far, Draw music from each chiming star.
- 5 But I amid your choirs shall shine, And all your knowledge will be mine; Ye on your harps must lean to hear A secret chord that mine will bear.

Doxology.

To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit, Three in One, Be honor, praise, and glory given, By all on earth, and all in heaven.

253. S. M. MORNINGTON. MUHLENBERG.

THE DOVE FOUND NO REST. - Gen. 8:9.

- 1 LIKE Noah's weary dove,
 That soared the earth around,
 But not a resting-place above
 The cheerless waters found;
- O cease, my wandering soul,
 On restless wing to roam;
 All the wide world, to either pole,
 Has not for thee a home.

- 3 Behold the ark of God;
 Behold the open door;
 Hasten to gain that dear abode,
 And rove, my soul, no more.
- 4 There, safe thou shalt abide;
 There, sweet shall be thy rest;
 And, every longing satisfied,
 With full salvation blessed.
- 5 And when the waves of ire
 Again the earth shall fill,
 The ark shall ride the sea of fire,
 Then rest on Zion's hill.

Doxology.

Ye angels round the throne, And saints that dwell below, Worship the Father, love the Son, And bless the Spirit too.

254. 8s & 7s. NETTLETON. TUENER.

JESUS, THOU SON OF DAVID, HAVE MERGY ON MR. — MARK 1016.

Jesus, full of all compassion,
 Hear Thy humble suppliant's cry;
 Let me know Thy great salvation —
 See, I languish; faint, and die.



Guilty, but with heart relenting, Overwhelmed with helpless grief, Prostrate at Thy feet repenting, Send, O, send me quick relief.

2 Whither should a wretch be flying, But to Him who comfort gives? Whither, from the dread of dying, But to Him who ever lives? While I view Thee, wounded, grieving,

Breathless, on the curséd tree, Fain I'd feel my heart believing That Thou suffered'st thus for me.

3 In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, Lord, be said,
"Here's a soul that perished suing
For the boasted Saviour's aid!"
Saved! the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,

55. 8s & 7s. GREENVILLE.

WASH ME AND I SHALL BE WHITER THAN SNOW. - Ps. 51:7.

All enraptured with Thy love.

1 Jesus, who on Calvary's mountain

Poured Thy precious blood for me,

Wash me in its flowing fountain That my soul may spotless b

- 2 I have sinned, but O, restore m For unless Thou smile on m Dark is all the world before me Darker yet eternity!
- 3 In Thy word I hear Thee sayin "Come and I will give you! And the gracious call obeying, See, I hasten to Thy breast.
- 4 Grant, O, grant Thy Spirit's te That I may not go astray, Till, the gate of heaven reachir Earth and sin are passed aw

256. L. M. ZEPHYR.

I WILL TAKE THE STONY HEART OUT OF THE Ezek. 11:19.

1 O FOR a glance of heavenly da To take this stubborn stone aw And thaw, with beams of love This heart, this frozen heart, of



- ! The rocks can rend; the earth can quake; The seas can roar; the mountains shake; Of feeling, all things show some sign, But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt, Dear Lord, an adamant would melt; But I can read each moving line, And nothing move this heart of mine.
- I Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear; (Amazing thought,) which devils fear; Goodness and wrath in vain combine To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- i But something yet can do the deed,
 And that dear something much I need;
 Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
 And move and melt this heart of mine.

257. S. M. WATCHMAN. WATTS.

TURN US, O GOD OF OUR SALVATION. - Pr. 85:4.

Is this the kind return,

And these the thanks we owe, Thus to abuse eternal love, Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame Has sin reduced our mind! What strange, rebellious wretch And God as strangely kind.

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh
Break, Sovereign Grace, these he
And give us hearts of flesh

4 Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eye
And hourly, as new mercie
Let hourly thanks arise.

258.

C. M. BALLERM.

LOOK UPON MINE APPLICATION AND MY
ALL MY SINS.—Ps. 25

1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, A guilty rebel lies, And upwards to Thy m Presumes to lift his

2 If tears of sorrow wou
To pay the debt I (
Tears should from bo
In ceaseless torren



- But no such sacrifice I plead,
 To expiate my guilt;
 No tears but those which Thou hast shed,
 No blood but Thou hast spilt.
- 4 Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
 And all my sins forgive;
 Justice will well approve the word
 That bids the sinner live.
- 259. C. M. PHILLIPS. STEELE.
 My Repuge in the day of application.—Jet. 16:19.
- Dear Refuge of my weary soul,
 On Thee, when sorrows rise,
 On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief, For Thou alone canst heal; Thy word can bring a sweet relief For every pain I feel.
- B But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
 I fear to call Thee mine;
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.

- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?

 Thou art my only trust;

 And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Thy mercy seat is open still;
 Here let my soul retreat,
 With humble hope attend Thy will,
 And wait beneath Thy feet.

260. C. M. Avon.

WATTE

THEY THAT ARE CHRIST'S HAVE CRUCIFIED THE FLESE. Gal. 5: 24.

- O, if my soul was formed for woe, How would I vent my sighs!
 Repentance should like rivers flow From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord Hung on the curséd tree, And groaned away a dying life For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O, how I hate those lusts of mine
 That crucified my God!
 Those sins that pierced and nailed His flesh
 Fast to the fatal wood



- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die; My heart has so decreed; Nor will I spare the guilty things That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 While, with a melting, broken heart, My murdered Lord I view, I'll raise revenge against my sins, And slay the murderers too.
- 261. C. P. M. GANGES. C. WESLEY.

TURN THOU ME, AND I SHALL BE TURNED. - Jer. 31:18.

1 Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,

Or shuts me up in hell.

O God, my inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress:
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.

- 3 Before me place, in dread array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When Thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at Thy bar;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
 To meet a joyful doom?
- 4 Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear,
 Eternal bliss to insure;
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all Thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.
- 5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive, Transported from this vale, to live And reign with Thee above, Where faith is sweetly lost in sight, And hope in full, supreme delight, And everlasting love.

262. L. M. NAZARETH. WATTS. A BROKEN AND A CONTRITE HEART, O GOD, THOU WILT NOT DESPISE. — Ps. 51:17.

1 A BROKEN heart, my God, my King, Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.



- 2 My soul lies humbled in the dust, And owns Thy dreadful sentence just; Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye, And save the soul condemned to die.
- 3 Then will I teach the world Thy ways; Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace; I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood, And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 4 O, may Thy love inspire my tongue; Salvation shall be all my song; And all my powers shall join to bless The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

263. 7s. Pleyel's Hymn. C. Wesley.

I WILL HEAL THEIR BACKSLIDING. - Hoses 14:4.

- 1 Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy still reserved for me? Can my God His wrath forbear, Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face; Would not hearken to His calls; Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent; Let me now my fall lament; Now my foul revolt deplore; Weep, believe, and sin no more.

264. C. P. M. GANGES.

FOR THY NAME'S SAKE, O LORD, PARDON MINE INIQUITY. Ps. 25:11.

- 1 When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To fetch Thy ransomed people home, Shall I among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet among them now, Before Thy gracious feet to bow, Though vilest of them all: But can I bear the piercing thought, What if my name should be left out, When Thou for them shalt call?
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace;
 Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
 In this the accepted day:
 Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear;
 Nor let me fall, I pray.



4 Let me among Thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

265.

C. M. FOUNTAIN.

STEELE.

RETURN. - Jer. 8 : 22.

- 1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart Has wandered from the Lord! How oft my roving thoughts depart, Forgetful of His word!
- 2 Yet sovereign Mercy calls, "Return!" Dear Lord, and may I come? My vile ingratitude I mourn; O, take the wanderer home!
- 3 And canst Thou, wilt Thou yet forgive, And bid my crimes remove? And shall a pardoned rebel live To speak Thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty Grace, Thy healing power How glorious, how divine,
 That can to life and bliss restore
 So vile a heart as mine!

- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet, Dear Saviour, I adore;
 - O, keep me at Thy sacred feet, And let me rove no more.

266. C. M. Avon.

HEAL ME, O LORD, AND I SHALL BE BEALED. - Jer. 17:14.

- 1 When will this weary struggle cease, This aching heart find rest? When will the light of hope and peace Cheer this despairing breast?
- 2 My feet, bewildered, long have trod In error's gloomy ways; My heart, rebellious, far from God, At sinful distance stays.
- 3 Tossed on the billows of remorse,
 The surges of despair,
 I'll fly with trembling to the cross,
 And seek for mercy there.
- 4 Saviour, I yield, with humble faith,
 This wretched heart to Thee;
 From bonds of guilt Thy sovereign grace
 Alone can set me free.



5 O, cause the light of hope to shine; Subdue this stubborn will; Let peace, and joy, and love divine My waiting spirit fill.

267. L. M. SAXONY.

WATTS.

Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. — 1° 5. 51:10.

- 1 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry, Though all my crimes before Thee lie, Behold them not with angry look, But blot their memory from Thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within, And form my soul averse to sin; Let Thy good spirit ne'er depart, Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without Thy light, Cast out and banished from Thy sight; Thine holy joys, my God, restore, And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord, His help and comfort still afford, And let a wretch come near Thy throne, To plead the merits of Thy Son.

ATH WARNED YOU TO FILE PROM THE WEAL S. M. LITTLE MA-Ir former hopes are fled, My terror now begins; I feel, alas! that I am dead In trespasses and sins.

Ah! whither shall I fly? I hear the thunder roar; The law proclaims destruction ni And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways, I dread impending doom;

But sure a friendly whisper se "Flee from the wrath to ex 4 I see, or think I see, A glimmering from afar ; A beam of day that shines! To save me from despair

5 Forerunner of the sun, It marks the pilgrim's I'll gaze upon it while I And watch the rising



269. C. M. WOODSTOCK. STEELE.
HAVE MERCY ON ME. - Luke 18:38.

- 1 O THOU whose tender mercy hears Contrition's humble sigh, .Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears From sorrow's weeping eye;
- 2 See, low before Thy throne of grace, A wretched wanderer mourn; Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face? Hast Thou not said, "Return"?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail To drive me from Thy feet?
 O, let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat.
- 4 O, shine on this benighted heart, With beams of mercy shine; And let Thy healing voice impart A taste of joys divine.
- 270. C. M. Hebee. Newton.

ALL THE PROPLE THAT CAME TOGETHER TO THAT SIGHT, BEHOLDING THE TRINGS WHICH WERE DONE, SMOTE THEIR BREASTS. — Luke 23: 48.

> 1 In evil long I took delight, Unawed by shame or fear,

MAN A SUPPLIANT.

Till a new object struck my sight, And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree, In agonies and blood, Who fixed His languid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure, never, to my latest breath, Can I forget that look;

It seemed to charge me with His death, Though not a word He spoke.

4 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

5 A second look He gave, which said, "I freely all forgive;

This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I'll die that thou mayst live."

271. L. M. CHICKERING'S CHANT. RICHTER

CHRIST SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT. - Eph. 5:14.

1 My soul before Thee prostrate lies; To Thee, her Source, my spirit flies; My wants I mourn, my chains I see; O, let Thy presence set me free.



PENITENCE AND CONFESSION.

- 2 Lost and undone, for aid I cry; In Thy death, Saviour, let me die; Grieved with Thy grief, pained with Thy pain, Ne'er may I feel self-love again.
- 3 In life's short day, let me yet more Of Thy enlivening power implore; My mind must deeper sink in Thee, My foot stand firm, from wandering free.
- 272. 8s, 7s, & 4. Zion. Evan. Mag.

THE LORD IS MY PORTION. - Lam. 3:24.

- 1 Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer; Welcome to this heart of mine; Lord, I make a full surrender, Every power and thought be Thine, Thine entirely, Through eternal ages Thine.
- 2 Known to all to be Thy mansion, Earth and hell will disappear; Or in vain attempt possession, When they find the Lord is near; Shout, O Zion! Shout, ye saints! the Lord is here.

MAN A SUPPLIANT. ...

273.

L. M. PORTUGAL. WAT

		I	ACENOWLEDGED MY SIN UNTO THEE Ps. 82: 5.
	T	h	And all my secret faults confess; is y gospel speaks a pardoning word, If they Holy Spirit seals the grace.
2		ın	w safe beneath Thy wings I lie, When days grow dark, and storms appear d when I walk, Thy watchful eye Shall guide me safe from every anire
2	7	4	L. M. REST. C. WESLE
	•	_	MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU John 14:27.
	2		O THAT my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last submit At Jesus' feet to lay it down— To lay my soul at Jesus' feet! Rest for my soul I long to find; Saviour of all, if mine Thou art, Give me Thy meek and lowly mind, And stamp Thine image on my hea Break off the yoke of inbred sin, And fully set my spirit free; I cannot rest till pure within, Till I am wholly lost in Thee.
	•		984



PENITENCE AND CONFESSION.

75.

C. P. M. GANGES.

OCCOM.

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN. - John 3:7.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found, And knew not where to go; Eternal truth did loud proclaim, "The sinner must be born again," Or sink to endless woe.

When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head;
I no relief could find.
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
And whelmed my tortured mind.

Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, oppressive load;
Alas! I read and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

The saints I heard with rapture tell How Jesus conquered death and hell, And broke the fowler's snare;

Yet when I found this truth remain, "The sinner must be born again," I sank in deep despair.

5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed that way,
And felt His pity move:
The sinner, by His justice slain,
Now by His grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

MAN A CHRISTIAN. - FAITH.

276. C. M. ARLINGTON. WREFORD

Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief. - Mark 9: 34.

- LORD, I believe; Thy power I own;
 Thy word I would obey;
 I wander comfortless and lone,
 When from Thy truth I stray.
- 2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
 Sometimes bedim my sight;
 I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
 And cry for strength and light.



FAITH.

- 3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know, My faith is cold and weak; Strengthen my weakness, and bestow The confidence I seek.
- 4 Yes, I believe; and only Thou
 Canst give my soul relief;
 Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow;
 Help Thou my unbelief.

277. C. P. M. AITHLONE. TOPLADY.

AT THAT DAY SHALL A MAN LOOK TO HIS MAKER. - Is. 17:7.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
 Wilt Thou not save a soul from death
 That casts itself on Thee?
 I have no refuge of my own,
 But fly to what my Lord hath done
 And suffered once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead, His spotless righteousness I plead, And His availing blood: Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be; Thy merit shall atone for me, And bring me near to God.

- 3 Then snatch me from eternal death;
 The Spirit of adoption breathe;
 His consolations send;
 By Him some word of life impart,
 And sweetly whisper to my heart,
 "Thy Maker is thy Friend."
- 4 The king of terrors then would be
 A welcome messenger to me,
 To bid me come away:
 Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
 I'd mount upon his sable wings
 To everlasting day.

278. C. M. PETERBORO'. WATTS.

THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS NOT SEEN .- Heb. 11:1.

- 1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
 Of things beyond our sight,
 Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
 And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets times past in present view, Brings distant prospects home, Of things a thousand years ago, Or thousand years to come.



FAITH.

By faith we know the worlds were made By God's almighty word; Abraham, to unknown countries led, By faith obeyed the Lord.

He sought a city, fair and high,
Built by the eternal Hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

79. H. M. DARWELL.

THEY LAUNCHED FORTH. - Luke 8 ; 22,

Jesus, at Thy command,

 I launch into the deep,
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep;

 For Thee I fain would all resign,
 And sail to heaven with Thee and Thine.

2 Though rocks and quicksands deep Through all my passage lie, Yet Thou wilt safely keep And guide me with Thine eye: My anchor, hope, shall firm abide, And I each boisterous storm outride.

3 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast.
O, may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more.

4 Come, heavenly Wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft me from below
To heaven, my destined place:
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

280. C. M. DEVIZES.

WATTS.

JESUS, THE AUTHOR AND FINISHER OF OUR FAITH. - Heb. 22:2.

- 1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise Within the veil, and see The saints above, how great their joys, And bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below, And wet their couch with tears: They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.

FAITH.

- 3 I ask them whence their victory came;
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod; His zeal inspired their breast; And following their incarnate God, Possessed the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise, For His own pattern given, While the long cloud of witnesses Show the same path to heaven.

281. 68 & 4s. FAITH.

PALMER.

I LIVE BY THE PAITH OF THE SON OF GOD. - Gal. 2:20.

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine;
 - Now hear me while I pray;
 Take all my guilt away;
 O, let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine.

291

May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast died for me, O, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be

3 While life's dark maze I tread, A living fire. And griefs around me spread,

Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness turn to day,

Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray

From Thee aside. 4 When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll,

Blest Saviour, then, in love, Fear and distrust remove; O, bear me safe above —

A ransomed soul.

C. M. MORAVIAN HYMN. NEEL THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH, - Heb. 11 13.

1 Rise, O my soul, pursue the path By ancient worthies trod;

PAITH.

Aspiring, view those holy men Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear, And in example live; Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious
blood
They conquered every foe;

And to His power and matchless grace
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns Thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blesséd road
That led them safe to heaven.

283. S. M. OLMUTZ. PRATT'S COLL.

THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH. - Heb. 10:38.

If through unruffled seas
 Toward heaven we calmly sail,
 With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee
 We'll own the fostering gale.

- 2 But should the surges rise,
 And rest delay to come,
 Blessed be the sorrow, kind the storm,
 Which drives us nearer home.
- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield at Thy control; Thy tender mercies shall illume The midnight of the soul.
- 4 Teach us, in every state,
 To make Thy will our own,
 And when the joys of sense depart,
 To live by faith alone.
- 284. C. M. Dundee. Rippon's Coll.

HAST THOU FAITH ?- Rom. 14:22.

- 1 HAVE I that faith which looks to Christ, O'ercomes the world and sin, Receives Him, Prophet, Priest, and King, And makes the conscience clean?
- 2 If I this precious grace possess, All praise is due to Thee; If not, I seek it from Thy hands; Now grant it, Lord, to me.

FAITH.

285.

L. M. ALL SAINTS.

NEWTON.

THE HOPE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS BY FAITH. - Gal. 5:5.

- As when the weary traveller gains
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,
 His heart revives, if, 'cross the plains,
 He eyes his home, though distant still, —
- 2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views By faith his mansion in the skies, The sight his fainting strength renews, And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 8 Tis there, he says, I am to dwell With Jesus, in the realms of day; Then I shall bid my cares farewell, And He will wipe my tears away.

Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

286.

C. M. FOUNTAIN.

W

IN FULL ASSURANCE OF FAITH. - Heb. 10:22.

- My thoughts surmount these lower sk And look within the veil;
 There springs of endless pleasure rise The waters never fail.
- 2 There I behold, with sweet delight, The blesséd Three in One; And strong affections fix my sight On God's incarnate Son.
- 3 His promise stands forever firm; His grace shall ne'er depart; He binds my name upon His arm, And seals it on His heart.
- 4 Light are the pains that nature brings
 How short our sorrows are,
 When with eternal future things
 The present we compare!
- 5 I would not be a stranger still
 To that celestial place,
 Where I forever hope to dwell
 Near my Redeemer's face.

LOVE AND OBEDIENCE.

IAN A CHRISTIAN. — LOVE AND OBE-DIENCE,

287. C. N. PHUVAH. REED.

I LOVE THE LORD. - Ps. 116:1.

- 1 I LOVE the Lord; He guides my way By His revealed will, And when my erring feet would stray,
 - His hand is with me still.
- 2 I love the Lord; He hears my prayer When stormy troubles rise, And bids celestial hope look out On ever-smiling skies.
- I love the Lord; His grace attends
 My pilgrimage below,
 And all the streams of grace shall soon
 In boundless glory flow.
- 4 I love the Lord; may each desire

 In this united be:
 As, Lord, Thy love descends on me,
 So raise my heart to Thee.

288.

8s. SPRING.

FRANCIS.

WE LOVE HIM BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED US .- 1 John 4:19.

- 1 My gracious Redeemer I love; His praises aloud I'll proclaim, And join with the armies above To shout His adorable name.
- 2 To gaze on His glories divine Shall be my eternal employ; And feel them incessantly shine, My boundless, ineffable joy.
- 3 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns, Your pride with disdain I survey; Your pomps are but shadows and sounds, And pass in a moment away.
- 4 The crown that my Saviour bestows
 You permanent sun shall outshine;
 My joy everlastingly flows;
 My God, my Redeemer, is mine.
- 289. S. M. MORNINGTON. WATTS.

WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE? - Ps. 73:25.

1 My God, my Life, my Love, To Thee, to Thee I call;

LOVE AND OBEDIENCE.

- I cannot live if Thou remove, For Thou art all in all.
- 2 Not all the harps above Can make a heavenly place, If God His residence remove, Or but conceal His face.
- Nor earth, nor all the sky,
 Can one delight afford;
 No, not a drop of real joy
 Without Thy presence, Lord.
- 4 Thou art the sea of love
 Where all my pleasures roll,
 The circle where my passions move,
 And centre of my soul.
- 90, C. M. AVON. DODDRIDGE.
 THOU ENOWEST THAT I LOVE THEE. John 21:14.
 Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?

Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each cursed idol out
That dares to rival Thee.

Is not Thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

Thou a lamb in st Thou a foe before whose face I fear Thy cause to plead? Yould not my heart pour forth its blo In honor of Thy name, And challenge the cold hand of deat To damp the immortal flame?

Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Far from the sphere of mortal joy And learn to love Thee more.

C. M. PHUVAH. I WAS BROUGHT LOW, AND HE HELPED ME.

291. And pitied every groan;

1 I LOVE the Lord; He heard I Long as I live, when troubles I'll hasten to His throne. 2 I love the Lord; He bowed And chased my griefs av O, let my heart no more d While I have breath to



LOVE AND OBEDIENCE.

The Lord beheld me sore distressed;
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known His love.

4 My God hath saved my soul from death, And dried my falling tears; Now to His praise I'll spend my breath, And my remaining years.

Doxology.

Eternal praise and glory be
To God on high addressed,
Who in His church doth make us meet
For mansions of the blessed.

292. 8s & 7s. NETTLETON. ROBINSON.

HITHERTO HATE THE LORD HELPED US. -1 Sam. 7:12.

1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount; I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

N A CHRISTIA ise mine Ebenezer; y Thy help I'm come; to arrive at home. ight me when a stranger, lering from the fold of God; rescue me from danger, rescue His precious blood.

grace how great a debtor Thy goodness, like a fetter, Thee hily I'm constrained to be! one to wander, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love;

lere's my heart; O, take and seal Seal it for Thy courts above C. M. BARBY.

I HYAE CHOSEN AOU. - 20pm Pt : Fg. How dread are Thine eternal O everlasting Lord;

By prostrate spirits, day and 1 Incessantly adored. I may love Thee too, O

LOVE AND OBEDIENCE.

- For Thou hast stooped to ask of me The love of my poor heart.
- 3 Only to sit and think of God,
 O, what a joy it is!
 To think the thought, to breathe the name,
 Earth has no higher bliss.
- 4 Father of Jesus! love's Reward!
 What rapture will it be,
 Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
 And gaze and gaze on Thee.
- 294. C. M. WOODSTOCK. WATTS.
- JESUS, the vision of Thy face
 Hath overpowering charms;

 Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
 If Christ be in my arms.
- 2 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break, How sweet my minutes roll;
 A mortal paleness on my cheek, And glory in my soul.

XATIBL	MAN A C
VOODLAND.	a M. V
Thou didst me	5. BECAUSE HE
us, Thou didst me us, Thou didst me s embrace; ar the nails and spear, at disgrace;	THOU, O my Jes Upon the cros
	13.110
disgrace, torments numberless, of agony, self; and all for one rhine enemy.	2 And griefs and
chine enemy.	Yan death its

Yea, death itself; That was Thine enemy. 3 Then, why, O blessed Jesus Christ,

Should I not love Thee well? Not for the hope of winning heaven, Nor of escaping hell; 4 Not with the hope of gaining anght,

Not seeking a reward; But as Thyself hast loved me,

O ever-loying Lord,

5 E'en so I love Thee, and will love, And in Thy praise will sing, Solely because Thou art my God, And my eternal King.

LOVE AND OBEDIENCE.

296. C. M. CLARENDON.

THAT HE WHO LOVETH GOD LOVE HIS BROTHER ALS 1 John 4: 21.

- Our God is love, and all His saints
 His image bear below;
 The heart with love to God inspired,
 With love to man will glow.
- Our Heavenly Father, Lord, art Thou Thy favored children we;
 O, may we love each other here,
- As we are loved by Thee.

 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
 - Our hopes and fears the same;
 With bonds of grace our hearts unite,
 With mutual love inflame.
- 4 So may the vain, contentious world See how true Christians love, And glorify our Saviour's grace, And seek that grace to prove.

297. L. M. BRIGHTON. MERR

BLESSED IS HE THAT CONSIDERETH THE POOR. - Ps. 41

1 Blessed who with generous pity glow Who learns to feel another's woes,

Bows to the poor man's want his ear. And wipes the helpless orphan's tear In every want, in every woe, Himself Thy pity, Lord, shall know.

2 Thy love his life shall guard, Thy he Give to his lot the chosen land; Nor leave him, in the dreadful day, To unrelenting foes a prey. When, languid with disease and pain Thou, Lord, his spirit shall sustain.

298. C. M. ORTONVILLE. BARE
That te love one another. - John 13:84.

- BLESSED is the man whose softening Feels all another's pain;
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Was never raised in vain;
- 2 Whose breast expands with generous A stranger's woe to feel,
 And bleeds in pity o'er the wound He wants the power to heal.
- To gentle offices of love
 His feet are never slow;
 He views through mercy's melt
 A brother in a foe.

LOVE AND OBEDIENCE.

4 Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace, to him I give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

299. C. M. WOODLAND. COWPER.

AND ENGGR WALKED WITH GOD. - Gen. 5:24

- O FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame,
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their memory still! But they have left an aching void The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove; return, Sweet Messenger of rest; I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.

- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

300.

L. M. Iosco.

WATTS

THAT THEY MAY ADORN THE DOCTRINE. - Tit. 2:10.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express The holy gospel we profess; So let our works and virtues shine To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad The honors of our Saviour God, When the salvation reigns within, And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied, Passion and envy, lust and pride; While justice, temperance, truth, and love, Our inward piety approve.

LOVE AND OBEDIENCE.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blesséd hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on His word.

301. S. M. HUDSON. MONTGOMERY.

IN THE MORNING SOW THY SEED, AND IN THE EVENING WITHHOLD NOT THINE HAND. - Eccl. 11:6.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
 At eve hold not thine hand;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
 Broadcast it o'er the land;
 Beside all waters sow,
 The highway furrows stock,
 Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
 Scatter it on the rock.
- 2 The good, the fruitful ground
 Expect not here nor there;
 O'er hill and dale by plots 'tis found;
 Go forth, then, every where;
 And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky;
Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry, "Harvest hom

302. C. M. St. Asaphs.

TO EVERY MAN ACCORDING TO HIS SEVERAL AB Matt. 25:15.

- 1 Hide not thy talent in the earth,
 However small it be;
 Its faithful use, its utmost worth,
 God will require of thee.
 His own, which He hath lent on tr
 He asks of thee again;
 Little or much, the claim is just,
 And thine excuses vain.
- 2 What if the little rain should plead "So small a drop as I Can ne'er refresh yon thirsty mead I'll tarry in the sky!"

SELF-EXAMINATION AND HUMILITY.

What if a shining beam of noon Should in its fountain stay, Because its feeble light alone Was not enough for day?

3 Doth not each rain drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?
Go, then, and strive to do thy part,
Though humble it may be;
The ready hand, the willing heart,
Are all Heaven asks of thee.

MAN A CHRISTIAN. — SELF-EXAMINA-TION AND HUMILITY.

303. O. M. BRATTLE STREET. MIDDLETON.

Examine yourselves. — 2 Cor. 18 : 5.

1 As o'er the past my memory strays, Why heaves the secret sigh? "Tis that I mourn departed days, Still unprepared to die."

- 2 The world, and worldly things beloved, My anxious thoughts employed; And time unhallowed, unimproved, Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
 Chase from my laboring breast;
 Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer;
 That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be Thine; And when Thy sure decree Bids me this fleeting breath resign, O, speed my soul to Thee.

304. 7s. Rock of Ages.

NEWTON.

Lovest thou Mr?-John 21:16.

1 'Tis a point I long to know;
Oft it causes anxious thought:
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I His, or am I not?
Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

SELF-EXAMINATION AND HUMILITY.

- 2 When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild;
 Filled with unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child?
 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall;
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all?
- 3 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
 Thou who art Thy people's Sun;
 Shine upon Thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.
 Let me love Thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray;
 If I have not loved before,
 Help me to begin to-day.

305. C. M. Heber. Cowper.

ISAAC WENT OUT TO MEDITATE IN THE FIELD AT THE EVEN-

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tumult far, From scenes where Satan wages still His most successful war.

- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade, 47. With prayer and praise agree, And seem by Thy sweet bounty made For those who follow Thee.
- 3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul, And grace her mean abode, O, with what peace, and joy, and love, She communes with her God!
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours Her solitary lays; Nor asks a witness of her song. Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life. Sweet Source of light divine, And all harmonious names in one. My Saviour, Thou art mine.

306. L. M. RETREAT.

IF YE LIVE AFTER THE FLESH, YE SHALL DIE. - Rom. 8:)

1 My God, permit me not to be A stranger to myself and Thee; Amid a thousand thoughts I rove. Forgetful of my highest love.

AF-EXAMINATION AND HUMILITY.

/hy should my passions mix with earth, And thus debase my heavenly birth? Why should I cleave to things below, And let my God, my Saviour, go?

- Call me away from flesh and sense;
 One sovereign word can draw me thence;
 I would obey the voice divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn; Let noise and vanity be gone; In secret silence of the mind, My heaven, and there my God, I find.

307. L. M. ZEPHYR. DODDRIDGE.

COMMUNE WITH YOUR OWN HEART. -- Ps. 4:4.

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
 And chase these shadowy forms no more;
 Seek out some solitude to mourn,
 And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home;
 Retired and silent, seek them there;
 True conquest is ourselves to o'ercome,

 **True conquest is ourselves to o'ercome,

 **True conquest is ourselves to o'ercome,

id Thou, my God, whose piercing Distinct surveys each deep recess, u these apstracted hours draw nigh, And with Thy Presence fill the place.

Through all the mazes of my heart, nrough all the mazes or my nearly misdom guide.

My search let heavenly wisdom guide.

My search let heavenly wisdom. And still its radiant beams impart,

Till all be searched and purified.

THOSE THAT WALK IN DED. 4: W. L. M. AVERNO. *308*·

1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child c Who, from the cradle to the st

Lives but the insect of a day, O, why should mortal man' be

2 His brightest visions just appe

Then vanish, and no more The stateliest pile his pride c A breath may level with

3 By doubt perplexed, in err

How vain of wisdom's gif Of reason's lamp how

AMINATION AND HUMILITY.

nd sins, a countless sum, rowded in life's little span; , alas! does pride become erring, guilty creature, man!

my life, Father divine, e me a meek and lowly mind; dest worth, O, let me shine, I peace in humble virtue find.

7s. HUMILITY. C. WESLEY.

HUMBLENESS OF MIND. - Col. 3:12.

When, my Saviour, shall I be Perfectly resigned to Thee? Poor and vile in my own eyes, Only in Thy wisdom wise?

Only Thee content to know, Ignorant of all below? Only guided by Thy light? Only mighty in Thy might?

Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

CHRISTIAN. 8. GREENVILLE. PRATE'S COLL. EN AS A WELVED ORILD. - PR. 188 12 grace, Lord, make me lowly, Sall my swelling Pride; nuny, and unnoty, TII hide. hid my vain aspirings or at earthly honors aim ambitious heights desirings kar apone mà pumple claim. Veaned from earth's vexations p Thy love Ill seek for mine Placed in heaven my nobler tre Earth I quietly resign. A Israel, thus the world despisit On the Tong alone rely; Then from Him thy joys a Like Himself shall neve BLESSED ARE THE POOR 13 1 Lord, if Thou Thy Poor in spirit, me Thall as my Mo



Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.
Father, fix my soul on Thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,
Happy in Thy precious love.
O that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust Him, praise Him evermore.

A CHRISTIAN.—TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS.

7s. MARTYN.

NEWTON.

I thought my mountain strong, mly fixed, no more to move; my Saviour was my song, m my soul was filled with love: were happy, golden days, y spent in prayer and praise.

78. APHER. THE TRIAL OF YOUR PAITH. -1 Pet. 1:

1 'Tis my happiness below Not to live without the cro But the Saviour's power to 1 Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall But with humble faith ! Love inscribed upon then This is happiness to m

8 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

314. S. M. AYLESBURY. TATE & BRADY.

MY SOUL DOTH WAIT. - Ps. 130 : 5.

- FROM lowest depths of woe,
 To God I send my cry;
 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
 And graciously reply.
- 2 My soul with patience waits For Thee, the living Lord; My hopes are on Thy promise built, Thy never-failing word.
- 3 My longing eyes look out For Thy enlivening ray, More duly than the morning watch To spy the dawning day.
- 4 Let Israel trust in God;
 No bounds His mercy knows;
 The plenteous Source and Spring from whence
 Eternal succor flows.

21 321



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Unless Thy LAW HAD BEEN MY DELIGHTS. - Ps.

- 1 Consider all my sorrows, Lord, And Thy deliverance send; My soul for Thy salvation faints; When will my troubles end?
- 2 Yet have I found 'tis good for me To bear my Father's rod; Afflictions make me learn Thy law, And live upon my God.
- 3 Had not Thy word been my deligh When earthly joys were fled, My soul, oppressed with sorrow's w Had sunk among the dead.
- 4 Before I knew Thy chastening rod, My feet were apt to stray; But now I learn to keep Thy word Nor wander from Thy way.

316. L. M. WARE. N

In faith, and love, and every geo



- Might more of His salvation know, And seek more earnestly His face.
- 2 I hoped that in some favored hour At once He'd answer my request, And, by His love's constraining power, Subdue my sins and give me rest.
- 3 Instead of this, He made me feel
 The hidden evils of my heart,
 And let the angry powers of hell
 Assault my soul in every part.
- 4 Yea, more, with His own hand He seemed Intent to aggravate my woe, Crossed all the fair designs I schemed, Blasted my hopes, and laid me low.
- 5 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried;
 "Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death?"
 "Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
 "I answer prayer for grace and faith.
- 6 "These inward trials I employ,
 From self and pride to set thee free,
 And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
 That thou mayst seek thy all in Me."

Ä

MY SOUL IS FULL OF TROUBLES. PR. 28 : &

1 I BAW, beyond the tomb, Prepared to scan with strict account

My blessings wasted here.

2 His wrath, like flaming fire, Burned to the lowest hell; And in that hopeless world of woe He bade my spirit dwell.

3 My friends __ now friends no more. Left me to gain their rich reward,

And taste forgiving love. Tord I prayed, MY SOUL DOTH WAIT. - Ps. 130 : 5.

From deep distress and troubled thou
To Thee, my God, I raised my cri
If Thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before Thine ey

Put Thou hast built Thy throne of graftee to dispense Thy pardons there, That sinners may approach Thy face, And hope and love, as well as fear.

As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before Thy gate:
When will my God His face displayed.

317.

S. M. DUNBAR.

Dwnier

MY SOUL IS FULL OF TROUBLES. - Ps. 88: 3.

- 1 I saw, beyond the tomb,
 The awful Judge appear,
 Prepared to scan with strict account
 My blessings wasted here.
- 2 His wrath, like flaming fire, Burned to the lowest hell; And in that hopeless world of woe He bade my spirit dwell.
- 3 My friends now friends no more At infinite remove, Left me to gain their rich reward, And taste forgiving love.
- 4 Then to the Lord I prayed,
 And raised a bitter cry:
 "Hear me, O God, and save my soul,
 Lest I forever die."
- 5 He heard my humble cry, He saved my soul from death; To Him I'll give my heart and hands, And consecrate my breath.



318. L. M. WINDHAM. WATTS.
MY SOUL DOTH WAIT. - Ps. 190: 5.

- 1 From deep distress and troubled thoughts To Thee, my God, I raised my cries; If Thou severely mark our faults, No flesh can stand before Thine eyes.
- 2 But Thou hast built Thy throne of grace, Free to dispense Thy pardons there, That sinners may approach Thy face, And hope and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
 And long and wish for breaking day,
 So waits my soul before Thy gate:
 When will my God His face display?
- 4 My trust is fixed upon Thy word,
 Nor shall I trust Thy word in vain;
 Let mourning souls address the Lord,
 And find relief from all their pain.
- 319. C. M. GLENCAIRN. WATTS.
 VARITY OF VARITES; ALL 15 VARITY. Eccl. 1: 2.
- 1 How vain are all things here below \
 How false, and yet how fair \

Each pleasure hath its poison too, And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky Give but a flattering light; We should suspect some danger nigh, Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends, The partners of our blood, How they divide our wavering minds, And leave but half for God !

4 The fondness of a creature's love, How strong it strikes the sense! Thither the warm affections move. Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let Thy beauties be My soul's eternal food, And grace command my heart away From all created good.

320. C. M. ARLINGTON.

WE GLORY IN TRIBULATIONS ALSO. - Rom. 5 : 8. 1 When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to every fear,

And wipe my weeping eyes. 306



- 2 Should earth against my soul engage, And hellish darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come, And storms of sorrow fall; May I but safely reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all;
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heavenly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.
- 21. 11s. Portuguese Hymn. Grant.
 Partakers of Christ's supperings.—1 Pet. 4:13.

SAVIOUE, whose mercy, severe in its kindness, Has chastened my wanderings and guided my way, Adored be the power which illumined my blindness, And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was below; The moralight shone fair, there was blight in the beam; Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered of woe; And bitterness flowed in the soft flowing stream.

30. cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turned to the refuge Thy pity displayed;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise that bloomed but to fade.

- 4 I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown;
 I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave;
 I asked for the palm branch, the robe, and the crown;
 I asked, and Thou showedst me a cross and a grave.
- 5 Subdued and instructed, at length, to Thy will, My hopes and my longings I fain would resign: O, give me the heart that can wait and be still, Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but Thine.
- 6 There are mansions exempted from sin and from wee, But they stand in a region by mortals untrod; There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below; There is rest, but it dwells in the presence of God.

322.

L. M. AVERNO.

TORREY.

AND THE LORD TURNED AND LOOKED UPON PETER. Luke 22: 61.

- 1 When silent steal across my soul Remembrances of broken vows, And tears, almost beyond control, Flow, as my guilty spirit bows,—
- 2 'Tis then I've caught the Saviour's eye, Viewing, with looks of injured love, A soul, for whom He deigned to die, Inconstant and ungrateful prove.
- 3 O, had He not so kindly glanced, My weeping soul in anguish cries, I could have borne that searching look, But now I yield; my spirit dies.



4 No more on promises I'll rest, Nor resolutions vainly made, But leaning on my Saviour's breast, Implore His Spirit's gracious aid.

23.

S. M. LINCOLN.

BONAR.

WE WERE AS SHEEP GOING ASTRAY. -1 Pet. 2:25.

I was a wandering sheep;
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice;
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child;
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice;

did not love my Father's voice I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep;
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

3 I was a wandering sheep;
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice;
I love, I love His fold.
I was a wayward child;
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice;
I love, I love His home.

324. L. M. SHOEL. DODDRIDGE.

With rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.—Pa. 126 : 6.

- 1 The darkened sky, how thick it lowers, Troubled with storms, and big with showers! No cheerful gleam of light appears, But Nature pours forth all her tears.
- 2 The seeds of ecstasy unknown
 Are in these watered furrows sown;
 See the green blades, how thick they rise,
 And with fresh verdure bless our eyes!
- 3 In secret foldings they contain
 Unnumbered ears of golden grain;
 And heaven shall pour its beams around,
 Till the ripe harvest load the ground.



4 Then shall the trembling mourner come, And bind his sheaves, and bear them home; The voice long broke with sighs shall sing, Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

325. L. M. HAMBURG. WATTS.

THOU HAST PROVED MINE HEART. - Ps. 17:3.

- LORD, I am Thine; but Thou wilt prove My faith, my patience, and my love: When men of spite against me join, They are the sword — the hand is Thine.
- 2 What sinners value I resign:
 Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine:
 I shall behold Thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.
- 3 This life's a dream, an empty show;
 But the bright world to which I go
 Hath joys substantial and sincere;
 When shall I wake and find me there?
- 4 O glorious hour! O blest abode! I shall be near and like my God, And flesh and sin no more control. The sacred pleasures of the soul.

5 My flesh shall slumber in the ground Till the last trumpet's joyful sound; Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise.

326. 8s & 7s. Worthing. RANGE

THE LOED SHALL GIVE THEE REST FROM THY SORROW. Is. 14: 8.

- LABORING and heavy laden
 With my sins, O Lord, I roam;
 While I know Thou hast invited
 All such wanderers to their home.
- 2 Make my stubborn spirit willing To obey Thy gracious voice; At the cross to leave its burden, And departing to rejoice.
- 3 Thy sweet yoke I'd take upon me, And would learn, O Lord, of Thee; Thou art meek in heart, and lowly; Teach me like Thyself to be.
- 4 Rest my weary soul is seeking
 From its sins and all its woes;
 In Thy bosom I would place me,
 There to find a blest repose.



Laboring and heavy laden,
 Lord, no longer will I roam:
 Here I fix my habitation
 In Thy sheltering love at home.

327. C. M. WOODLAND.

BEFORE I WAS AFFLICTED, I WENT ASTRAY .- Ps. 119:67.

- 1 In trouble and in grief, O God, Thy smile hath cheered my way, And joy hath budded from each thorn That round my footsteps lay.
- 2 The hours of pain have yielded good Which prosperous days refused; As herbs, though scentless when entire, Spread fragrance when they're bruised.
- 3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs By furious blasts are driven; So life's tempestuous storms the more Have fixed my heart in heaven.
- 4 All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot In other times may be, I'll welcome still the heaviest grief That brings me near to Thee.

328. S. M. SHIRLAND.

WATTE

MINE EYES ARE EVER TOWARD THE LORD. - Ps. 25:15.

- MINE eyes and my desire
 Are ever to the Lord;
 I love to plead His promises,
 And rest upon His word.
- 2 Turn, turn Thee to my soul; Bring Thy salvation near; When will Thy hand release my feet Out of the deadly snare?
- 3 When shall the sovereign grace Of my forgiving God Restore me from those dangerous ways My wandering feet have trod?
- 4 O, keep my soul from death,
 Nor put my hope to shame;
 For I have placed my only trust
 In my Redeemer's name.

Doxology.

The triune God shall be
Our song while life is given,
And the unceasing praise shall run
Through all the days of heaven.



329.

L. M. TRURO.

GREGG.

Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of Me and of My words, etc. — Mark 8:38.

- 1 Jesus, and shall it ever be A mortal man ashamed of Thee? Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
 "Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
 Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend! No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere His name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may When I've no guilt to wash away, No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then nor is my boasting vain —
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
 And O, may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

330.

S. M. DUNBAR.

WATTS.

I WILL TRUST IN THE COVERT OF THY WINGS .- Ps. 61:4

- 1 When, overwhelmed with grief, My heart within me dies, Helpless, and far from all relief, To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O, lead me to the Rock That's high above my head, And make the covert of Thy wings My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within Thy presence, Lord, Forever I'll abide; Thou art the Tower of my defence, The Refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
 Of those that fear Thy name;
 If endless life be their reward,
 I shall possess the same.
- 331. 7s. Worthing. C. ELIZABETE.

 IN THE WORLD YE SHALL HAVE TRIBULATION. John 10:88.
 - 1 TRIBULATION, pain, and woe Are the Christian's lot below;



Glory, triumph, peace, and love Are the Christian's crown above.

- 2 Shall we sport a little while In the world's deceitful smile, Careless how we waste our breath, Thoughtless of eternal death?
- 8 No! if Christian souls we be, Saviour, we must live to Thee; Trusting in Thy mighty name, We can welcome grief and shame.
- 4 Jesus, Lord, to Thee we come; Short, though rough, the journey home; Let Thy grace but now be given, Glory will be ours in heaven.

332. C. M. PHUVAH. BAXTER.

CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM. - 1 Pet. 5:7.

- 1 CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms
 Than He went through before;
 He that into God's kingdom comes
 Must enter by this door.
 - 2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
 Thy blessed face to see;
 For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
 What must Thy glory be?

22 337

- 3 Then I shall end my sad complaints, And weary, sinful days, And join with those triumphant saints That sing Jehovah's praise.
- 4 My knowledge of that life is small;
 The eye of faith is dim;
 But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
 And I shall be with Him.
- 333. C. M. PETERBORO'. NEWFO
- 1 We seek a rest beyond the skies, In everlasting day; Through floods and flames the passage lie But Jesus guards the way.
- 2 The swelling flood and raging flame Hear and obey His word; Then let us triumph in His name; Our Saviour is the Lord.
- 334. C. M. WOODLAND. NEWES
- 1 Sweet was the time when first I felt
 The Saviour's pardoning blood
 Applied, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
 And bring me home to God.

TRUST AND SUBMISSION.

Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;

And when the evening shades prevailed, His love was all my song.

In prayer my soul drew near to God, And saw His glory shine;

And, when I read His holy word, I called each promise mine.

Now, when the evening shades prevail,
 My soul in darkness mourns;

And when the morn the light reveals, No light to me returns.

Now Satan threatens to prevail, And make my soul his prey;

Yet, Lord, Thy mercies cannot fail; O, come without delay.

MAN A CHRISTIAN.—TRUST AND SUBMISSION.

335. C. M. PHILLIPS. EDMESTON. TROUGE HE SLAY ME, TET WILL I TRUST IN HIM. — Job 13:15.

1 O Thou whose mercy guides my way, Though now it seem severe,

Forbid my unbelief to say, There is no mercy here.

2 O, may I, Lord, desire the pain That comes in kindness down,

Far more than sweetest earthly gain: Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then, though Thou bend my spirit low, The gracious hand that strikes the blow

Was wounded once for me.

336. 118 & 108. COME YE DISCONSOLATE. MOORE. I AM THE LORD THAT REALETH THEE. - Ex. 15 1 95.

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish; Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your angel Earth path no sorrow that heaven cannot hear

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying; Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying, Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure. LYTI

O LORD, REBUXE ME NOT IN THINE ANGER. - Ps. 6:1.

1 GENTLY, gently lay Thy rod On my sinful head, O God! Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay, Lest I sink before its sway.



TRUST AND SUBMISSION.

- 2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak; Heal me, for Thy grace I seek; This my only plea I make; Heal me for Thy mercy's sake.
- 3 Who within the silent grave Shall proclaim Thy power to save? Lord, my sinking soul reprieve; Speak, and I shall rise and live.
- 4 Lo, He comes! He heeds my plea! Lo, He comes! the shadows flee! Glory round me dawns once more; Rise, my spirit, and adore.

338. S. M. OLMUTZ. 'TOPLADY.

MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE. -2 Cor. 12:9.

- 1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take;
 Loud to the praise of love divine
 Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land, We are not far from home; And nearer to our house above We every moment come.

- 3 His grace will to the end Stronger and brighter shine; Nor present things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk. Nor feel the heavenly flame, Then is the time to trust our God. And rest upon His name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears Subside at His control: His loving kindness shall break through The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God, That stays himself on Thee: Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord, Shall Thy salvation see.

339.

7s. APHEK.

RYBAND.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND. - Pa. 81:15.

1 Sovereign Ruler of the skies. Ever gracious, ever wise, All my times are in Thy hand, All events at Thy command. 349



TRUST AND SUBMISSION.

- 2 Times of sickness, times of health; Times of penury and wealth; Times of trial and of grief; Times of triumph and relief;
- 3 Times the tempter's power to prove; Times to taste a Saviour's love; All must come, and last, and end, As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 4 O Thou Gracious, Wise, and Just, In Thy hands my life I trust; Have I somewhat dearer still? I resign it to Thy will.

340. C. M. ORTONVILLE. TOPLADY.

This is my comport in my application. - Pa. 119: 50.

- 1 When languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 "Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
 And long to fly away:
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend The whispers of His love; Sweet to look upward, to the place Where Jesus pleads above:

- 3 Sweet on His righteousness to stand, Which saves from second death; Sweet to experience, day by day, His Spirit's quickening breath.
- 4 If such the sweetness of the stream, What must the fountain be, Where saints and angels draw their bliss Immediately from Thee?

341. L. M. ROSCOE.

HE HATH DONE ALL THINGS WELL. - Mark 7:87.

- 1 Time's gilded tints, hope's golden gleam, Fade from my sight, though once so fair; And youth's fond, false, deceitful dream Dissolves away in empty air.
- Each plan of life forever broke,
 Each comfort sinking to the grave,
 I bow beneath the eternal stroke,
 Deprived of all by Him who gave.
- 3 Yet it is God! Be still, my soul;
 That God who sees the sparrow fall,
 Whose kindness watches to console,
 That gracious God has ordered all.



TRUST AND SUBMISSION.

He takes my health and strength away, Yet guides my life with perfect skill; Then let me own His righteous sway, And bow submissive to His will.

42. C. M. FOUNTAIN. STEELE.
MY PRESENCE SHALL GO WITH THER. - Ex. 33:14.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,

Let this petition rise:

"Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free; The blessings of Thy grace impart,

And make me live to Thee.

"Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine

Thy presence through my journey shine, And crown my journey's end."

43. 8s & 4s. Tranquillity. Bowring.
Thy will be done. — Matt. 6:10.

"Thy will be done!" In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
"Thy will be done."

Thy will be done!" If o'er us shine A gladdening and a prosperous sun, I fhis prayer will make it more divine:
"Thy will be done."

"Thy will be done!" Though shrouded o'er Our path with gloom, one comfort, one Is ours: to breathe, while we adore, "Thy will be done."

344: 108 & 118, HINTON. NEWTOR. JEHOVAH JIERH. - Gen. 23:14.

1 Though troubles assail, and dangers affright, Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite, Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide: The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide,

- 2 His call we obey, like Abraham of old, Not knowing our way; but faith makes us bold; For, though we are strangers, we have a good Guide, And trust, in all dangers, the Lord will provide.
- 3 No strength of our own, or goodness, we claim; Yet, since we have known the Saviour's great name In this our strong Tower for safety we hide; The Lord is our Power; the Lord will provide.
- 345. C. M. BRATTLE STREET. NOT WEEPING MAY ENDURE FOR A NIGHT: BUT JOY COMETE THE MORNING. - Ps. 30: 5.
 - 1 When musing sorrow weeps the past And mourns the present pain,



TRUST AND SUBMISSION.

- 'Tis sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain.
- 2 Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise, And dread a Father's will: Tis not that meek submission flies. And would not suffer still.
- 3 It is that heaven-born Faith surveys The path that leads to light, And longs her eagle plumes to raise, And lose herself in sight.
- 4 O, let me wing my hallowed flight From earth-born woe and care, And soar above these clouds of night, My Saviour's bliss to share.

346.

7s. Rosefield.

NEVIN.

GOD IS MY SALVATION: I WILL TRUST. - Is. 12:2.

1 HAPPY, Saviour, should I be. If I could but trust in Thee; Trust Thy wisdom me to guide; Trust Thy goodness to provide; Trust Thy saving love and power; Trust Thee every day and hour; 347

ist Thee as the only light the darkest hour of night; ust in sickness, trust in health; rust in poverty and wealth; rust in joy and trust in grief; Crust Thy promise for relief; Trust Thy blood to cleanse my soul;

Trust Thy grace to make me whole; Trust Thee all my journey through; Trust Thee till my feet shall be Planted on the crystal sea.

MAN A CHRISTAIN.—PRAYER AND DEVOUT ASPIRATION.

C. M. ARLINGTON. MONTGOME

LOED, TEACH US TO PRAY. - Luke 11:1.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Uttered or unexpressed, The motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast.

PRAYER AND DEVOUT ASPIRATION.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh, The falling of a tear, The upward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice, Returning from his ways; While angels in their songs rejoice, And cry, "Behold, he prays."
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, The Christian's native air, His watchword at the gates of death; He enters heaven with prayer.
- 6 O Thou by whom we come to God, The Life, the Truth, the Way, The path of prayer Thyself hast trod; Lord, teach us how to pray.

LET ME SPELE, AND AMSWER THOU ME. - Job 18: 22. 7s. PLEYEL'S HYMN.

- 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare; Jesus loves to answer prayer; He Himself invites thee near, Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.
 - 2 With my burden I begin Lord, remove this load of sin Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.
 - 3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest; There Thy blood-bought right maintain, Loru, 1 vous of my breast; Take possession of my breast; And without a rival reign.
 - PRAY TO THY FATHER WHICH IS IN SECRET. Math. 6
 - 1 O THAT I knew the secret place Where I might find my God! I'd spread my wants before His face And pour my woes abroad.
 - 2 I'd tell Him how my sins arise; What sorrows I sustain;

PRAYER AND DEVOUT ASPIRATION.

How grace decays, and comfort dies, And leaves my heart in pain.

3 Arise, my soul, from deep distress, And banish every fear; He calls thee to His throne of grace, To spread thy sorrows there.

350. I. M. RETREAT. STOWELL.

I WILL COMMUNE WITH THEE PROM ABOVE THE MERCY SEAT.
Ex. 25:22.

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found before the mercy seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads — A place than all besides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Though sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle wing we soar, And sin and sense seem all no more; And heaven comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy seat.

5 O, let my hand forget her skill, My tongue be silent, cold, and still, This bounding heart forget to beat, If I forget the mercy seat.

351. 7s. Humility.

NOT FAR FROM EVERY ONE OF US. - Acts 17:27.

- 1 They who seek the throne of grace Find that throne in every place; If we live a life of prayer, God is present every where.
- 2 In our sickness or our health, In our want or in our wealth, If we look to God in prayer, God is present every where.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail, When the foes of life prevail, 'Tis the time for earnest prayer; God is present every where.

352. 8s, 7s, & 4. GREENVILLE. EDMESTON. I WILL LEAD THEM. — Is. 42:16.

1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;

Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending, Fill our hearts with heavenly joy; Love with every passion blending, Pleasure that can never cloy; Thus provided, Pardoned, guided, Nothing can our peace destroy.

353. 7s. Spanish Hymn. Grant.

HEAR THE PRAYER OF THY SERVANT. - Dan. 9:17.

1 Saviour, when in dust to Thee Low we bow the adoring knee; When, repentant, to the skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes; 23 353

O, by all Thy pains and woe, Suffered once for man below, Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our solemn litany.

- 2 By Thy helpless infant years;
 By Thy life of wants and tears;
 By Thy days of sore distress
 In the savage wilderness;
 By the dread permitted hour
 Of the insulting tempter's power,—
 Turn, O, turn a pitying eye;
 Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By Thine hour of dire despair;
 By Thine agony of prayer;
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear and torturing scorn;
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice,—
 Listen to our humble cry;
 Hear our solemn litany.
- 4 By Thy deep, expiring groan; By the sad, sepulchral stone; By the vault whose dark abode Held in vain the rising God,—

O, from earth to heaven restored, Mighty, reascended Lord, Listen, listen to the cry Of our solemn litany.

354. 8s. 7s. & 4. TAMWORTH.

I WILL GUIDE THEE WITH MINE EYE .- Ps. 32:8.

1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land;

I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy powerful hand; Bread of heaven.

Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain Whence the healing streams do flow;

Let the fiery, cloudy pillar

Lead me all my journey through;

Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside;

Death of death, and hell's Destruction. Land me safe on Canaan's side;

Songs of praises I will ever give to Thee.

355. 78 & 68. AMSTERDAM.

AND THEY SHALL SEE HIS PACE. -]

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch the Thy better portion trace; Rise, from transitory things, Toward heaven, thy native Sun, and moon, and stars decertime shall soon this earth: Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course
Fire ascending seeks the sun:
Both speed them to their so
Thus a soul, new born of Goo
Pants to view His glorious
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to n
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:

Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

56. C. M. ARUNDEL.

WATTS.

I WILL JOY IN THE GOD OF MY SALVATION. - Hab. 3:18.

THERE'S nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth

My nobler thoughts aspire, —

Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refined,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

The almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings His own all-sufficience there,
To make our bliss complete.

Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heavenly road;
There sits my Saviour, dressed in love,
And there my smiling God.

357. L. M. RETREAT.

HYDE.

THINK UPON ME, MY GOD, FOR GOOD. - Neh. 5:19.

- 1 THOUGH earthly friends estranged may grow, Or, in my need, afar may be, It is enough, my God, to know That Thou for good wilt think on me.
- 2 On me, so worthless and so vile! Amazing grace! and can it be I may look up to meet Thy smile, And Thou look down to think on me?
- 3 When crushed beneath my load of sin, Let me that burden cast on Thee: 'Mid fears and griefs, without, within, In pardoning pity, think on me.
- 4 The toils and cares consuming life, The bitter words I fain would flee, While faints my spirit in the strife, Behold them, Lord, and think on me.
- 5 Help me to trust Thy love and care If sorer conflicts yet to see; In the dark valley treading, there, My God, for good, O, think on me. 358



358. C. M. BARBY. WATT

HE HATH ATTENDED TO THE VOICE OF MY PRAYER. - Ps. 66:1

- Now shall my solemn vows be paid
 To that almighty Power
 That heard the long requests I made
 In my distressful hour.
- 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare To make His mercies known; Come, ye that fear my God, and hear The wonders He has done.
- 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell, I sought His heavenly aid; He saved my sinking soul from hell, And death's eternal shade.
 - If sin lay covered in my heart,
 While prayer employed my tongue,
 The Lord had shown me no regard,
 Nor I His praises sung.
 - But God His name be ever blessed —
 Has set my spirit free,
 Nor turned from Him my poor request,
 Nor turned His heart from me.

MAN A CHRISTIAN. TAKES

359. 6s & 4s. ELLIOT. S. F. AD

NEAR UNTO HIM. - Ps. 148 : 14.

- NEARER, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
 E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me!
 Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee — Nearer to Thee.
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee
 Nearer to Thee.
- 3 There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee
 Nearer to Thee.



- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee —
 Nearer to Thee.
- 5 Or if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee.

360. 8s & 7s. NETTLETON. C. WESLEY.

HIS LOVE IS PERFECTED IN US. - 1 John 4:12.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, Thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

- 2 Breathe, O, breathe Thy loving Spirit Into every troubled breast; Let us all in Thee inherit, Let us find that second rest; Come, almighty to deliver, Let us all Thy life receive; Suddenly return, and never, Never more Thy temples leave.
- 3 Finish then Thy new creation;
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see Thy great salvation
 Perfectly restored in Thee;
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

361. C. M. FOUNTAIN. TATE & BRAD! AS THE HART PANTETH AFTER THE WATER BROOKS, SO PARTET MY SOUL AFTER THEE, O GOD. —Pr. & 11.

 As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase,
 So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
 And Thy refreshing grace.

- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God, My thirsty soul doth pine; O, when shall I behold Thy face, Thou Majesty divine?
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul? Trust God, and He'll employ His aid for thee, and change these sighs To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 The praise of Him who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal Spring.

362. C. M. BRATTLE STREET. COLLYER.

Forsake me not when my strength faileth. — Ps. 71:9.

- 1 When bending o'er the brink of life My trembling soul shall stand, Waiting to pass death's awful flood, Great God, at Thy command;
 - When every long-loved scene of life Stands ready to depart;
 - When the last sigh that shakes the frame Shall rend this bursting heart;

- O Thou great Source of joy supreme, Whose arm alone can save. Dispel the darkness that surrounds The entrance to the grave.
- 4 Lay Thy supporting, gentle hand Beneath my sinking head, And with a ray of love divine Illume my dying bed.
- 363. C. M. MORAVIAN HYMN. MONTGOMERY

OUR CONVERSATION IS IN HEAVEN. - Phil. 8: 99.

- 1 WHILE through this changing world we roam, From infancy to age, Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home, His rest at every stage.
- 2 Thither his raptured thought ascends. Eternal joys to share; There his adoring spirit bends, While here he kneels in prayer.
- 3 From earth his freed affections rise To fix on things above, Where all his hope of glory lies, And love is perfect love.



- 4 O, there may we our treasure place,
 There let our hearts be found;
 That still, where sin abounded, grace
 May more and more abound.
- 5 Henceforth our conversation be With Christ, before the throne; Ere long, we eye to eye shall see, And know as we are known.

364. 11s & 8s. Dulcimer.

SWAIN.

WHY SHOULD I BE AS ONE THAT TURNETH ASIDE ?- Cant. 1:7.

- 1 O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
 On whom in affliction I call,
 My Comfort by day and my Song in the night,
 My Hope, my Salvation, my All!
 Where dost Thou at nountide resort with Thy sheep
 To feed on the pastures of love?
 Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
 'Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 2 O, why should I wander an alien from Thee, Or cry in the desert for bread? Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed; Restore, my dear Saviour, the light of Thy face; Thy sonl-cheering favor impart; And let Thy sweet tokens of pardoning grace Bring joy to my desolate heart.

365. L. M. WINCHESTER. WATTS LET MY FRATER BE SET REFORE THEE AS INCRESS. Ps. 141: 2

- 1 My God, accept my early vows, Like morning incense in Thy house; And let my nightly worship rise, Sweet as the evening sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord, From every rash and heedless word; Nor let my feet incline to tread The guilty path where sinners lead.
- 3 O, may the righteous, when Lstray, Smite and reprove my wandering way, Their gentle words, like ointment shed, Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them pressed with grief, I'll cry to heaven for their relief; And by my warm petitions prove How much I prize their faithful love.
- 366. C. M. PETERBORO'. WATTA

I WILL UPHOLD THEE. - Is. 41:10.

1 Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes thy waking eyes;



Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To Him that rules the skies.

- 2 Night unto night His name repeats, The day renews the sound, . Wide as the heaven on which He sits To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis He supports my mortal frame; My tongue shall speak His praise; My sins would rouse His wrath to flame, And yet His wrath delays.
- 4 Dear God, let all my hours be Thine, While I enjoy the light; Then shall my sun in smiles decline, And bring a pleasant night.

Doxology.

To praise the Father, and the Son, And Spirit all divine, The One in Three, and Three in One, Let saints and angels join.

367. L. M. PORTUGAL.

WATTS.

REJOICETH AS A STRONG MAN TO RUN A RACE. - Ps. 19:5.

- 1 God of the morning, at whose voice The cheerful sun makes haste to rise, And like a giant doth rejoice To run his journey through the skies!
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east, The circuit of his race begins, And, without weariness or rest, Round the whole earth he flies, and shines.
- 3 O, like the sun may I fulfil The appointed duties of the day; With ready mind, and active will, March on and keep my heavenly way.

368. C. M. BALLERMA. WATTS.

AT MIDNIGHT I WILL BISE TO GIVE THANKS UNTO THEE. Ps. 119:62.

1 To Thee, before the dawning light,

My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate Thy name by night,
And keep Thy law by day.

- 2 My spirit faints to see Thy grace; Thy promise bears me up; And while salvation long delays, Thy word supports my hope.
- 3 Seven times a day I lift my hands, And pay my thanks to Thee; Thy righteous providence demands Repeated praise from me.
- 4 When midnight darkness veils the skies, I call Thy works to mind; My thoughts in warm devotion rise, And sweet acceptance find.
- 369. L. M. PARK STREET. KENN.

I. WILL SING ALOUD OF THY MERCY IN THE MORNING. Ps. 59:16.

- 1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy daily stage of duty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart, And with the angels bear thy part, Who all night long unwearied sing High praises to the eternal King.

- 3 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me while I slept; Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of endless life partake.
- 4 Lord, I to Thee my vows renew; Scatter my sins as morning dew; Guard my first springs of thought and will, And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
 All I design, or do, or say,
 That all my powers, with true delight,
 In Thy sole glory may unite.

370. 7s. HUMILITY. EPIS. COLL.

AND NOW THE EVENTIDE WAS COME. -- Mark II : II.

- 1 SOFTLY now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord, I would commune with Thee.
- 2 Soon for me the light of day
 Shall forever pass away;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee,



371. C. M. WOODLAND.

Brown.

WHEN THE EVENING WAS COME, HE WAS THERE ALONE. Matt. 14: 28.

- 1 I LOVE to steal a while away
 From every cumbering care,
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear,
 And all His promises to plead,
 Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore,
 And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heaven;
 The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its departing ray Be calm as this impressive hour, And lead to endless day.

3	72 .	L. M.	Roscoz.	WATTE
TE	ou, Lord, only	MAKEST 1	E DWELL IN	SAFETY Pa. 4:
1	Thus far th	ie Lord	has led i	ne on,
	Thue for	His no	wer prolo	nae my dave

And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste, And I perhaps am near my home; But He forgives my follies past; He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest beneath the ground, And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb, With sweet salvation in the sound.

373. L. M. EVENING HYMN. KENN.
HE THAT RESPET THE WILL NOT SLUBBER. - Pr. 121 &

1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O, keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ills that I this day have done; That with the world, myself, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep, His watchful station near me keep; My heart with love celestial fill, And guard me from the approach of ill.
- 4 Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as little as my bed; Teach me to die, that so I may Rise glorious at the latter day.

374. 128 & 11s. PORTUGUESE HYMN.

AT THE EVENING SACRIFICE I AROSE UP FROM MY HEAVINESS. Exts 9: 5.

- See, daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er ocean;
 The sun has gone down on the far distant sea,
 O, now, in the hush of life's fifful commotion,
 We lift our tired spirits, blest Saviour, to Thee.
- 2 Full oft wast Thou found far away on the mountain, As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the wave; Thou Son of the Highest, and life's endless Fountain, Be with us, we pray Thee, to bless and to save.
- 3 And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow shall toss our frail bark, driving wild o'er night's deep, Let Thy healing wing be stretched over our pillow, And guard us from evil, though death watch our sleep.

4 To God, our great Father, whose throne is in heaven, Who dwells with the lowly and contrite in heart, To the Son and the Spirit all glory be given; One God, ever blessed and praised, Thou art.

375. 8s & 7s. PILGRIM. EDMESTON.

The darkness hiderh not from Ther. - Ps. 189:12.

- 1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing;
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow near us fly,
 Angel guards from Thee surround us;
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.
- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be;
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

- 376. L. M. EVENING HYMN. Epis. Coll. I HAVE SET THE LORD ALWAYS BEFORE ME. - Ps. 16:8.
- 1 SAVIOUR, when night involves the skies, My soul, adoring, turns to Thee; Thee, self-abased in mortal guise, And wrapped in shades of death for me.
- 2 On Thee my waking raptures dwell, When crimson gleams the east adorn; Thee, Victor of the grave and hell; Thee, Source of life's eternal morn.
- 3 When noon her throne in light arrays, To Thee my soul triumphant springs; Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze; Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.
- 4 O'er earth when shades of evening steal, To death and Thee my thoughts I give; To death, whose power I soon must feel; To Thee, with whom I trust to live.
- 377. C. M. PHILLIPS. WHITE.

THAT WE MAY LEAD A QUIET AND PEACEABLE LIFE. 1 Tim. 2:2.

1 O Lord, another day is flown, And we, a lonely band,

Are met once more before Thy throne, To bless Thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt Thou lend a listening ear To praises low as ours? Thou wilt; for Thou dost love to hear The song which meekness pours.

3 O, let Thy grace perform its part, And let contention cease; And shed abroad in every heart Thine everlasting peace.

378. I. M. BRIGHTON. JENKERS.
WHEN THE GATES OF JERUSALEM BEGAN TO BE DARK REPORE
THE SABBATH.—Neb. 13:18.

1 Sweet is the last, the parting ray,
That ushers placid evening in,
When, with the still, expiring day,
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin;
How grateful to the anxious breast
The sacred hours of holy rest!

2 Hushed is the tumult of the day,
And worldly cares and business cease,
While soft the vesper breezes play,
To hymn the glad return of peace;
Delightful season! kindly given
To turn the wandering thoughts to bessen.

3 Oft as this peaceful hour shall come,
Lord, raise my thoughts from earthly things,
And bear them to my heavenly home,
On faith and hope's celestial wings,
Till the last gleam of life decay
In one eternal Sabbath day.

379. C. M. Heber. S. F. Smith.

THE SABBATH DREW ON. - Luke 23:54.

- 1 How sweet the evening shadows fall, Advancing from the west! As ends the weary week of toil,
 - And comes the day of rest.
- 2 Bright o'er the earth the star of eve Her radiant beauty sheds; And myriad sisters calmly weave Their light around our heads.
- 8 Rest, man, from labor; rest from sin;
 The world's hard contest close;
 The holy hours with God begin;
 Yield thee to sweet repose.
- 4 Bright o'er the earth the morning ray
 Its sacred light will cast —
 Fair emblem of the glorious day
 That evermore shall last.

380. S. M. WATCHMAN. HARTFORD BEL-

NOW THE EVENTIDE WAS COME. - Mark II : IL.

- The day is past and gone;
 The evening shades appear;
 O, may I ever keep in mind
 The night of death draws near.
- 2 I lay my garments by, Upon my bed to rest; So death will soon remove me hence, And leave my soul undressed.
- 3 Lord, keep me safe this night, Secure from all my fears: May angels guard me while I aleep, Till morning light appears.
- 4 And, when I early rise
 To view the unwearied sun,
 May I set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run:
- 5 That when my days are past,
 And I from time remove,
 Lord, I may in Thy bosom rest,
 The bosom of Thy love.

381. L. M. EVENING HYMN. STEELE.

THY FAITHFULNESS EVERY NIGHT. - Ps. 92:2.

- GREAT God, to Thee my evening song
 With humble gratitude I raise;
 O, let Thy mercy tune my tongue,
 And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded as they pass, And every gently-rolling hour, Are monuments of wondrous grace, And witness to Thy love and power.
- 8 Thy love and power, celestial guard,
 Preserve me from surrounding harm:
 Can danger reach me while the Lord
 Extends His kind, protecting arm?
- 4 Let this blest hope my eyelids close;
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
 Safe in Thy care may I repose,
 And wake with praises to Thy name.

MAN A CHRISTIAN.—WATCHFULNESS, COURAGE, AND ZEAL.

382. C. M. Moravian Hymn. Watts. Stand fast in the faith; quit you like men. -1 Cor. 15:13.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?

Must I not stem the flood?

Is this vile world a friend to grace,

To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,

I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

WATCHFULNESS, COURAGE, AND ZEAL.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise And all Thy armies shine In robes of victory through the skies, The glory shall be Thine.

33. S. M. DOVER. C. WESLEY.

ep the charge of the Lord, that ye die not. — Lev. 8:85.

- A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify,
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil;
 O, may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live;
 And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray, And on Thyself rely, Assured, if I my trust betray, I shall forever die.

384.	C. M. Moravian Hymn.	RYLANI
	Hinder me not Gen. 24:58.	
. T. 11	T 11	

1 In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;

"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints, For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead, I'll follow where He goes;

"Hinder me not," shall be my cry, Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty, and through trials too, I'll go at His command;

"Hinder me not," for I am bound To my Immanuel's land.

4 And, when my Saviour calls me home, Still this my cry shall be —

"Hinder me not;" come, welcome, death;
I'll gladly go with Thee.

HEATH.

385. S. M. WATCHMAN.

WATCH AND PRAY.—Matt. 28:41.

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the street.



WATCHFUNESS, COURAGE, AND ZEAL.

- 2 O, watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er; Renew it boldly every day, And help divine implore.
- 8 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay thine armor down;
 Thy arduous work will not be done
 Till thou obtain thy crown.

386. C. M. London. Doddridge.

THE REDEEMED SHALL WALK THEE. - Is. 35:9.

- Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord, Your great Deliverer sing;
 Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
 Be joyful in your King.
- 2 A hand divine shall lead you on Through all the blissful road, Till to the sacred mount you rise, And see your smiling God.
 - 3 There garlands of immortal joy Shall bloom on every head; While sorrow, sighing, and distress, Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue His footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye
While laboring up the hill.

387. I. M. PARK STREET. WATTS
ENDURE HARDNESS AS A GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST.
2 Tim. 2: 8.

- 1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gospel armor on; March to the gates of endless joy, Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course; But hell and sin are vanquished foes; Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross, And sung the triumph when He rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
 Press forward to the heavenly gate;
 There peace and joy eternal reign,
 And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in almighty grace,
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

WATCHFULNESS, COURAGE, AND ZEAL.

388. 8s & 7s. Pilgrim. Grant.

Lo, WE HAVE LEFT ALL AND HAVE FOLLOWED THEE.

Mark 10: 28.

- 1 Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow Thee; Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou, from hence, my All shalt be. Perish every fond ambition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known, Yet how rich is my condition! God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me; They have left my Saviour, too; Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not, like them, untrue; And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might, Foes may hate and friends may scorn me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear.

Think what Spirit dwells within thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine; Think that Jesus died to win thee; Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

389 S. M. DOVER. GERHARD.

I AM WITH YOU ALWAY, EVEN UNTO THE END OF THE WORLD.

Matt. 28: 20.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
 IIope, and be undismayed;
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
 God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms, He gently clears thy way; Wait thou His time; so shall this night Soon end in joyous day.

386



WATCHFULNESS, COURAGE, AND ZEAL.

- 3 Far, far above thy thought His counsel shall appear, When fully He the work hath wrought, That caused thy needless fear.
- 4 What though thou rulest not!
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
 Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well.

390. 7s. EDYFIELD.

IN DUE SEASON WE SHALL REAP IF WE FAINT NOT. - Gal. 6:9.

- 1 Faint not, Christian! though the road Leading to thy blest abode Darksome be, and dangerous too, Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee through.
- 2 Faint not, Christian! though the world Has its hostile flag unfurled, Hold the cross of Jesus fast; Thou shalt overcome at last.
- 3 Faint not, Christian! though within There's a heart so prone to sin, Christ the Lord is over all; He'll not suffer thee to fall.

4 Faint not, Christian! look on high; See the harpers in the sky; Patient wait, and thou wilt join Chant with them of love divine.

391. 8s & 7s. SICILY. CASTALL.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS AT HAND .- Mark 1:15.

- 1 HARK! an awful voice is sounding: "Christ is nigh!" it seems to say; "Cast away the dreams of darkness.
 - O ye children of the day."
- 2 Startled at the solemn warning, Let the earth-bound soul arise; Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling, Shines upon the morning skies.
- 3 Lo, the Lamb, so long expected. Comes with pardon down from heaven; Let us haste with tears of sorrow. One and all, to be forgiven.
- 4 So, when next He comes in glory, Wrapping all the earth in fear. May He then as our Defender On the clouds of heaven appear.

WATCHFULNESS, COURAGE, AND ZEAL.

392. C. M. CHRISTMAS. DODDRIDGE.

I PRESS TOWARD THE MARK FOR THE PRIZE. - Phil. 3:14.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigor on;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around Hold thee in full survey; Forget the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high;
 'Tis His own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye;
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright, Which shall new lustre boast, When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
 Have I my race begun;
 And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
 I'll lay my honors down.

393.

7s & 6s. WEBB.

Hymnai

BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH; GO YE OUT TO MEET HIM. — Matt. 25:6.

- 1 Rise up, all ye believers,
 And let your lights appear;
 The shades of eve are thickening,
 And darker night is near.
 The Bridegroom is advancing;
 Each hour He draws more nigh;
 Up! watch and pray, nor slumber;
 At midnight comes the cry.
- 2 See that your lamps are burning, Your vessels filled with oil; Wait calmly your deliverance From earthly pain and toil. The watchers on the mountains E'en now His chariot spy; O, go ye forth to meet Him, And raise hosannas high.
- 3 The saints, who here in patience Their cross and sufferings bore, With Him shall reign forever, When sorrow is no more.

WATCHFULNESS, COURAGE, AND ZEAL.

Around the throne of glory
The Lamb shall they behold,
Adoring cast before Him
Their diadems of gold.

394. L. M. TRURO. WATTS.

LAY HOLD ON ETERNAL LIFE. -1 Tim. 6:12.

- 1 I send the joys of earth away;
 Away, ye tempters of the mind,
 False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
 And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along Down to the gulf of black despair; And while I listened to your song, Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace, That warned me of that dark abyss, That drew me from those treacherous seas, And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes; O for the pinions of a dove, To bear me to the upper skies!

- 5 There, from the bosom of my God, Oceans of endless pleasures roll: There would I fix my last abode, And drown the sorrows of my soul.
- 395. S. M. WATCHMAN. DODDRIDGE.

 LET YOUR LOINS BE GIEDED ABOUT, AND YOUR LIGHTS BURYING.—Luke 19: 35.

2

- YE servants of the Lord, Each in his office wait;
 Observant of His heavenly word, And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the golden flame; Gird up your loins, as in His sight, For awful is His name.
- 3 "Watch!" 'Tis your Lord's command; And while we speak, He's near; Mark the first signal of His hand, And ready all appear.
- 4 O, happy servant he,
 In such a posture found;
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honor crowned.

WATCHFULNESS, COURAGE, AND ZEAL.

396. L. M. DUKE STREET. WATTS.

THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD SHALL RENEW THEIR STRENGTH. -- Is. 40:81.

- 1 Awake, our souls; away, our fears; Let every trembling thought be gone; Awake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road, And mortal spirits tire and faint; But they forget the mighty God, That feeds the strength of every saint;
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power Is ever new and ever young,
 And firm endures, while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From Thee, the overflowing Spring, Our souls shall drink a fresh supply, While such as trust their native strength Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air, We'll mount aloft to Thine abode; On wings of love our souls shall fly, Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

397. 5s & 6s. WARRIOR.

I HAVE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT, I HAVE FINISHED MY COUL 2 Tim. 4:7.

- 1 Breast the wave, Christian,
 When it is strongest;
 Watch for day, Christian,
 When the night's longest;
 Onward and onward still
 Be thine endeavor;
 The rest that remaineth
 Will be forever.
- 2 Fight the fight, Christian;
 Jesus is o'er thee;
 Run the race, Christian;
 Heaven is before thee;
 He who hath promised us
 Faltereth never;
 Love of eternity
 Flows on forever.
- 3 Lift the eye, Christian,
 Just as it closeth;
 Raise the heart, Christian,
 Ere it reposeth;



Thee from the love of Christ Nothing shall sever; Mount when the work is done; Praise him forever.

AN A CHRISTIAN. — PEACE, SAFETY, HOPE, AND JOY.

98. C. M. SILOAM. DODDRIDGE.

HE WILL SPEAK PEACE UNTO HIS PEOPLE. - Ps. 85:8.

- Unite, my roving thoughts, unite
 In silence soft and sweet;
 And thou, my soul, sit gently down
 At thy great Sovereign's feet.
- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard; Yet gladly I attend; For, lo, the everlasting God Proclaims Himself my Friend.
- 3 Harmonious accents to my soul
 The sounds of peace convey;
 The tempest at His word subsides,
 And winds and seas obey.

4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve His love no more,
But, charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

399. C. M. ARUNDEL.

WATT

SALVATION WILL GOD APPOINT FOR WALLS AND BULWARKS-Is. 26:1.

- 1 Arise, my soul, my joyful powers, And triumph in my God; Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 The arms of everlasting love Beneath my soul He placed, And on the Rock of Ages set My slippery footsteps fast.
- 3 The city of my blest abode
 Is walled around with grace;
 Salvation for a bulwark stands,
 To shield the sacred place.
- 4 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice, And tunes of pleasure sing; Loud hallelujaha shall address My Saviour and my King.



400. 7s. Rosefield. Humphries.

NOW ARE WE THE SONS OF GOD. -- 1 John 8:2.

- 1 Blesséd are the sons of God;
 They are bought with Jesus' blood;
 They are ransomed from the grave;
 Life eternal they shall have:
 With them numbered may we be,
 Now and through eternity.
- 2 God did love them in His Son Long before the world begun; They the seal of this receive, When on Jesus they believe. With them numbered may we be, Now and through eternity.
- 3 They are justified by grace;
 They enjoy a solid peace;
 All their sins are washed away;
 They shall stand in God's great day;
 With them numbered may we be,
 Now and in eternity.

401. C. M. ARLINGTON. COWPER.

AND THE LORD SHOWED HIM ALL THE LAND. - Deut. 34:1.

- 1 I was a grovelling creature once,
 And basely cleaved to earth;
 I wanted spirit to renounce
 The clod that gave me birth.
- 2 But God has breathed upon a worm, And sent me from above Wings such as clothe an angel's form — The wings of joy and love.
- 3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly, And there delighted stand, To view, beneath a shining sky, The spacious promised land.
- 4 The Lord of all the vast domain
 Has promised it to me;
 The length and breadth of all the plain,
 As far as faith can see.
- How glorious is my privilege!
 To Thee for help I call;
 I stand upon a mountain's edge;
 O, save me, lest I fall.



6 Though much exalted in the Lord, My strength is not my own; Then let me tremble at His word. And none shall cast me down.

402. C. M. MEAR. WATTS. THEY THAT TRUST IN THE LORD SHALL BE AS MOUNT ZION. Ps. 125:1.

- 1 Unshaken as the sacred hill, And firm as mountains be, Firm as a rock the soul shall rest, That leans, O Lord, on Thee.
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well Old Salem's happy ground, As those eternal arms of love That every saint surround.
- 3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere, And lead them safely on To the bright gates of paradise, Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

403. 7s. NUREMBURG. LYTE. UNDER HIS WINGS SHALT THOU TRUST. - Ps. 91 : 4.

I THEY who on the Lord rely, Safely dwell, though danger's nigh; 399

Lo, His sheltering wings are spread O'er each faithful servant's head.

- 2 Vain temptation's wily snare; Christians are Jehovah's care; Harmless flies the shaft by day, Or in darkness wings its way.
- 3 When they wake, or when they sleep, Angel guards their vigils keep, Death and danger may be near; Faith and love have nought to fear.

404. 8s & 7s. Love.

NEVIE.

I AM WITH YOU ALWAY. - Matt. 28:20.

- 1 ALWAYS with us, always with us Words of cheer and words of love; Thus the risen Saviour whispers, From His dwelling place above;
- 2 With us when we toil in sadness, Sowing much and reaping none, Telling us that in the future Golden harvests shall be won;
- 3 With us when the storm is sweeping
 O'er our pathway dark and drear,
 Waking hope within our bosoms,
 Stilling every anxious fear;

'ith us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream,
ighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

C. M. MORAVIAN HYMN. WATTS.

OR I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED. -2 Tim. 1:12.

n not ashamed to own my Lord, Nor to defend His cause, aintain the honor of His word, The glory of His cross.

sus, my God, I know His name; His name is all my trust; or will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

irm as His throne His promise stands, And He can well secure That I've committed to His hands Till the decisive hour.

hen will He own my worthless name Before His Father's face, nd in the new Jerusalem Appoint my soul a place.

40C	C. M. BALLERMA.	9107, 81
406.	O. M. DAMES OF PLEASANTNESS.	
TTOD WAYS	ARE WALL	1

1 O, HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasure greater far Than east or west unfold, And her reward is more secure Than is the gain of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to vie A length of happy years, And in her left the prize of fame And honor bright appears.

4 She guides the young, with innoc In pleasure's path to tread; A crown of glory she bestows Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasan
And all her paths are peace

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407 .	~ -			
THOU HAST H	C. M.	ROCHESTER		
HAST W	A	EH		

THOU HAST HOLDEN ME BY MY RIGHT HAND. - Ps. 73:

1 God, my Supporter and my Hope, My Help forever near,

Thine arm of mercy held me up, When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet Through this dark wilderness,

Thine hand conduct me near Thy seat, To dwell before Thy face.

Were I in heaven without my God,

Twould be no joy to me;

And while this earth is my abode, I long for none but Thee.

What if the springs of life were broke, And flesh and heart should faint; od is my soul's eternal Rock, The Strength of every saint.

}. 7s. PLEYEL'S HYMN.

CENNICK.

REJOICING IN HOPE. - Rom. 12:12.

ILDREN of the heavenly King, ye journey, sweetly sing;

Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways.

- 2 Ye are travelling home to God In the way the fathers trod; They are happy now, and ye Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest! You on Jesus' throne shall rest; There your seat is now prepared; There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Lord, submissive make us go, Gladly leaving all below; Only Thou our Leader be, And we still will follow Thee.

409. S. M. SILVER STREET. DODDRIDG

- Now let our voices join
 To form one pleasant song;
 Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
 With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears! How open and how fair! No lurking gins to entrap our feet, No fierce destroyer there.



But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise,
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

Reduce the nations, Lord;
Teach all their kings Thy ways,
That earth's full choir the notes may swell,
And heaven resound the praise.

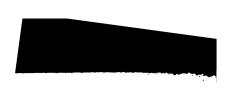
S. M. DOVER.

WATTS.

BT THE CHILDREN OF ZION BE JOYFUL IN THEIR KING. Ps. 149: 2.

Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song of sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.



- 3 The men of grace have found Glory begun below; Celestial fruits on earthly ground From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry; We're marching through Immanuel's grov To fairer worlds on high.

411. 7s & 6s. Webb.

Co

CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD, HOW THEY (Matt. 6:28.

1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.



2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
"E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may."
3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens

12. C. M. CORONATION. WATTS.

MY BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS. - Cant. 2:16.

Will give His children bread.

My God, the Spring of all my joys,
The Life of my delights,
The Glory of my brightest days,
And Comfort of my nights!

In darkest shades, if He appear, My dawning is begun!

He is my soul's sweet Morning Star, And He my rising Sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay At that transporting word, Run up with joy the shining way, To embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

6 Haste, my Belovéd; fetch my soul Up to Thy blest abode; Fly, for my spirit longs to see My Saviour and my God.

413. 8s, 7s, & 4. PILGRIM. FAWCETT.

HOPE THOU IN GOD. - Ps. 42:5.

1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears be gone:

Look to Jesus, And rejoice in His dear name.

What though Satan's strong temptations Vex and tease thee day by day, And thy sinful inclinations Often fill thee with dismay; Thou shalt conquer

Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus saith He'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful
To perform His gracious word.

4 O that I could now adore Him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who forever bow before Him,
And unceasing sing His love!

Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

414. L. M. ASHLAND. WHITE.

WHEN THEY SAW THE STAR, THEY REJOICED WITH EXCEEDING OREAT JOY. — Matt. 2:10.

1 When, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the eky,

- One Star alone, of all the train, Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
 From every host, from every gem;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks:
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode; The storm was loud, the night was dark; The ocean yawned; and rudely blowed The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
 When suddenly a star arose:
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 Forever and forevermore,
 The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!



15. C. M. JERUSALEM. C. PSALMIST.

THE HOLY JERUSALEM. - Rev. 21:10.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?

Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sorrow know: Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dismay? I've Canaan's goodly land in view, And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there, Around my Saviour stand; And soon my friends in Christ below Will join the glorious band.

THE CHURCH.

6 Jerusalem! my happy home! My soul still pants for thee; Then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

THE CHURCH. — FOUNDATION AND SAFETY.

416. S. M. DOVER.

WATTE

GOD IS KNOWN IN HER PALACES FOR A REFUGE. - Ps. 48: &

- GREAT is the Lord our God,
 And let His praise be great;

 He makes His churches His abode,
 His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of His Grace, How beautiful they stand! The honors of our native place, And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Zion God is known,
 A Refuge in distress;
 How bright has His salvation shone
 Through all her palaces!



FOUNDATION AND SAFETY.

- 4 Oft have our fathers told,
 Our eyes have often seen,
 How well our God secures the fold,
 Where His own sheep have been.
- 5 In every new distress
 We'll to His house repair;
 We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
 And seek deliverance there.

417. 8s & 7s. SICILY.

NEWTON.

THERE THE GLORIOUS LORD WILL BE UNTO US A PLACE OF BROAD BIVERS AND STREAMS. — Is. 33:21.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God: He whose word cannot be broken Formed thee for His own abode; On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake thy sure repose? With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See, the streams of living waters, Springing from eternal love, Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove!

THE CHURCH.

Who can faint, while such a river Ever flows their thirst to assuage? Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver, Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day:
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

418. 8s, 7s, & 4. ZION. KELLY.

AS THE MOUNTAINS ARE ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM, SO THE LORD IS ROUND ABOUT HIS PROPLE.—PR. 126: 2.

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded, Zion, kept by Power divine; All her foes shall be confounded, Though the world in arms combine; Happy Zion, What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish, Friend to friend unfaithful prove, Mothers cease their own to cherish, Heaven and earth at last remove;



FOUNDATION AND SAFETY.

But no changes Can attend Jehovah's love.

In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight;
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting Light.

19. S. M. SHIRLAND. DWIGHT.

I FORGET THEE, O JERUSALEM, LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET HER CUMNING.—Ps. 137: 5.

1 I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of Thine abode,
 The church our blest Redeemer saved
 With His own precious blood.

- 2 I love Thy church, O God; Her walls before Thee stand, Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 If e'er my heart forget Her welfare or her woe, Let every joy this heart forsake, And every grief o'erflow.

THE CHURCH.

- 4 Beyond my highest joy, I prize her heavenly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine, Our Saviour and our King, Thy hand from every snare and foe Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

THE CHURCH. — THE MINISTRY.

420. S. M. SILVER STREET.

WATTS.

HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS!— Is. 52:7.

1 How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!



THE MINISTRY.

- How charming is their voice!
 How sweet the tidings are!
 "Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
 He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light!
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice, And tuneful notes employ; Jerusalem breaks forth in songs, And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare His arm Through all the earth abroad; Let every nation now behold Their Saviour and their God.
- 421. C. M. STEPHENS. S. F. SMITH.

THEY ARE WHITE ALREADY TO HARVEST. - John 4:35.

1 FAR o'er the land the precious grain
Waves 'neath the sunny aky;

417

THE CHURCH.

- And ripening harvests offer sheaves
 For immortality.
- 2 But who will reap the golden fruit, And who at last will stand, A faithful servant, crowned with joy, O Lord, at Thy right hand?
- 3 Be ours the work, be ours the joy;
 To us the charge be given

To gather souls to Christ, and find Our garnered sheaves in heaven.

- 4 Strength to the reapers, mighty God, Strength to the reapers send, To bear the burden of the day, And labor till the end.
- 5 Then songs of triumph shall arise, Then shall Thy kingdom come, And echoing anthems greet at last The heavenly harvest home.
- 422. L. M. HAMBURG. MONTGOMEN.
 IN ME IS THINE HELP.—Hos. 13:9.
- 1 Pour out Thy Spirit from on high; Lord, Thine assembled servants bless; Graces and gifts to each supply, And clothe Thy priests with rightermans.



ADMISSION AND BAPTISM.

Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep;

Then, when our work is finished here, In humble hope our charge resign; When the chief Shepherd shall appear, O God, may they and we be Thine.

THE CHURCH. — ADMISSION AND BAPTISM.

28. 78. NUREMBURG. MONTGOMERY.
IT PROPER SHALL BE MY PROPER, AND THY GOD MY GOD,
Ruth 1:16.

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

THE CHURCH. ".

- 2 Now to you my spirit turns Turns, a fugitive unblessed; Brethren, where your altar burns, O, receive me into rest.
 - 3 Lonely I no longer roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave, Where you dwell shall be my home, Where you die shall be my grave.
 - 4 Mine the God whom you adore; Your Redeemer shall be mine; Earth can fill my soul no more; Every idol I resign.

424.

L. M. KING.

DOD.

HE WAS FOUND OF THEM 1 AND THE LORD GAVE TI 2 Chron. 15:15.

- 1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choic On Thee, my Saviour and my Well may this glowing heart rejo And tell its raptures all abroad
 - 2 O happy bond, that seals my vov To Him who merits all my lo Let cheerful anthems fill His ho

While to that eacred shrine



ADMISSION AND BAPTISM.

- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine; He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
 With ashes who would grudge to part,
 When called on angels' bread to feast?
- 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear, Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.
- 425. C. M. WOODLAND. DODDRIDGE.

Supper the little children to come unto Me. — Mark 10:14.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand, With all-engaging charms; Hark, how He calls the tender lambs, And folds them in His arms!
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries, "Nor scorn their humble name; For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord of angels came."

THE CHURCH.

- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands, And yield them up to Thee; Joyful that we ourselves are Thine, Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear; Ye children, seek His face, And fly with transport to receive The blessings of His grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind, Thy guardian care we trust; That care shall heal our bleeding hearts, If weeping o'er their dust.

THE CHURCH. - THE LORD'S SUPPER.

426. L. M. WINDHAM. WATTS

THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF Mr. - Luke 22:19.

- 1 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night, When powers of earth and hell arose Against the Son of God's delight, And friends betrayed Him to His foes
- 2 Before the mournful scene began, He took the bread, and blessed, and brake!



THE LORD'S SUPPER.

What love through all His actions ran! What wondrous words of grace He spake!

- 3 "This is My body broke for sin;
 Receive and eat the living food:"
 Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;
 "'Tis the new covenant in My blood.
- 4 "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end, In memory of your dying Friend; Meet at My table, and record. The love of your departed Lord."
- 5 Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate; We show Thy death, we sing Thy name, Till Thou return, and we shall eat The marriage supper of the Lamb.

427.

C. M. Avon.

WATTS

WITH LOVING KINDNESS HAVE I DRAWN THEE .- Jer. 81:8.

- 1 How sweet and awful is the place, With Christ within the doors, While everlasting love displays The choicest of her stores!
- 2 While all our hearts, and all our songs, Join to admire the feast, Each of us cry, with thankful tongues.

"Lord, why was I a guest?

- 3 "Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
 And enter while there's room —
 When thousands make a wretched choice,
 And rather starve than come?"
- 4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
 That sweetly forced us in;
 Else we had still refused to taste,
 And perished in our sin.

428. C. M. WOODLAND.

NOEL.

DID NOT OUR HEART BURN WITHIN US ?- Luke 24:32.

- 1 If human kindness meets return, And owns the grateful tie; If tender thoughts within us burn, To feel a friend is nigh;—
- 2 O, shall not warmer accents tell The gratitude we owe To Him who died our fears to quell, Who bore our guilt and woe?
- 3 While yet in anguish He surveyed Those pangs He would not flee, What love His latest words displayed! "Meet and remember Me."



THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Remember Thee! Thy death, Thy shame, Our sinful hearts to share! O memory, leave no other name But His recorded there.

29. S. M. HUDSON. WATTS
ANY MAN THIRST, LET HIM COME UNTO ME AND DEINK.
John 7: 37.

- 1 Jesus invites His saints To meet around His board; Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food He gives His flesh; He bids us drink His blood; Amazing favor, matchless grace, Of our descending God!
- 3 This holy bread and wine Maintains our fainting breath, By union with our living Lord, And interest in His death.
- 4 We are but several parts
 Of the same broken bread;
 One body hath its several limbs,
 But Jesus is the Head.

5 Let all our powers be joined His glorious name to raise, Pleasure and love fill every mind, And every voice be praise.

430. 7s, 6s, & 8. AMSTERDAM. C. WESLEY.

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD. - John 1:38.

1 Lamb of God, whose dying love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us who think on Thee,
And every struggling soul release;
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 By Thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray,—
By Thy dying love to man,—
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds, and set us free;
From all inquity release;
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.



FELLOWSHIP.

3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By Thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

THE CHURCH. - FELLOWSHIP.

431. S. M. WATCHMAN. FAWCETT.

YE ARE ALL ONE IN CHRIST JESUS. - Gal. 3:28.

- 1 Blessed be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear;

And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain, And sin we shall be free, And perfect love and friendship reign Through all eternity.

432. L. M. WARE. BARBAULD.

CONTINUING DAILY WITH ONE ACCORD IN THE TEMPLE. Acts 2:46.

1 · How blessed the sacred tie that binds, In union sweet, according minds! How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love! what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanes from an



FELLOWSHIP.

- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow For human guilt and mortal woe; Their ardent prayers together rise, Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together oft they seek the place Where God reveals His awful face; How high, how strong their raptures swell, There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire, When nature droops her sickening fire; Then shall they meet in realms above— A heaven of joy because of love.

433.

C. M. BALLERMA.

SWAIN.

LOVE AS BRETHREN. -1 Pet. 8:8.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord In one another's peace delight, And so fulfil His word!
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part! When sorrows flow from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart\

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- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride, Our wishes all above, Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love!
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream, Through every bosom flow, And union sweet, and dear esteem, In every action glow.
- Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above;
 And he's an heir of heaven who finds
 His bosom glow with love.

434.

C. M. BARBY.

WATTS

YE ARE COME UNTO MOUNT ZION. - Heb. 12: 22.

- 1 Nor to the terrors of the Lord, The tempest, fire, and smoke; Not to the thunder of that word Which God on Sinai spoke;
- But we are come to Zion's hill,
 The city of our God,
 Where milder words declare His will,
 And spread His love abroad.



FELLOWSHIP.

- 3 Behold the innumerable host
 Of angels clothed in light!
 Behold the spirits of the just,
 Whose faith is turned to sight!
- 4 The saints on earth, and all the dead, But one communion make; All join in Christ, their living Head, And of His grace partake.

435. C. M. DEVIZES. C. WESLEY.

BY ONE SPIRIT ARE WE ALL BAPTIZED INTO ONE BODY. 1 Cor. 12:18.

- 1 Let saints below in concert sing With those to glory gone;
 For all the servants of our King In earth and heaven are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in Him, One church, above, beneath, Though now divided by the stream, The narrow stream, of death.
- 3 One army of the living God, To His command we bow; Part of the host have crossed the flood, And part are crossing now.

their everlasting home solemn moment fly; are to the margin come, soon expect to die.

we now might see our Guide! at the word were given! blesséd Lord, the waves divide, land us all in heaven.

C. M. CLARENDON.

BROWN.

BLED at Thine altar, Lord,

ift our hearts in prayer, he pages of Thy word, learn our duty there.

is Thy Spirit's guiding ray; presence we implore; aviour, teach us how to pray, ove and praise Thee more.

our worship here below mble that above, saints unclouded glory view, sing redeeming love. 437.

1 How s

And Dear & And

2 From Tha Ah, L

3 "Chie Tha O, spe And

438.

WHERE TWO

l Whe Obec Meet And

? " **]**



FELLOWSHIP.

L. M. NAZARETH.

KELLY.

weet to leave the world a while, d seek the presence of our Lord! Saviour, on Thy people smile, d come according to Thy word.

busy scenes we now retreat, at we may here converse with Thee: Lord, behold us at Thy feet; t this the "gate of heaven" be. ef of ten thousand," now appear, at we by faith may see Thy face; eak, that we Thy voice may hear, d let Thy presence fill this place.

L. M. EVENING HYMN. S. STENNETT.

OR THREE ARE GATHERED TOGETHER IN MY NAME, E AM I IN THE MIDST OF THEM. — Matt. 18:20.

RE two or three, with sweet accord, ient to their sovereign Lord, to recount His acts of grace, offer solemn prayer and praise, — re," says the Saviour, "will I be this little company;

To them unveil My smiling face, And shed My glories round the place."

3 We meet at Thy command, dear Lord, Relying on Thy faithful word; Now send the Spirit from above, And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

439. 8s & 7s. GREENVILLE. COLESWORTHY.

GIVE EAR, O LORD, USTO MY PRAYBE. - Ps. 86:6.

1 While we lowly bow before Thee,
Wilt Thou, gracious Saviour, hear?
We are poor and needy sinners,
Full of doubt and full of fear;
Gracious Saviour,

Make us humble and sincere.

2 Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit; Sanctify us by Thy grace; And incline us more to love Thee, And in dust our souls abase. Hear us, Saviour, And unveil Thy glorious face.

3. None in vain did ever ask Thee
For the Spirit of Thy love;
Hear us then, dear Saviour, hear us;

FELLOWSHIP.

Grant an answer from above;
Blesséd Saviour,
Hear and answer from above.

40. 7s. WILMOT. BURDER'S COL.

BEHOLD, JESUS MET THEM. - Matt. 28:9.

- 1 Sweet the time, exceeding sweet, When the saints together meet, When the Saviour is the theme, When they join to sing of Him.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love, Such as did the Father move; He beheld the world undone, Loved the world, and gave His Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love; How He left the realms above, Took our nature, and our place, Lived and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
 With our wretched hearts He strove,
 Filled our minds with grief and fear,
 Brought the precious Saviour near.

5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet, Where the saints in glory meet, Where the Saviour's still the theme, Where they see and sing of Him.

441. S. M. SHIRLAND. SAB. LTRICE.

RISING UP A GREAT WHILE BEFORE DAY .- Mark 1:85.

- 1 How sweet the melting lay Which breaks upon the ear, When, at the hour of rising day, Christians unite in prayer!
- 2 The breezes waft their cries Up to Jehovah's throne; He listens to their humble sighs, And sends His blessings down.
- 3 So Jesus rose to pray
 Before the morning light,
 Once on the chilling mount did stay,
 And wrestle all the night.
- 4 So Jesus still doth pray
 Before the morning bright,
 On heavenly mountains far away,
 While we toil here in night.



FELLOWSHIP.

Leave, Lord, Thy vigil there;
 Descend upon life's wave;
 Come to the bark through midnight air;
 The storm shall cease to rave.

442.

8s, 7s, & 4. Zion.

HOLY CONVOCATIONS. - Lev. 23:4.

1 Welcome, days of solemn meeting;
Welcome, days of praise and prayer;
Far from earthly scenes retreating,
In your blessings we would share;
Sacred seasons,

In your blessings we would share.

2 Be Thou near us, blesséd Saviour,

Still at morn and eve the same; Give us faith that cannot waver; Kindle in us heaven's own flame;

Blesséd Saviour, Kindle in us heaven's own flame.

When the fervent heart is glowing, Holy Spirit, hear that prayer;

When the song of praise is flowing, Let that song Thine impress bear; Holy Spirit,

Let that song Thine impress bear.

443. L. M. ROSCOE.

NEWTON.

THEY CAME TO MEET Us. - Acts 28:15.

- 1 Kindred in Christ, for His dear sake, A hearty welcome here receive; May we together now partake The joys which only He can give.
- 2 May He, by whose kind care we meet, Send His good Spirit from above, Make our communications sweet, And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme, When Christians see each other thus; We only wish to speak of Him Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
- 4 Thus, as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore,
 And hasten on the glorious day
 When we shall meet to part no more.
- 444. 7s. PLEYEL'S HYMN. NEWTON.

THE PEACE OF GOD, WHICH PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING, SHALL KEEP YOUR HEARTS. - Phil. 4:7.

For a season called to part,
 Let us then ourselves commend



FELLOWSHIP.

To the gracious eye and heart Of our ever-present Friend.

- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer; Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep, Let Thy mercy and Thy care All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In Thy strength may we be strong; Sweeten every cross and pain; Give us, if we live, ere long Here to meet in peace again.

445.

6s & 5s.

Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, That they should see his face no more.—Acts 20:38.

- 1 When shall we meet again?
 Meet ne'er to sever?
 When will Peace wreathe her chain Round us forever?
 Our hearts will ne'er repose Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Never no, never.
- When shall love freely flow, Pure as life's river? When shall sweet friendship glow, Changeless forever?

Where joys celestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill Never — no, never.

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never — no, never.

THE CHURCH.—REVIVAL, EXTENSION, AND FUTURE GLORY.

446.

C. M. BARBY.

WATTE

LET ISRAEL HOPE IN THE LORD. - Ps. 180 : 7.

1 I WAIT for Thy salvation, Lord; With strong desires I wait; My soul, invited by Thy word, Stands watching at Thy gate.

REVIVAL, EXTENSION, FUTURE GLORY.

2 Just as the guards that keep the night Long for the morning skies, Watch the first beams of breaking light, And meet them with their eyes, -

3 So waits my soul to see Thy grace,

And, more intent than they, Meets the first openings of Thy face, And finds a brighter day.

- 4 Then in the Lord let Israel trust: Let Israel seek His face: The Lord is good as well as just, And plenteous in His grace.
- 5 There's full redemption at His throne For sinners long enslaved; The great Redeemer is His Son And Israel shall be saved.

447. 7s. ROCK OF AGES.

LYTE.

That Thy wat may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations. — Ps. 67:2. 1 On Thy church, O Power divine, Cause Thy glorious face to shine, Till the nations from afar

> Hail her as their guiding star, Till her sons from zone to zone

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand, Scatter blessings o'er the land; Earth shall yield her rich increase, Every breeze shall whisper peace, And the world's remotest bound With the voice of praise resound.

448.

L. M. TRURO.

SHRUBSOLI

ARISE, SHINE. - Is. 60:1.

- 1 Zion, awake; thy strength renew; Put on thy robes of beauteous hue; And let the admiring world behold The King's fair daughter clothed in gr
- 2 Church of our God, arise and shine Bright with the beams of truth divin Then shall thy radiance stream afar, Wide as the heathen nations are.
- 3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall vi All shall admire and love thee too, Shall come like clouds across the sl Or doves that to their windows dy.



REVIVAL, EXTENSION, FUTURE GLORY.

449. 8s & 7s. NETTLETON. NEWTON.

THEY SHALL REVIVE AS THE CORN, AND GROW AS THE VINE. Hos. 14:7.

- SAVIOUR, visit Thy plantation;
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless Thou return again.
 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest, for want of Thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.
- 2 Surely once Thy garden flourished;
 Every part looked gay and green;
 Then Thy word our spirits nourished:
 Happy seasons we have seen.
 But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see;
 Lord, Thy help is greatly needed:
 Help can only come from Thee.
- 3' Let our mutual love be fervent;
 Make us prevalent in prayers;
 Let each one esteemed Thy servant
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.

Break the tempter's fatal power, Turn the stony heart to flesh, And begin from this good hour To revive Thy work afresh.

450. S. M. SHIRLAND.

BROV

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LORD, REVIVE THY WORK. - Hab. 8:2.

- 1 O LORD, Thy work revive, In Zion's gloomy hour, And make her dying graces live By Thy restoring power.
- Awake Thy chosen few
 To fervent, earnest prayer;

 Again their sacred vows renew,
 Thy blessed presence share.
- 3 Thy Spirit then will speak
 Through lips of feeble clay,
 And hearts of adamant will break,
 And rebels will obey.
- 4 Lord, lend Thy gracious ear;
 O, listen to our cry;
 O, come and bring salvation here:
 Our hopes on Thee rely.

444

REVIVAL, EXTENSION, FUTURE GLORY.

451. H. M. DARWELL. DODDRIDGE.

THE GLORY OF THE LORD IS RISEN UPON THEE. - Is. 60:1.

1 O Zion, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,

And boast salvation nigh;

Cheerful in God,
Arise and shine,

While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy morning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace

He pours around thy head:

The nations round | With lustre new
Thy form shall view | Divinely growned

Thy form shall view, Divinely crowned.

3 In honor to His name, Reflect that sacred light.

And loud that grace proclaim

Which makes thy darkness bright;
Pursue His praise,
Till sovereign love The glory raise.

4 There, on His holy hill,

A brighter Sun shall rise, And with His radiance fill Those fairer, purer skies;

While round His throne, In nobler spheres, Ten thousand stars, His influence own.

452. L. M. MENDON. DODDRIDGE.

PUT ON THY BEAUTIFUL GARMENTS, O JERUSALEM. - IL M:L

- 1 TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead; Though humbled long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy various charms be known: The world thy glories shall confess, Decked in the robes of righteousness.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade, And fill thy hallowed walls with dread; No more shall hell's insulting host Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear; His hand thy ruins shall repair; Reared and adorned by love divine, Thy towers and battlements shall shine.



REVIVAL, EXTENSION, FUTURE GLORY.

78. C. M. CORONATION. LOGAN.

HEN SHALL THY LIGHT BERAX FORTH AS THE MORNING.

16. 58: 8.

- 1 O CITY of the Lord, begin The universal song, And let the scattered villages Thy joyful notes prolong.
- 2 Let Kedar's wilderness afar Lift up the lonely voice; And let the tenants of the rock With accent rude rejoice.
- 3 O, from the streams of distant lands Unto Jehovah sing; And joyful from the mountain tops Shout to the Lord, the King.
- 4 Let all combined, with one accord, Jehovah's glories raise, Till in remotest bounds of earth The nations sound His praise.

454. 8s & 7s. NETTLETON. COWPE

THOU SHALT CALL THY WALLS SALVATION, AND THY GATES PRAISE. -- Is. 60: 18.

- 1 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken;
 "O My people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you;
 Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways;
 You shall name your walls 'Salvation,'
 And your gates shall all be 'Praise.'"
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden, Pleasures without end shall flow; For the Lord, your faith rewarding, All His bounty shall bestow. Still in undisturbed possession Peace and righteousness shall reign; Never shall you feel oppression, Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 Ye, no more your suns descending, Waning moons no more shall see, But, your griefs forever ending, Find eternal noon in Me.



REVIVAL, EXTENSION, FUTURE GLORY.

God shall rise, and shining o'er you, Change to day the gloom of night; He, the Lord, shall be your Glory, God your everlasting Light.

55. C. M. NORTHFIELD.

WATTS.

OHN, SAW THE HOLY CITY NEW JERUSALEM COMING DOWN FROM GOD OUT OF HEAVEN. — Rev. 21:2.

Lo, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

From the third heaven, where God resides, That holy, happy place, The new Jerusalem comes down, Adorned with shining grace.

Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

"The God of glory down to men Removes His blest abode; Men the dear objects of His grace, And He the loving God.

29

- 5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears From every weeping eye; And pains and groans, and griefs and fears, And death itself, shall die."
- 6 How long, dear Saviour, O, how long Shall this bright hour delay? Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time, And bring the welcome day.

THE CHURCH. - MISSIONS.

456. 78 & 68. MISSIONARY HYMN. HEER.
ASSUREDLY CATHERING THAT THE LORD HAD CALLED US FOR TO PREACH. — Acts 16:10.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain;
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.



MISSIONS.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile?
 In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strown:
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to man benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

457.

8s. 7s. & 4. ZION.

KELLY.

THE LORD HATH COMFORTED HIS PROPER. - Is. 52:9.

- 1 On the mountain's top appearing, Lo, the sacred herald stands, Welcome news to Zion bearing, Zion long in hostile lands. Mourning captive, God Himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 God, thy God, will now restore thee; He Himself appears thy Friend: All thy foes shall flee before thee: Here their boasts and triumphs end; Great deliverance Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 3 Enemies no more shall trouble: All thy wrongs shall be redressed; "For thy shame thou shalt have double;" In thy Maker's favor blessed: All thy conflicts End in everlasting rest. 450



MISSIONS.

58. 8s, 7s, & 4. GREENVILLE. COTTERELL.

A LIGHT TO LIGHTEN THE GENTILES. - Luke 2:32.

O'ER the realms of pagan darkness Let the eye of pity gaze; See the kindreds of the people Lost in sin's bewildering maze; Darkness brooding On the face of all the earth.

Light of them that sit in darkness, Rise and shine, Thy blessings bring; Light to lighten all the Gentiles, Rise with healing in Thy wing; To Thy brightness Let all kings and nations come.

May the heathen, now adoring Idol gods of wood and stone, Come, and worshipping before Thee, Serve the living God alone; Let Thy glory Fill the earth as floods the sea.

Thou to whom all power is given, Speak the word; at Thy command, Let the company of preachers 453

Spread Thy name from land to land; Lord, be with them Alway, to the end of time.

459.

WATTE

L. M. MEROE. HE SHALL COME DOWN LIKE RAIN UPON THE MOWN GRASS-Ps. 72:6.

- 1 Great God, whose universal sway The known and unknown worlds obey, Now give the kingdom to Thy Son, Extend His power, exalt His throne.
 - 2 As rain on meadows newly mown, So shall He send His influence down; His grace on fainting souls distils, Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
 - 3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath The shades of overspreading death, Revive at His first dawning light, And deserts blossom at the sight.
 - 4 The saints shall flourish in His days, Dressed in the robes of joy and praise Peace, like a river, from His throne Shall flow to nations yet unknown



MISSIONS.

460. L. M. PARK STREET.

WATTS.

ALL KINGS SHALL FALL DOWN BEFORE HIM. - Ps. 72:11.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made, And praises throng to crown His head; His name like sweet perfume shall rise With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms, of every tongue, Dwell on His love with sweetest song; And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on His name.
- 1 Blessings abound where'er He reigns; The prisoner leaps to loose his chains; The weary find eternal rest, And all the sons of want are blessed.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power, Death and the curse are known no more; In Him the tribes of Adam boast More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise, and bring Peculiar honors to their King, Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the long Amen.

461. 7s & 6s. Webb. Montgom

HE SHALL REDEEM THEIR SOUL. - Ps. 72:14.

- 1 Hall to the Lord's Anointed;
 Great David's greater Son!
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun!
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succor speedy
 To those who suffer wrong;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls, condemned and dying,
 Were precious in His sight.

MISSIONS.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing.

62.

L. M. HAMBURG.

COLLYER.

THE ASSEMBLY OF THE SAINTS. - Ps. 89:7.

Assembled at Thy great command, Before Thy face, dread King, we stand: The voice that marshalled every star Has called Thy people from afar.

- 2 We meet through distant lands to spr The truth for which the martyrs bled Along the line, to either pole, The anthem of Thy praise to roll.
- 3 Our prayers assist; accept our praise Our hopes revive; our courage raise Our counsels aid; to each impart The single eye, the faithful heart.
- 4 Forth with Thy chosen heralds come Recall the wandering spirits home; From Zion's mount send forth the sou To spread the spacious earth around.

463. 7s & 6s. Webb. PRATT's C

THE MOUNTAINS AND THE HILLS SHALL BREAK FORTH E YOU INTO SINGING. — Is. 55:12.

1 When shall the voice of singing Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
A second time descended,
In righteousness to reign?

MISSIONS.

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the hymn around,
All hallelujah swelling
In one continued sound.

34. 8s, 7s, & 4. Zion.

KELLY.

E LORD HATH MADE BARE HIS HOLY ARM IN THE EYES OF ALL THE NATIONS. — Is. 52:10.

1 Yes, we trust the day is breaking; Joyful times are near at hand; God, the mighty God, is speaking, By His word, in every land. Mark His progress — Darkness flies at His command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring, While he "enters like a flood," God the Saviour is preparing Means to spread His truth abroad. Every language Soon shall tell the love of God.

- 3 O, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
 To our hearts, to hear, each day,
 Joyful news, from far arriving,
 How the gospel wins its way,
 Those enlightening
 Who in death and darkness lay.
- 4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
 Let Thy people see Thy hand;
 Let the gospel be victorious
 Through the world, in every land;
 Let the idols
 Perish, Lord, at Thy command.

465. 7s & 6s. Missionary Hymn. Hastings.

LIFT YE UP A BANNER UPON THE HIGH MOUNTAIN. - Is. 13:2

1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, Hosanna!
Reëchoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.



- 2 What though the embattled legions
 Of earth and hell combine, —
 His arm throughout their regions
 Shall soon resplendent shine.
 Ride on, O Lord, victorious!
 Immanuel, Prince of Peace!
 Thy triumph shall be glorious,
 Thy empire still increase.
- 3 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,
 O Jesus, King of kings!
 Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
 Each ransomed captive sings.
 The isles for Thee are waiting;
 The deserts learn Thy praise;
 The hills and valleys, greeting,
 The song responsive raise.

66. 7s. NUREMBURG.

LYTE.

[, THE LORD, WILL HASTEN IT IN HIS TIME. - Is. 60:22.

1 Hasten, Lord, the glorious time When, beneath Messiah's sway, Every nation, every clime, Shall the gospel call obey.

- 2 Mightiest kings His power shall own, Heathen tribes His name adore; Satan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
- 3 Then shall wars and tumults cease, Then be banished grief and pain; Righteousness, and joy, and peace, Undisturbed, shall ever reign.
- 4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord, Ever praise His holy name, All His mighty acts record, All His wondrous love proclaim.
- 467. L. M. ASHLAND. PRATT'S COLL.

THE KINGDOMS OF THIS WORLD ARE BECOME THE KINGDOMS OF OUR LORD. -- Rev. 11:15.

- 1 Soon may the last glad song arise
 Through all the millions of the skies—
 That song of triumph which records
 That all the earth is now the Lord's.
- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be Obedient, mighty God, to Thee; And over land, and stream, and main, Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign.

3 O, let that glorious anthem swell; Let host to host the triumph tell, That not one rebel heart remains, But over all the Saviour reigns.

468. S. M. DOVER. WARDLAW'S COLL.

LET GOD ARISE. - Ps. 63:1.

- 1 O LORD our God arise; The cause of truth maintain, And wide o'er all the peopled world Extend her blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of life, arise, Nor let thy glory cease;
 Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
 And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 O Holy Spirit, rise, Expand Thy heavenly wing, And o'er a dark and ruined world Let light and order spring.
- 4 O, all ye nations, rise, To God the Saviour sing; From shore to shore, from earth to heaven, Let echoing anthems ring.

469. C. M. CORONATION.

GIBBONS.

O, SEND OUT THY LIGHT AND THY TRUTH .- Ps. 43:3.

- 1 SEND forth Thy word, and let it fly, Armed with Thy Spirit's power,
- And thousands shall confess its sway,
 And bless the saving hour.
 - Beneath the influence of its grace
 The barren wastes shall rise,
 With sudden greens and fruits arrayed —
 A blooming paradise.
 - 3 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch Her wings from shore to shore; No trump shall rouse the rage of war, No murderous cannon roar.
 - 4 Lord, for these days we wait; these days Are in Thy word foretold; Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring This promised age of gold.
 - 5 Amen, with joy divine, let earth's Unnumbered myriads cry;
 Amen, with joy divine, let heaven's

Unnumbered choirs reply.



470. 8s, 7s, & 4. Zion. Leland's Hymns.

THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH. - Luke 1:78.

1 Christian, see! the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky;
Lo, the expected day is dawning,
Glorious Dayspring from on high;
Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high!

2 Heathens at the sight are singing; Morning wakes the tuneful lays; Precious offerings they are bringing, First fruits of more perfect praise; Hallelujah! Hail the Dayspring from on high!

3 Zion's Sun, salvation beaming, Gilding now the radiant hills, Rise and shine, till, brighter gleaming, All the world Thy glory fills; Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high!

4 Lord of every tribe and nation,
Spread Thy truth from pole to pole;
Spread the light of Thy salvation,

O 46

Till it shine on every soul;
Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high!

471. 78 & 68. WEBB. S. F. SMITE.

I WILL OPEN RIVERS IN HIGH PLACES, AND POUNTAINS IN TELL

MIDST OF THE VALLEYS. - Is. 14:18.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gentle shower, And brighter scenes before us

Prepared for Zion's war.

Are opening every hour; Each cry to heaven going,

Abundant answers brings, And heavenly gales are blowing, With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending Before the God we love, And thousand hearts exceeding In gratitude above;

400



While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

472 7s & 6s. Missionary Hymn. Pomroy.

SHALL SERVE HIM. - Ps. 72:11.

1 Where Stamboul's towers are gleaming,
With crescent lifted high,
The cross of Christ is beaming,
Amid the eastern sky;
O'er Persia's lake is rising
The bright and morning star,
Which, in their hearts adoring,
"The wise men" saw afar.

- 2 'Mid Afric's sands, sweet fountains In living freshness flow; On India's plains and mountains The tree of life doth grow; Old China, too, is rising, God's mercy to adore, And beauteous isles are shouting, "Jesus forevermore!"
- 3 The mighty God is coming;
 Lift high the sacred song;
 Earth's jubilee's approaching;
 The tidings roll along;
 Go, spread the blissful story
 Wherever man is found,
 Till Jesus reigns in glory
 The ransomed world around.

473. 7s. WILMOT. PRATT'S COLL.

King of kings, and Lord of Lords. - Rev. 19:16.

- 1 Wake the song of jubilee; Let it echo o'er the sea; Now is come the promised hour; Jesus reigns with sovereign power.
- 2 All ye nations, join and sing, "Christ of lords and kings is King;"



Let it sound from shore to shore, "Jesus reigns forevermore."

3 Now the desert lands rejoice, And the islands join their voice; Yea, the whole creation sings, "Jesus is the King of kings."

474. 8s, 7s, & 4. Zion. Pratt's Coll.

THE LORD HATH MADE KNOWN HIS SALVATION .- Ps. 98:2.

1 Songs anew of honor framing,
Sing ye to the Lord alone;
All His wondrous works proclaiming;
Jesus wondrous works hath done;
Glorious victory
His right hand and arm have won.

2 Now He bids his great salvation Through the heathen lands be told; Tidings spread through every nation, And his acts of grace unfold; All the heathen Shall His righteousness behold.

3 Shout aloud, and hail the Saviour;
Jesus, Lord of all, proclaim;
As ye triumph in His favor,

All ye lands declare His fame; Loud rejoicing, Shout the honors of His name.

475. L. M. Congregational Chant.

I WILL PUBLISH THE NAME OF THE LORD. - Deut. 32: &

- 1 YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim Salvation through Immanuel's name; To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your breasts inspire, Bid raging winds their fury cease, And hush the tempest into peace.
- 3 And when your labors all are o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more; Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall, And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

476. 78 & 6s. WEBB. PRATT'S COLL.

MY PRESENCE SHALL GO WITH THEE. - Ex. 33:14.

1 Roll on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.



Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore,
That man may sit in darkness
And death's black shade no more.

2 O Thou eternal Ruler, Who holdest in Thine arm The tempests of the ocean, Protect them all from harm; Thy presence e'er be with them, Wherever they may be, Though far from us, who love them, Still let them be with Thee.

477.

8s, 7s, & 4. Zion.

KELLY.

CRY ALOUD, SPARE NOT. - Is. 58:1.

1 Men of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go, proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth:
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

2 Of His gospel not ashaméd, As the power of God to save, Go where Christ was never naméd,

Publish freedom to the slave— Blessed freedom! Freedom Zion's children have.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will His own defend;
Borne afar, 'mid foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your Friend;
And His presence
Shall be with you to the end.

478. L. M. OLD HUNDRED.

WAT:

1 Let the seventh angel sound on high, Let shouts be heard through all the sky

HE SHALL REIGN FOREVER AND EVER. - Rev. 11:15.

Kings of the earth, with glad accord Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, Thy power assume, Who wast, and art, and art to come; Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain, Forever live, forever reign.



479. 8s, 7s, & 4. GREENVILLE. PRATT'S COLL.

THE HOUSE OF JACOB SHALL POSSESS THEIR POSSESSIONS.
Ob. 17.

- 1 May the glorious day of promise Come, and spread its cheerful ray, When the scattered sheep of Israel Shall no longer go astray, When hosannas With united voice they cry.
- Lord, how long wilt Thou be angry?
 Shall Thy wrath forever burn?

 Rise; redeem Thine ancient people;
 Their transgressions from them turn.
 King of Israel,
 Come and set Thy people free.
- 480. L. M. MEROE. TATE & BRADY.

 WE WEFT WHEN WE REMEMBERED ZION.—Pt. 137:1.
- When we, our weary limbs to rest,
 Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
 We wept, with doleful thoughts oppressed,
 And Zion was our mournful theme.

- 2 Our harps, that, when with joy we sung. Were wont their tuneful parts to bear, With silent strings neglected hung On willow trees, that withered there.
- 3 How shall we tune our voice to sing, Or touch our harps with skilful hands! Shall hymns of joy, to God our King, Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?
- 4 O Salem, our once happy seat,
 When I of thee forgetful prove,
 Let then my trembling hand forget
 The speaking strings with art to move
- 5 If I to mention thee forbear, Eternal silence seize my tongue, Or if I sing one cheerful air Till thy deliverance is my song.

481 8s & 7s. SICILY.

HE SHALL HAVE DOMINION ALSO FROM SEA TO SEA. - PA.72:

1 Where the wilderness is lying,—
And the trees of ages nod,
Westward in the desert crying,
Make a highway for our God,—



- Westward till the church be kneeling In the forest aisles so dim, And the wild wood's arches pealing With the people's holy hymn.
- Westward still, O Lord, in glory Be thy bannered cross unfurled, Till from vale and mountain hoary Rolls the anthem round the world.
- 4 Reign, O, reign o'er every nation;
 Reign, Redeemer, Father, King;
 And with songs of Thy salvation
 Let the wide creation ring.

482. 7s & 6s. Webb.

THE WASTES SHALL BE BUILDED. - Ezek. 36:33.

Our country's voice is pleading;
Ye men of God, arise;
His Providence is leading;
The land before you lies.
Day gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Where prairie flowers are blooming, Plant Sharon's fairer rose, The farthest wilds illuming With light that ever glows. To each lone forest ranger The word of life unseal; To every exile stranger Its saving truths reveal.

3 The love of Christ unfolding. Speed forth from east to west, Till, all His cross beholding, In Him are fully blessed. Great Author of salvation. Haste, haste the glorious day When we, a ransomed nation. Thy sceptre shall obey.

THE CHURCH. — SEAMEN.

483. 8s & 7s. NETTLETON. HE WAS IN THE HINDER PART OF THE SHIP, ASLEI PILLOW. -- Mark 4:38.

1 Tossed upon life's raging billow, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know Thou didst press a sailor's pillow, And can't feel a sailor's woe.



SEAMEN.

Never slumbering, never sleeping, Though the night be dark and drear, Thou the faithful watch art keeping, "All, all's well," thy constant cheer-

2 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
Darkly though the storm cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head,
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,

All its noise and tumult still, Hush the tempest's wild commotion, At the bidding of Thy will.

Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to Thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me ere I perish;
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry;
And though mast and sail be riven,
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er;
Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest yex no more.

184. 7s. PLEYEL'S HYMN. C WESLEY. LORD, SAVE ME. - Matt. 14:30.

LORD, whom winds and seas obey, Guide us through the watery way;

In the hollow of Thy hand Hide, and bring us safe to land.

- 2 Keep the souls whom now we leave; Bid them to each other cleave; Bid them walk on life's rough sea; Bid them come by faith to Thee.
- 3 Save, till all these tempests end, All who on Thy love depend; Waft our happy spirits o'er; Land us on the heavenly shore.
- 485. 7s. Rock of Ages. Montgoment.

 So He beingeth them unto their desired have.
 Ps. 107: 30.
 - 1 They that toil upon the deep,
 And in vessels light and frail
 O'er the mighty waters sweep,
 With the billow and the gale,
 Mark what wonders God performs,
 When He speaks, and, unconfined,
 Rush to battle all His storms,
 In the chariots of the wind.
 - 2 Up to heaven their bark is whirled, On the mountain of the wave; Down as suddenly 'tis hurled To the abyses of the grave;



SEAMEN.

To and fro they reel, they roll,
As intoxicate with wine;
Terrors paralyze their soul,
Helm they quit and hope resign.

3 Then unto the Lord they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear;
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear;
O that men would praise the Lord,
For His goodness to their race,
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace!

486.

12s. Henderson.

HERER.

LORD, SAVE US: WE PERISH. - Matt. 8:25.

- WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming, When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming, Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish, We fly to our Maker, Help, Lord, or we perish!
- 2 O Jesus, once tossed on the breast of the billow, Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow, Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish, Who cries, in his danger, Help, Lord, or we perish!
- 3 And, O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging, When Hell in our hearts his wild warfare is waging, Arise in Thy strength, Thy redeemed to cherish; Rebuke the destroyer, — Help, Lord, or we perish!



487. 88, 78, & 4. STAR.

THE STAR WHICH THEY SAW IN THE EAST WENT REPORT.

Matt. 2: 9.

- 1 STAR of Peace, to wanderers weary, Bright the beams that smile on me; Cheer the pilot's vision dreary, Far, far at sea.
- 2 Star of Hope! Gleam on the billow, Bless the soul that sighs for Thee; Bless the sailor's lonely pillow, Far, far at sea.
- 3 Star of Faith! When winds are mocking All his toil, he flies to Thee; Save him, on the billows rocking, Far. far at sea.
- 4 Star divine! O, safely guide him, Bring the wanderer home to Thee; Sore temptations long have tried him, Far, far at sea.

488. C. M. WOODLAND.

THERE IS SORROW ON THE SEA. - Jer. 49:28.

1 Nor in the churchyard shall he sleep, Amid the silent gloom;



SEAMEN.

His home was on the mighty deep, And there shall be his tomb.

2 He loved his own bright, deep blue sea;
O'er it he loved to roam;
And now his winding sheet shall be
That same bright ocean's foam.

3 No village bell shall toll for him Its mournful, solemn dirge; The winds shall chant a requiem To him beneath the surge.

4 For him break not the grassy turf, Nor turn the dewy sod; His dust shall rest beneath the surf, His spirit with its God.

489.

L. M. Iosco.

The abundance of the SPA shall be converted unto thee.— Is. 60:5.

1 Grant the abundance of the sea May be converted, Lord, to Thee, And every sailor on the shore Return to God, to roam no more.

The nations, then, with joy shall hail The Bethel flag in every sail;
And every ship that ploughs the sea A gospel messenger shall be.

31

3 Hasten, O Lord, that glorious day When seamen shall Thy word obey, And safe from port to port be driven To point a ruined world to heaven.

THE CHURCH. — PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

490. S. M. WATCHMAN. BEDDOM.

IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM. - Prov. 8:6.

- In all my ways, O God,
 I would acknowledge Thee,
 And seek to keep my heart and house
 From all pollution free.
- Where'er I have a tent,
 An altar will I raise;
 And thither my oblations bring,
 Of humble prayer and praise.
- 3 Could I my wish obtain,
 My household, Lord, should be
 Devoted to Thyself alone,
 A dwelling place for Thee.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

91. 7s. Humility. Collyer.

AND THEY SHALL BE ONE FLESH. - Gen. 2:24.

- 1 FATHER of the human race, Sanction with Thy heavenly grace What on earth hath now been done, That these twain be truly one.
- 2 One in sickness and in health, One in poverty and wealth, And as year rolls after year, Each to other still more dear.
- 3 One in purpose, one in heart, Till the mortal stroke shall part; One in cheerful piety, One forever, Lord, with Thee.

Doxology.

Sing we to our God above, Praise eternal as His love; Praise Him, all ye heavenly host, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

483

492.

S. M. LISBON.

WATTE

THERE THE LORD COMMANDED THE BLESSING. - Pa. 128: &

- 1 BLESSED are the sons of peace,
 Whose hearts and hopes are one;
 Whose kind designs to serve and please
 Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blessed is the pious house Where zeal and friendship meet; Their songs of praise, their mingled vows, Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus on the heavenly hills
 The saints are blessed above,
 Where joy like morning dew distils,
 And all the air is love.

493.

S. M. OLMUTZ.

The promise is unto you and to your children. - Acts 2:3.

1 Our children Thou dost claim,
O Lord, our God, as Thine:
Ten thousand blessings to Thy name
For goodness so divine.



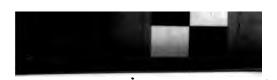
PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

- 2 Thee let the fathers own, Thee let the sons adore; Joined to the Lord in solemn vows, To be forgot no more.
- 3 How great Thy mercies, Lord!
 How plenteous is Thy grace!
 Which, in the promise of Thy love,
 Includes our rising race.
- 4 Our offspring, still Thy care, Shall own their fathers' God! To latest times Thy blessings share, And sound Thy praise abroad.
- 494. 78. HENDON. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

 HB SHALL SAVE THE CHILDREN.—Pt. 73:4
- God of mercy, hear our prayer
 For the children Thou hast given;
 Let them all Thy blessings share —
 Grace on earth, and bliss in heaven.
- 2 In the morning of their days May their hearts be drawn to Thee; Let them learn to lisp Thy praiso In their earliest infancy.

- 3 Cleanse their souls from every stain, Through the Saviour's precious blood Let them all be born again, And be reconciled to God.
- 4 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
 Bend Thine ever-gracious ear;
 While on Thee our souls rely,
 Hear our prayer—in mercy, hear.
- 495. C. M. GLENCAIRN. COWPEI
 THAT OUR SONS MAY BE AS PLANTS GROWN UP IN THIR
 TOUTH.— Pt. 14:12.
 - 1 Bestow, O Lord, upon our youth The gift of saving grace; And let the seed of sacred truth Fall in a fruitful place.
 - 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows, Of pure and heavenly root, But fairest in the youngest shows, And yields the sweetest fruit.
 - 3 Ye careless ones, O, hear betimes
 The voice of sovereign Love;
 Your youth is stained with numerous crimes,
 But Mercy reigns above.

4000



PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

4 For you the public prayer is made; O, join the public prayer; For you the secret tear is shed; O, shed yourselves a tear.

496. 8s & 7s. Greenville.

HE SHALL GATHER THE LAMBS WITH HIS ARM. - Is. 40:11.

- 1 Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding With the shepherd's tenderest care, All the feeble gently leading, While the lambs Thy bosom share,—
- 2 Now, these little ones receiving, Fold them in Thy gracious arm: There we know, Thy word believing, Only there secure from harm.
- 3 Never, from Thy pasture roving, Let them be the lion's prey; Let Thy tenderness, so loving, Keep them all life's dangerous way.
- 497. S. M. Hudson.

KNOW THOU THE GOD OF THY FATHER. - 1 Chron. 28:9.

1 My son, know thou the Lord;
Thy father's God obey;
Seek His protecting care by night,
His guiding hand by day.

- 2 Call while He may be found, And seek Him while He's near; Serve Him with all thy heart and mind, And worship Him in fear.
- 3 If thou wilt seek His face,
 His ear will hear thy cry;
 Then shalt thou find His mercy sure,
 His grace forever nigh.

498.

L. M. MEROE.

NOEL-

Honor thy pather and the mother. - Ex. 20:12.

- 1 To honor those who gave us birth, To cheer their age, to feel their worth, Is God's command to human kind, And owned by every grateful mind.
- 2 Think of her toil, her anxious care, Who formed thy lisping lips to prayer; To win for God the yielding soul, And all its ardent thoughts control.
- 3 Nor keep from memory's glad review
 The fears which all the father knew,
 The joy that marked his thankful gaze
 As virtue crowned maturer days.

422



PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

4 God of our life, each parent guard, And death's sad hour, O, long retard; Be theirs each joy that gilds the past, And heaven our mutual home at last.

499. C. M. HEBER. FAWCETT.
MY SON, GIVE ME THINE HEART. - Prov. 23:26.

1 Religion is the chief concern Of mortals here below;

May I its great importance learn, Its sovereign virtue know.

2 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amid our youthful bloom;
"Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

3 O, may my heart, by grace subdued, Be my Redeemer's throne; And be my stubborn will subdued His government to own.

500. S. M. WATCHMAN. FAWCETT.
WHEREWITH SHALL A TOUNG MAN CLEANSE HIS WAY?
Pt. 119: 9.

WITH humble heart and tongue,
 My God, to Thee I pray;
 O, make me learn, while I am young,
 How I may cleanse my way.

- 2 Make an unguarded youth The object of Thy care; Help me to choose the way of truth, And fly from every snare.
- 3 My heart, to folly prone, Renew by power divine; Unite it to Thyself alone, And make me wholly Thine.
- 4 O, let Thy word of grace My warmest thoughts employ; Be this, through all my following days, My treasure and my joy.
- 5 May Thy young servant learn
 By this to cleanse his way;
 And may I here the path discern
 That leads to endless day.

501. C. M. SILOAM.

WATTS

THOSE THAT SEEK ME BARLY SHALL FIED ME. -- Prov. 8: II.

1 HAPPY's the child whose tender years Receive instructions well, Who hates the sinner's path, and fears The road that leads to hell.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

When we devote our youth to God, 'Tis pleasing in His eyes;

A flower, when offered in the bud.

A flower, when offered in the bud, Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work, if we begin To fear the Lord betimes;

While sinners, who grow old in sin, Are hardened in their crimes.

To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee Our childhood we resign;

Twill please us to look back and see That our whole lives were Thine.

02. C. M. MORAVIAN HYMN. WATTS.

LD MEN AND CHILDREN, LET TREM PRAISE THE NAME OF THE LORD.—Ph. 16:12.

How glorious is our heavenly King, Who reigns above the sky! How shall a child presume to sing His dreadful majesty?

How great His power is, none can tell, Nor think how large His grace; Not men below, nor saints that dwell On high before His face.

- 3 Not angels that stand round Can search His secret will But they perform His heave And sing His praises still.
- 4 Then let me join this holy tr And my first offerings brin The eternal God will not dis To hear an infant sing.

503. S. M. LINCOLN.

FROM A CHILD THOU HAST KNOWN THE H

- 1 The praises of my tongue I offer to the Lord, That I was taught and learn To read His holy word.
- 2 Dear Lord, this book of Thi Informs me where to go For grace to pardon all my s And make me holy too.
- 3 O, may Thy Spirit teach,
 And make my heart receiv
 Those truths which all Thy ser
 And all Thy saints believ



PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read His word,
And have not learned in vain.

4. C. M. PHILLIPS. GIBBONS.

EMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH. Eccl. 12:1.

In the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrives, and trembling waits
Its summons to the tomb,—

Remember thy Creator, God;
For Him thy powers employ;
Make Him thy Fear, thy Love, thy Hope,
Thy Confidence and Joy.

He shall defend and guide thy course Through life's uncertain sea, Till thou art landed on the shores Of blest eternity.

Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose The ways of heavenly truth; The earth affords no lovelier sight Than a religious youth.

505.

C. M. SILOAM.

HEBEL

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD. - Mark 10:14.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill How sweet the lily grows! How sweet the breath beneath the hill Of Sharon's dewy rose!
- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod; Whose secret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
 And stormy passions rage.
- 5 O Thou whose infant feet were found Within Thy Father's shrine, Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned, Were all alike divine,—

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

THE CHURCH.—THE SABBATH SCHOOL

06. 8s, 7s, & 4. GREENVILLE.

GOD HATH POWER TO HELP. - 2 Chron. 25:8.

At Thy footstool, humbly blending
Faith and hope with fervent prayer,
On Thy promised help depending,
May our toils Thy blessing share;
Great Jehovah,
Hear us; make us still Thy care.

Here reveal Thy power and glory;
Grant each teacher great success;
May those whom we teach adore Thee,
And their Saviour now confess;
Holy Spirit,
Bless us with Thy quickening grace.

or Thy love accept this token;
We the young with truth would feed;
I was for such Thy heart was broken;
Thou dost for them intercede;
Mighty Saviour,
Help us; 'tis Thy cause we plead.

107. L. M. HAMBURG. MONTGORRES.

GROUNDED IN LOVE. - Eph. 8:17.

- 1 Love is the theme of saints above; Love be the theme of saints below; Love is of God, for God is love; With love let every bosom glow;—
- 2 Love to each other soul and mind, And heart and hand in full accord, In one sweet covenant combined To live and die unto the Lord.
- 3 Christ's little flock we then shall feed:
 The lambs we in our arms shall be
 Reclaim the lost, the feeble lead,
 And watch o'er all in faith and pr

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

508. C. M. PETERBORO'. STRAPHAN. FEED MY LAMBS. - John 21; 15.

- 1 Delightful work, young souls to win, And turn the rising race From the deceitful paths of sin, To seek redeeming grace.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim, And God will well approve When infants learn to lisp His name, And their Creator love.
- 8 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way To guide untutored youth, And lead the mind that went astray To virtue and to truth.
- 4 Almighty God, Thy influence shed
 To aid this good design;
 The honors of Thy name be spread,
 And all the glory Thine.
- 509. L. M. DUKE STREET.

 JESUS CALLED A LITTLE CHILD UNTO HIM. Matt. 18:2.
- 1. O Lord, behold, before Thy throne
 A band of children lowly bend;
 Thy face we seek, Thy name we own,
 And pray that Thou wilt be our Friend.

- 2 Thou didst on earth the young receive, And gently fold them to Thy breast, And say that such in heaven should liv Forever safe, forever blessed.
- 3 Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
 That He may teach us how to pray
 Make us sincere, and let each heart
 Delight to tread in wisdom's way.
- 4 O, let Thy grace our souls renew,
 And seal a sense of pardon there;
 Teach us Thy will to know and do,
 And let us all Thine image bear
- 510. S. M. Hudson. Monteom

THE PREPARATION OF THE GOSPEL OF PRACE. - Eph. 6

- 1 Within these walls be peace;
 Love through our borders found;
 In all our little palaces
 Prosperity abound.
- 2 God scorns not humble things; Here, though the proud despise, The children of the King of kings Are training for the skies.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

May none who thus are taught,
From glory be cast down,
But all, through faith and patience brought
To an immortal crown.

11. L. M. ROSCOE.

OUE HELP IS IN THE NAME OF THE LORD.—Pa. 124: 8.

Assembled in our school once more,
O Lord, Thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read, and sing and pray;
Be with us, then, through this Thy day.
Our fervent prayer to Thee ascends
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends;
And when we in Thy house appear,
Help us to worship in Thy fear.
When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar,
And praise Thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

2. C. M. CLARENDON. DODDRIDGE.

THEY FOUND HIM IN THE TEMPLE.—Luke 2: 48.
YE hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm.
A Saviour's voice to hear.

- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high, Stoops to converse with you, And lays His radiant glories by, Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see My face Is sure My love to gain; And those that early seek My grace Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should mov If once compared with Thee? What beauty should command my love Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys, Vain tempters of the mind! 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice, And here true bliss I find.
- 513. S. M. EASTBURN.

THE PEAR OF THE LORD IS THE REGINNING OF KNOWLEI Prov. 1:7.

1 LORD, lead my heart to learn. Prepare my ears to hear, And let me useful knowledge seek In Thy most holy fear. **500**



THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

- 2 If unforgiven sin Within my bosom lies, Or evil motives linger there To offend Thy perfect eyes, -
- 3 Remove them far away, Inspire me with Thy love, That I may please Thee here below. And dwell with Thee above.

14. 7s. Nuremburg. MONTGOMERY.

SING FORTH THE HONOR OF HIS NAME. - Ps. 66: 2.

- 1 GLORY to the Father give God, in whom we move and live: Children's prayers He deigns to hear. Children's songs delight His ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King; Children raise your sweetest strain To the Lamb, for He was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost; Be this day a pentecost; Children's minds may He inspire, Touch their tongues with holy fire.

501

THE CHURCIL

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blesséd Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

515. L. M. HAMBURG.

WATTS

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklands hast Teol ordained strength. -- Ps. 8:2.

- 1 Almohty Ruler of the skies,
 Through the wide earth Thy name is spread;
 And Thine eternal glories rise
 O'er all the heavens Thy hands have made.
- 2 To Thee the voices of the young A monument of honor raise; And babes, with uninstructed tongue, Declare the wonders of Thy praise.
- 3 Thy power assists their tender age
 To bring proud rebels to the ground,
 To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
 And all their policies confound.
- 4 Children amid Thy temple throng
 To see their great Redeemer's face;
 The Son of David is their song
 And young hosannas fill the place.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

C. M. Ballerma. Jane Taylon.

N THEIR ANGELS DO ALWAYS BEHOLD THE FACE OF MY FATHER. — Matt. 18:10.

RE is a glorious world of light pove the starry sky, re saints departed, clothed in white, lore the Lord most high.

hark! amid the sacred songs nose heavenly voices raise, thousand thousand infant tongues nite in perfect praise.

e are the hymns that we shall know, Jesus we obey; is the place where we shall go, found in wisdom's way.

will our earthly race be run, ir mortal frame decay; nts and children, one by one, ist die and pass away.

t God, impress the serious thought is day on every breast, both the teachers and the taught iy enter to Thy rest.

517. 8s, 7s, & 4. GREENVILLE. HASTINGS. COME, YE CHILDREN, HEARKEN UNTO ME. - PL. M:11.

1 CHILDREN, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'Tis the Lord of life and glory;
Shall He plead with you in vain?
O, receive Him,
And salvation now obtain.

2 Yield no more to sin and folly, So displeasing in His sight; Jesus loves the pure and holy; They alone are His delight; Seek His favor,

And your hearts to Him unite.

3 All your sins to Him confessing
Who is ready to forgive,
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing;
On His precious name believe;
He is waiting;
Will you not His grace receive?

518. H. M. LENOX. PRATT'S COLL.

IN THE TEMPLE, PRAISING AND BLESSING GOD.—Luke 21: 32

1 COME, let our voices join
In one glad song of praise;



THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

To God, the God of love,
Our thankful hearts we'll raise;
God alone
praise belongs,
Our earliest and
Our latest songs.

Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught;
God alone | Let young and old rofferings bring; | His praises sing.

Lord, let this work of love
Be crowned with full success;
Let thousands yet unborn
Thy sacred name here bless;
Thee, O Lord,
Oralise to Thee,
Shall rise throughout
Description:

7s & 6s. Webb.

HE SHALL SEND THEM A SAVIOUR. - Is. 19:20.

To Thee, O blesséd Saviour, Our grateful songs we raise; O, tune our hearts and voices Thy holy name to praise;

. 505

'Tis by Thy sovereign mercy
We're now allowed to meet,
And join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.

2 O, may Thy precious gospel Be published all abroad, Till the benighted heathen Shall know and serve the Lord; Till o'er the wide creation The rays of truth shall shine, And nations now in darkness Arise to light divine.

520. 68 & 4s. AMERICA.

KNIT TOGETHER IN LOVE. - Col. 2:2.

- 1 GLAD hearts to Thee we bring,
 With joy Thy name we sing,
 Father above;
 Creation praises Thee;
 Thy bounty's full and free;
 In all around we see
 Tokens of love.
- 2 Giver of all our powers, Now, in life's morning bours, May they be Thine;



Thine may they ever be, Pure, and from error free, An offering worthy Thee, Parent divine.

3 Unite our souls in love,
Smile on us from above,
Till life be o'er;
Then gather us to Thee,
Thy kingdom, Lord, to see,
In Thine own fold to be
Forevermore.

. 7s & 6s. Astoria.

HILDREN CRYING IN THE TEMPLE, AND SAVING, HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID. — Matt. 21:15.

When, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

- 2 And since the Lord retaineth
 His love for children still,
 Though now as King He reigneth
 On Zion's heavenly hill,
 We'll flock around His banner,
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And cry aloud, "Hosanna
 To David's royal Son."
- 3 For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Might well hosannas raise;
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No; while our hearts are tender,
 They too shall be the Lord's.

522. 8s & 7s. Sicily.

FOR THIS THING THE LORD THY GOD SHALL BLESS THEE. Deut. 15: 10.

1 HEAVENLY Father, grant Thy blessing
On the teaching of this day;
That our hearts, Thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turned away.

CHARITABLE OCCASIONS.

Have we wandered? O, forgive us; Have we wished from truth to rove? Turn, O, turn us, and receive us, And incline us truth to love.

Doxology.

Sing we glory to the Father. With the voice of melody; Glory unto Christ our Saviour, Glory to the Spirit be.

'HE CHURCH. — CHARITABLE OCCA-SIONS.

23. 8s. 7s. & 4. Vesper Hymn.

A SOWER WEST FORTH TO SOW. - Matt. 13: 8.

LORD of glory, who didst honor David's humble sling and stone, Ancient Israel to deliver. Now as weak an effort own: Bless the labor Which our feeble hands have done. 509



THE CHUNCE

- 2 'Tis the gospel seed we're sowing On the good and fallow ground; Bearing, weeping, without knowing Which shall fail and which abound; Holy Spirit, Let it verdant spring around.
- 3 And when the great harvest's ended,
 When the Master counts our sheaves
 O, let those by us attended
 Be as numerous as the leaves
 Which we scatter,
 And a dying world receives

524. L. M. NAZABETH. S. F. SEC.

YE ARE NOT YOUR OWN. -1 Cor. 6:19.

- 1 O, NOT my own these verdant hills,
 And fruits, and flowers, and stream, and woo
 But His who all with glory fills,
 Who bought me with his precious bloo
- 2 O, not my own this wondrous frame, Its curious work, its living soul; But His who for my ransom came; Slain for my sake, He claims the wi



CHARTTABLE OCCASIONS.

O, not my own the grace that keeps My feet from fierce temptations free; O, not my own the thought that leaps, Adoring, blesséd Lord, to Thee.

O, not my own; I'll soar and sing, When life, with all its toils, is o'er, And Thou Thy trembling lamb shalt bring Safe home, to wander never more.

25. C. M. GLENCAIRN.

or not thou upon the wine when it is red. — Prov. 23: 31.

THE branch is stooping to thy hand,
And pleasant to behold;
Yet gather not, although its fruit
Be streaked with hues of gold;

For bitter ashes lurk concealed

Beneath that golden skin,

And though the coat be smooth, there lies

But rottenness within.

The wings of pleasure fan the bowl,
And bid it overflow;
Yet drugged with poison are its lees,
And death is found below.

526. L. M. ZEPHYR.

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS. - Gal 6:2

1 Thou God of hope, to Thee we bow; Thou art our Refuge in distress; The Husband of the widow Thou; The Father of the fatherless.

2 The poor are Thy peculiar care;
To them Thy promises are sure;
Thy gifts the poor in spirit share;
O, may we always thus be poor.

3 May we Thy law of love fulfil,
To bear each other's burdens here,
Endure and do Thy righteous will,
And walk in all Thy faith and fear.

527. 7s. GRACE.

WHEREWITH SHALL I COME REFORE THE LORD ?- Micah 6:4

1 LORD, what offering shall we bring, At Thine altars when we bow? Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring Whence the kind affections flow;—

2 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast,



CHARITABLE OCCASIONS.

lling hands to lead the blind, 3ind the wounded, feed the poor; 7e, embracing all our kind; 3harity, with liberal store.

ich us, O Thou heavenly King, hus to show our grateful mind; is the accepted offering bring—ove to Thee and all mankind.

L. M. ASHLAND.

Voke.

Y YE HAVE RECEIVED. FREELY GIVE. - Matt. 10:8.

HOLD the heathen waits to know joy the gospel will bestow; sexiled captive to receive freedom Jesus has to give.

ne, let us, with a grateful heart, this blest labor share a part; prayers and offerings gladly bring aid the triumphs of our King.

ere'er His hand hath spread the skies, eet incense to His name shall rise; d slave and freeman, Greek and Jew, sovereign grace be formed anew.

33 518

529. 8s & 7s. WILMOT.

FRANCIS.

THEM THAT HONOR ME I WILL HONOR. - 1 Sam. 2:30.

- 1 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations; Praise Him, all ye hosts above; Shout, with joyful acclamations, His divine, victorious love.
- 2 With my substance I will honor My Redeemer and my Lord; Were ten thousand worlds my manor, All were nothing to His word.
- 3 While the heralds of salvation His abounding grace proclaim, Let His friends, of every station, Gladly join to spread His fame.

530. 7s. St. Asaphs. Sigourne

THERE CAME A CERTAIN POOR WIDOW, AND SHE THREW IN TW MITES, WHICH MAKE A FARTHING. — Mark 12: 42.

1 LITTLE rain drops feed the rill;
Rills, to meet the streamlet, glide;
Streams the broader rivers fill;
Rivers swell the ocean tide—



CHARITABLE OCCASIONS.

Ocean, that with swelling note, Proudly rears a foaming crest, While the mightiest navies float Lightly o'er its billowy breast.

Thus the offerings gathered here,
Gifts we bring with willing hand,
Shall those streams of bounty cheer
That refresh a thirsty land,
With the sea of love shall blend,
Which the gospel's grace doth pour,
And the name of Jesus send
E'en to earth's remotest shore.

31. S. M. BADEA.

SCOTT.

ME NEAR, AND BEING SACRIFICES AND THANK OFFERINGS INTO THE HOUSE OF THE LORD. — 2 Chron. 29:81.

- Thy bounties, gracious God,
 With gratitude we own;
 We praise Thy providential care,
 That showers its blessings down.
- 2 With joy Thy people bring
 Their offerings round Thy throne;
 With thankful souls, behold, we pay
 A tribute of Thine own.

515

THE NATION.

3 O, may this sacrifice To Thee, the Lord, ascend, An odor of a sweet perfume Presented by His hand.

THE NATION.—GOD OUR STRENGTH AND SALVATION.

532. 68 & 48. AMERICA.

HE SHALL BLESS THER IN THE LAND .- Deut. 28: &

- 1 God bless our native land;
 Firm may she ever stand
 Through storm and night;
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of winds and wave,
 Do Thou our country save,
 By thy great might.
- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
 To God above the skies;
 On Him we wait;
 Thou who hast heard each sigh,
 Watching each weeping eye,
 Be Thou forever nigh;
 God save the state.



GOD OUR STRENGTH AND SALVATION.

533. L. M. DUKE STREET.

THE NATIONS OF THEM WHICH ARE SAVED SHALL WALK IN THE LIGHT OF IT. — Rev. 21: 24.

- 1 LORD let Thy goodness lead our land, Still saved by Thine almighty hand, The tribute of its love to bring To Thee, our Saviour and our King.
- 2 Let every public temple raise Triumphant songs of holy praise; Let every peaceful, private home A temple, Lord, to Thee become.
- 3 Still be it our supreme delight To walk as in Thy glorious sight; Still in Thy precepts and Thy fear, Till life's last hour, to persevere.

534. L. M. MEROE. SEWARD.

TO LET THE OPPRESSED GO FREE. - Is. 58:6.

1 Lord, when Thine ancient people cried, Oppressed and bound by Egypt's king, Thou didst Arabia's sea divide, And forth Thy fainting Israel bring.

THE NATION.

- 2 Lo, in these latter days, our land Groans with the anguish of the slave Lord God of hosts, stretch forth Thy han Not shortened that it cannot save.
- 3 Roll back the swelling tide of sin, The lust of gain, the lust of power; The day of freedom usher in: How long delays the appointed hour!
- 4 As Thou of old to Miriam's hand The thrilling timbrel didst restore, And to the joyful song her land Echoed from desert to the shore, -
- 5 O, let Thy smitten ones again Take up the chorus of the free — "Praise ye the Lord! His power proclain For He hath conquered gloriously!"

535. L. M. BAVA. Lui

THEIR SACRIFICES SHALL BE ACCEPTED UPON MINE ALI Is. 58:7.

1 When, driven by oppression's rod, Our fathers fled beyond the sea, Their care was first to honor God. And next to leave their children for



FOD OUR STRENGTH AND SALVATION.

Above the forest's gloomy shade

The altar and the school appeared;
On that the gifts of faith were laid,
In this their precious hopes were reared.

The altar and the school still stand,
The sacred pillars of our trust,
And freedom's sons shall fill the land
When we are sleeping in the dust.

Before Thine altar, Lord, we bend,
With grateful song and fervent prayer,
For Thou, who wast our fathers' Friend,
Wilt make our offspring still Thy care.

7s. Nuremburg.

ON EARTH PEACE. - Luke 2:14.

- 1 Peace! the welcome sound proclaim; Dwell with rapture on the theme; Loud, still louder swell the strain, Peace on earth, good will to men.
- 2 Breezes, whispering soft and low, Gently murmur as ye blow; Breathe the sweet, celestial strain, Peace on earth, good will to men.

THE NATION.

- 3 Ocean's billows, far and wide Rolling in majestic pride, Loud, still louder swell the strain, Peace on earth, good will to men.
- 4 Christians, who these blessings feel, And in adoration kneel, Loud, still louder swell the strain, Praise to God, good will to men.

THE NATION.—FASTING AND THANKS-GIVING.

537. 88 & 78. GREENVILLE. EPIS. COLL DELIVER US, AND PURGE AWAY OUR SINS, FOR THY BANK! BAKE.—PI. 79:8.

- 1 Dread Jehovah, God of nations, From Thy temple in the skies, Hear Thy people's supplications; Now for their deliverance rise.
- 2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding.

 Long and loud for vengeance call,

 Thou hast mercy more abounding;

 Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

FASTING AND THANKSGIVING.

Let that love veil our transgression; Let that blood our guilt efface; Save Thy people from oppression, Save from spoil Thy holy place.

Lo, with deep contrition turning, Humbly at Thy feet we bend; Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning; Hear us, spare us, and defend.

38. C. M. WINDSOR. STEELE.

I HUMBLED MY SOUL WITH PASTING .- Ps. 35: 13.

See, gracious God, before Thy throne Thy mourning people bend; 'Tis on Thy sovereign grace alone Our humble hopes depend.

Tremendous judgments from Thy hand Thy dreadful power display; Yet mercy spares this guilty land, And yet we live to pray.

How changed, alas! are truths divine, For error, guilt, and shame! What impious numbers, bold in sin, Disgrace the Christian name\

THE NATION.

4 O bid us turn, almighty Lord, By Thy resistless grace; Then shall our hearts obey Thy word, And humbly seek Thy face.

539. 78. WORTHING. SAC. LYRICS.

I WILL PRAISE THE NAME OF GOD WITH A SONG, AND WILL MAGNIFY HIM WITH THANKSGIVING. — PR. 69: 30.

- 1 Swell the anthem, raise the song; Praises to our God belong; Saints and angels, join to sing Praises to the heavenly King.
- 2 Blessings from His liberal hand Flow around this happy land; Kept by Him, no foes annoy; Peace and freedom we enjoy.
- 3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway, May we cheerfully obey, Never feel oppression's rod, Ever own and worship God.
- 4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
 Praises to the King of kings;
 Let us join the choral song,
 And the grateful notes prolong.

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THE YEAR. - OPENING, ADVANCING, ETC.

THE YEAR. — OPENING, ADVANCING, AND CLOSING.

540. P. M. BATES. C. WESLEY.

WELL DONE, THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT. - Matt. 25: 21.

- Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear.
- 2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil, And our talents improve By the patience of hope and the labor of love.
- 3 Our life as a dream; our time as a stream Glides swiftly away,

And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

- 4 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
 The millenial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 5 O that each in the day of His coming may say, "I have fought my way through; I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do."
- 6 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
 "Well and faithfully done!

 Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne."

THE YEAR.

- 541. L. M. HAMBURG. DODDRIDGE. HAVING, THEREFORE, OBTAINED HELP OF GOD, I CONTIEUS UNTO THIS DAY. - Acts 26: 22.
- 1 Great God, we sing that mighty hand, By which supported still we stand: The opening year Thy mercy shows: Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad, Still are we guarded by our God; By His incessant bounty fed. By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own; The future all to us unknown, We to Thy guardian care commit, And, peaceful, leave before Thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed, Thou art our Joy, and Thou our Rest; Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise, Adored through all our changing days.
- 542. 7s. BENEVENTO. NEWTOR THOU CARRIEST THEM AWAY AS WITH A FLOOD .- Pr. 90:5
- 1 While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted through the former year,

NG, ADVANCING, AND CLOSING.

souls their race have run, ver more to meet us here: in an eternal state, y have done with all below; little longer wait; how little none can know.

wingéd arrow flies
edily the mark to find, —
} lightning from the skies
'ts, and leaves no trace behind, —
y thus our fleeting days
ir us down life's rapid stream;
rd, Lord, our spirits raise;
below is but a dream;

is for mercies past receive; don of our sins renew; us henceforth how to live th eternity in view. Thy word to young and old; us with a Saviour's love; when life's short tale is told, y we dwell with Thee above.

THE YEAR.

543 .			8s.	Spring.	HAWE
	Lo.	THE	WINTER	15 PAST Cant. 2:11	

- 1 The winter is over and gone, The thrush whistles sweet on the spray, The turtle breathes forth her soft mosa, The lark mounts and warbles away.
- 2 Shall every creature around Their voices in concert unite, And I, the most favored, be found In praising to take less delight?
- 3 Awake, then, my harp and my lute; Sweet organs, your notes softly swell; No longer my lips shall be mute, The Saviour's high praises to tell.
- 4 His love in my heart shed abroad,
 My graces shall bloom as the spring;
 This temple, His spirit's abode,
 My joy, as my duty, to sing.

544. 7s. HUDSON. EV. MAS. THOU CROWNEST THE YEAR WITH THY GOODNESS. -- PL65: IL

1 Praise on Thee, in Zion's gates, Daily, O Jehovah, waits; Unto Thee, O God, belong Grateful words and holy song.



OPENING, ADVANCING, AND CLOSING.

- 2 Thou the Hope and Refuge art Of remotest lands apart, Distant isles and tribes unknown, 'Mid the ocean waste and lone.
- 3 Thou dost visit earth, and rain Blessings on the thirsty plain, From the copious founts on high, From the rivers of the sky.
- 4 Thus the clouds Thy power confess, And Thy paths drop fruitfulness, And the voice of song and mirth Rises from the tribes of earth.

45. 6s & 4s. America. Montgomery.

FORGET NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS. - Ps. 103 : 2.

- 1 THE God of harvest praise;
 In loud thanksgiving raise
 Hand, heart, and voice;
 The valleys smile and sing;
 Forests and mountains ring;
 The plains their tribute bring;
 The streams rejoice.
- 2 Yea, bless His holy name, And purest thanks proclaim

THE YEAR.

Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty; but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet-accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

546.

8s & 7s. Love.

HOR

WE ALL DO PADE AS A LEAF. - Is. 64:6.

- 1 See the leaves around us falling, Dry and withered, to the ground, Thus to thoughtless mortals calling, In a sad and solemn sound,—
- 2 "Sons of Adam, once in Eden, Blighted when like us he fell, Hear the lecture we are reading; 'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.



NING, ADVANCING, AND CLOSING.

uths, though yet no losses grieve you, ay in health and manly grace, not cloudless skies deceive you; ummer gives to autumn place.

arly in our course returning, lessengers of shortest stay, s we preach, this truth concerning, eaven and earth shall pass away.

the tree of life eternal, [an, let all thy hope be stayed, ch alone, forever vernal, ears a leaf that shall not fade."

7s. APHEK.

NEWTON.

REDEEMING THE TIME. - Eph. 5:16.

IME by moments steals away, irst the hour, and then the day; mall the daily loss appears, et it soon amounts to years.

hus another year is flown; low it is no more our own, it brought or promised good, than the years before the flood.

34

. THE YEAR.

- 3 Favors, from the Lord received, Sins, that have His Spirit grieved, Marked by an unerring hand, In His book recorded stand.
- 4 If we see another year,
 May thy blessing meet us here;
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Warm our hearts, and bless our eyes.

548.

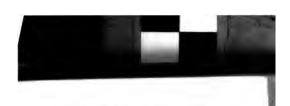
C. M. DUNDER.

WATTI

HE PLEETH ALSO AS A SHADOW. -- Job 14:2.

- 1 THEE we adore, eternal Name,
 And humbly own to Thee
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms are we.
- 2 The year rolls round, and steals away The breath that first it gave; Whate'er we do, where'er we be, We're travelling to the grave.
- 3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
 To push us to the tomb;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.

2:37



LIFE. - FRAILTY AND BREVITY.

Good God, on what a slender thread Hang everlasting things! The eternal state of all the dead Upon life's feeble strings.

Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath,
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

LIFE. - FRAILTY AND BREVITY.

19. L. M. WINDHAM.

STEELE.

How FRAIL I AM !- Ps. 39:4.

Almighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to Thy praise.

531

LIFE.

- 2 My days are shorter than a span;
 A little point my life appears;
 How frail at best is dying man!
 How vain are all his hopes and fears!
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show; Vain are the cares which rack his mind; He heaps up treasures mixed with wos, And dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 O, be a nobler portion mine; My God, I bow before Thy throne; Earth's fleeting treasures I resign, And fix my hope on Thee alone.

550. L. M. AVERNO. PRATT'S COLL

EVERY MAN WALKETH IN A VAIN SHOW. - Ps. 39:6.

- 1 How vain is all beneath the skies! How transient every earthly bliss! How slender all the fondest ties That bind us to a world like this!
- 2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
 The withering grass, the fading flower.
 Of earthly hopes are emblems true,
 The glory of a passing hour.



FRAILTY AND BREVITY.

But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares and chase our fears;
If God be ours, we're travelling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

51. 7s & 6s. Amsterdam. Burton.

How short my time is !- Ps. 89: 47.

- 1 Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home;
 Life is but a winter's day,
 A journey to the tomb.
- 2 Youth and vigor soon will flee, Blooming beauty lose its charms; All that's mortal soon shall be Enclosed in Death's cold arms.
- 3 But the Christian shall enjoy Health and beauty soon above, Far beyond the world's alloy, Secure in Jesus' love.

DEATH.

DEATH.—SUPPORT AND CONSOI TION.

552. L. M. REST. BARB
THE RIGHTEOUS HATH HOPE IN HIS DEATH. - Prov. 1

- 1 Sweet is the scene when Christians When sinks a righteous soul to res How mildly beams the closing eye, How gently heaves the expiring by
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away, So sinks the gale when storms are So gently shuts the eye of day, So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow. Fanned by some guardian angel's Where is, O grave, thy victory now, And where, insidious death, thy st
- 553. S. H. M. Friendship. Montgo That where I am, there ye may be.—John 14
- 1 FRIEND after friend departs;
 Who hath not lost a friend?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end:
 Were this frail world our only rest,
 Living or dying, none were blessed.

23



SUPPORT AND CONSOLATION.

eyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
here surely is some blesséd clime
Where life is not a breath,
life's affections transient fire,
se sparks fly upward to expire.

here is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
faith beholds the dying here
aslated to that happier sphere.

hus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
s morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
sink those stars in empty night;
y hide themselves in heaven's own light.

8s. Spring.

HE WAS SICK AND DIED. - Acts 9:37.

'Is finished; the conflict is past;
The heaven-born spirit is fled;
ler wish is accomplished at last,
And now she's intombed with the dead.



DEATH.

- 2 Her soul has now taken its flight To mansions of glory above, To mingle with angels of light, And dwell in the kingdom of love.
- 3 The victory now is obtained; She's gone her Redeemer to see; Her wishes she fully has gained; She's now where she panted to be.
- 4 Then let us forbear to complain
 That she has now gone from our sig
 We soon shall behold her again,
 With new and redoubled delight.

555.

L. M. WARE.

Rev

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURE. - Matt. 5:4.

- 1 O, DEEM not they are blessed alone Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep; For God, who pities man, has shown A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
 The lids that overflow with tears;
 And weary hours of wee and pain
 Are promises of happier years.
 536



SUPPORT AND CONSOLATION.

And ye who at a friend's low bier Now shed the bitter drops like rain, Hope that a brighter, happier sphere Will give him to your arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day, And numbered every secret tear, And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay For all His children suffer here.

56. S. M. AYLESBURY.

T ME DIE THE DEATH OF THE BIGHTEOUS .- Num. 28:10.

- 1 O FOR the death of those Who slumber in the Lord!
 - O, be like theirs my last repose, Like theirs my last reward.
- 2 Their bodies, in the ground, In silent hope, may lie, Till the last trumpet's joyful sound. Shall call them to the sky.

DEATH.

- 3 Their ransomed spirits soar, On wings of faith and love, To meet the Saviour they adore, And reign with Him above.
- 4 O for the death of those Who slumber in the Lord! O, be like theirs my last repose,
 - O, be like theirs my last repose, Like theirs my last reward.
- 557. 11s & 12s. Kingsley. Muhlenners.
 I would not live alway.—Job7:16.
- 1 I would not live alway: I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way; The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway thus fettered by sin Temptation without and corruption within: E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears, And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb; Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom; There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God, Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode, Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plai: And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?—
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet. Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet. While the anthems of rapture uncessingly roll. And the smile of the Lord is the life of the sw



SUPPORT AND CONSOLATION.

558. 8s, 7s, & 4. TAMWORTH.

THE SPIRIT SHALL RETURN UNTO GOD, WHO GAVE IT.

ECC. 12:7.

1 Tossed no more on life's rough billow,
All the storms of sorrow fled,
Death hath found a quiet pillow
For the aged Christian's head,
Peaceful slumbers
Guarding now his lowly bed.

2 O, may we be reunited
To the spirits of the just,
Leaving all that sin hath blighted
With corruption, in the dust:
Hear us, Jesus,
Thou our Lord, our Life, our Trust.

559. 8s & 7s. Love.

Thy will be done. — Matt. 28: 42.

1 Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding O'er the spoils that death has won, We would, at this solemn meeting, Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken, Though afflicted, not alone; Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken; Blesséd Lord, "Thy will be done."



DEATH.

Though to-day we're filled with mourning, Mercy still is on the throne; With Thy smiles of love returning, We can sing, "Thy will be done."

4 By Thy hands the boon was given; Thou hast taken but Thine own. Lord of earth, and God of heaven, Evermore "Thy will be done."

560. L. M. AVERNO.

STEELE.

THE WIND PASSETH OVER IT, AND IT IS GONE. - Ps. 108:16.

- 1 So fades the lovely blooming flower, Frail, smiling solace of an hour; So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 Is there no kind, no lenient art To heal the anguish of the heart? O, let Religion then be nigh; Her comforts were not made to die.
- 3 Then gentle Patience smiles on Pain. And dying Hope revives again; Hope wipes the tear from Sorrow's (And Faith points upward to the the

OA:



SUPPORT AND CONSOLATION.

Doxology.

To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit, Three in One, Be honor, praise, and glory given By all on earth and all in heaven.

561. 8s & 7s. Love. WATERSTON.

HE COMETH FORTH LIKE A FLOWER, AND IS CUT DOWN. Job 14: 2.

- 1 One sweet flower has drooped and faded; One sweet infant voice has fled; One fair brow the grave has shaded; One dear schoolmate now is dead.
- 2 But we feel no thought of sadness, For our friend is happy now; She has knelt in soul-felt gladness, Where the blesséd angels bow.
- 3 May our footsteps never falter In the path that she has trod; May we worship at the altar Of the great and living God.

MACKAY.

HE FELL ASLEEP. -- Acts 7:60.

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus! Blesséd sleep! From which none ever wakes to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose. Unbroken by the dread of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest! Whose waking is supremely blessed; No fear, no woes, shall dim that hour Which manifests the Saviour's power.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! Time nor space Debars this precious hiding place; On Indian plains or Lapland's snows Believers find the same repose.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet! With holy confidence to sing That Death has lost his venomed sting!
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me May such a blissful Refuge be: Securely shall my ashes lie, And wait the summons from on high.



SUPPORT AND CONSOLATION.

563.

C. M. CHINA.

WATTS.

IF WE BE DEAD WITH CHRIST, WE BELIEVE THAT WE SHALL ALSO LIVE WITH HIM. -- Rom. 6:8.

- 1 Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms? "Tis but the voice that Jesus sends To call them to His arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward, too, As fast as time can move? Nor would we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our Love.
- 3 The graves of all the saints He blessed, And softened every bed; Where should the dying members rest But with the dying Head?
- 4 Thence He arose, ascending high, And showed our feet the way; Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly At the great rising day.
- 5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound, And bid our kindred rise; Awake, ye nations under ground; Ye saints, ascend the skies.

DEATH.

564. C. M. FUNERAL THOUGHT. WATTS.

IT IS APPOINTED UNTO MEN ONCE TO DIE. - Heb. 9:27.

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!
My ears, attend the cry:
"Ye living men, come, view the ground

"Ye living men, come, view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

- 2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your towers; The tall, the wise, the reverend head Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
 And are we still secure?
 Still walking downward to our tomb,
 And yet prepare no more?
- 4 Grant us the powers of quickening grace,
 To fit our souls to fly;
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,

We'll rise above the sky.



THE RESURRECTION.

IMMORTALITY. — THE RESURRECTION.

565. 8s & 4. TRANQUILLITY. MONTGOMERY.

I WILL REDEEM THEM FROM DEATH. - Hos. 13:14.

- 1 THERE is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary pilgrims found:
 They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
 Low in the ground.
- 2 The storm that racks the wintry sky No more disturbs their deep repose Than summer evening's latest sigh, That shuts the rose.
- 3 I long to lay this painful head And aching heart beneath the soil; To slumber, in that dreamless bed, From all my toil.
- 4 The soul, of origin divine,
 God's glorious image, freed from clay,
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
 A star of day.
- 5 The sun is but a spark of fire, A transient meteor in the sky: The soul, immortal as its Sire, Shall never die.

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566. C. M. WOODLAND.

WHITE.

WHOSOEVER LIVETH AND BELIEVETH IN ME SHALL NEVER DIE. - John 11:26.

- THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path, Amid the deepening gloom,
 We, soldiers of an injured King, Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more, And all our powers decay, Our cold remains in solitude Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid
 In this our last retreat,
 Unheeded o'er our silent dust
 The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
 The vital spark shall lie;
 For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
 To seek its kindred sky.
- 5 These ashes, too, this little dust
 Our Father's care shall keep,
 Till the last angel rise and break
 The long and dream electric

SAB.



THE JUDGMENT.

en love's soft dew o'er every eye shall shed its mildest rays, d the long-silent dust shall burst With shouts of endless praise.

MORTALITY. — THE JUDGMENT.

8s, 7s, & 4. ZION.

GOODE.

GOD SHALL COME, AND SHALL NOT KEEP SILENCE. Ps. 50: 3.

the mighty God appearing, From on high Jehovah speaks: tern lands the summons hearing, For the west His thunder breaks;

Earth beholds Him; Iniversal nature shakes.

n, all its light unfolding,
God in glory shall display:
He comes, nor silence holding;
Fire and clouds prepare His way;
Tempests round Him

lasten on the dreadful day.

To the heavens His voice ascending,
To the earth beneath He cries,
"Souls immortal, now descending,
Let the sleeping dust arise;
Rise to judgment;
Let My throne adorn the skies.

- 4 "Gather first My saints around Me,
 Those who to My covenant stood;
 Those who humbly sought and found Me
 Through the dying Saviour's blood;
 Blest Redeemer!
 Dearest sacrifice to God."
- 5 Now the heavens on high adore Him, And His righteousness declare; Sinners perish from before Him, But His saints His mercies share: Just His judgment; God, Himself the Judge, is there.
- 568. L. M., SAXONY. SIR W. SCOT WHERE SHALL THE UNGODULY AND THE SINNER APPRAE 1 Pet. 4:18.
- 1 That day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heaven and earth shall pass aw What power shall be the sinner's stay How shall he meet that dreadful day



THE JUDGMENT.

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll, The flaming heavens together roll, When louder yet, and yet more dread, Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

O, on that day, that wrathful day, When man to judgment wakes from clay, Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay, Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

69. C. M. MARTYRS. Addison.

WHEN HE VISITETH, WHAT SHALL I ANSWER HIM? Job 31:14.

When, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O, how shall I appear?

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought,—

When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed In majesty severe, And sit in judgment on my soul,

O, how shall I appear?

570. P. M. MONMOUTH.

THE HOUR OF HIS JUDGMENT IS COME. - Rev. 14:7.

- 1 Great God! what do I see and hear? The end of things created! Behold the Judge of man appear, On clouds of glory seated! The trumpet sounds, the graves restore The dead which they contained before; Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding;
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.
- 3 Great God! what do I see and hear?
 The end of things created!
 Behold the Judge of man appear,
 On clouds of glory seated!
 Low at His cross I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet Him.

THE JUDGMENT.

571. S. M. DUNBAR. DODDRID

WHO MAY ABIDE THE DAY OF HIS COMING? - Mal. 8:2.

- 1 And will the Judge descend?
 And must the dead arise?
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will our hearts endure
 The terrors of that day,
 When earth and heaven before His face
 Astonished shrink away?
- 3 But ere the trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead,
 Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
 What joyful tidings spread!
- 4 Ye sinners, seek His grace
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
 Flee to the shelter of His cross,
 And find salvation there.

572. S. M. DOVER. KELLS AND TO WAIT FOR HIS SON FROM HEAVEN.—1 Thess. 1:10.

In expectation sweet
 We wait, and sing, and pray,
 Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
 And see an endless day.

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- 2 He comes! the Conqueror comes! Death falls beneath His sword; The joyful prisoners burst their tombs, And rise to meet their Lord.
- 3 The trumpet sounds! awake!
 Ye dead, to judgment come!
 The pillars of creation shake,
 While hell receives her doom.
- 4 Thrice happy morn for those
 Who love the ways of peace;
 No night of sorrow e'er shall close
 Or shade their perfect bliss.

IMMORTALITY. — HEAVEN.

573. C. M. GLENCAIRN.

STEELE.

THEY SHALL BEHOLD THE LAND THAT IS VERY FAR OFF. Is. 33:17.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of nigh Unbounded glories rise, And realms of infinite delight, Unknown to mortal eyes.



HEAVEN.

- 2 No clouds those blissful regions know, Forever bright and fair; For sin, the source of mortal woe, Can never enter there.
- 3 O, may the heavenly prospect fire Our hearts with ardent love, Till wings of faith and strong desire Bear every thought above.
- 4 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine, For Thy bright courts on high; Then bid our spirits rise and join The chorus of the sky.

74. C. M. St. Asaphs. Turnbull.

ERE REMAINETH, THEREFORE, A REST TO THE PEOPLE OF GOD. — Heb. 4:9.

There is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies —
My Father's house, my heavenly home,
Where "many mansions" stand,
Prepared by hands divine for all
Who seek the better land.

- 2 When tossed upon the waves of life, With fear on every side, ---When fiercely howls the gathering storm, And foams the angry tide, -Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom, Breaks forth the light of morn, Bright beaming from my Father's house. To cheer the soul forlorn.
- 3 In that pure home of tearless joy Earth's parted friends shall meet, With smiles of love that never fade. And blessedness complete. There, there, adieus are sounds unknown; Death frowns not on that scene: But life and glorious beauty shine Untroubled and serene.

575. C. M. LANESBORO'. TAPPAR THE HOPE WHICH IS LAID UP FOR YOU IN HEAVEN. - Col. 1:5

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast;



HEAVEN.

There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear: 'tis heaven.
There Faith lifts up her cheerful eye

To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom, And joys supreme are given; There rays divine disperse the gloom; Beyond the confines of the tomb Appears the dawn of heaven.

76. C. M. JOBDAN. WATTS.
THE LAND OF YOUR HABITATIONS. - Num. 15: 2

THERE is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea, And linger, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, — And see the Canaan that we love With unbeclouded eyes, —
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.
- 577. L. P. M. NEWCOURT. COLESWORTHY.

 AND HIS REST SHALL BE GLORIOUS. L. 11:10.
- 1 There is a glorious land afar,
 Beyond the brightest burning star,
 Where peace interminably reigns,—
 Where soft and balmy breezes blow,
 And golden rivers gently flow,
 And gladness smiles o'er all the plains.



HEAVEN.

ovelling thought, no treacherous smile, ord unkind, no act of guile, ll e'er disturb the sacred rest; very peaceful brow will shine ing beauty, all divine, d love pervade the sinless breast.

78. SPANISH HYMN. MONTGOMERY.

THESE WHICH ARE ARRAYED IN WHITE BOBES?
Roy. 7:18.

r are these in bright array, is innumerable throng, d the altar night and day, mning one triumphant song?—rthy is the Lamb, once slain, essing, honor, glory, power, om, riches, to obtain, w dominion every hour."

est through fiery trials trod; ese from great affliction came. before the throne of God, aled with His almighty name, in raiment pure and white, tor palms in every hand, agh their great Redeemer's might, re than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amid the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead.
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fear;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

579. S. M. Dover. Montgomes

SO SHALL WE EVER BE WITH THE LORD. - 1 Thess. 4:17.

- 1 "FOREVER with the Lord!"

 Amen! so let it be;

 Life from the dead is in that word;

 "Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in this body pent, Absent from Him I roam, Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near
 At times to faith's discerning eye
 Thy golden gates appear



HEAVEN.

- 4 Ah, then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above.
- 5 "Forever with the Lord!"
 Father, if 'tis Thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word
 E'en here to me fulfil.
- 6 Be Thou at my right hand; Then can I never fail; Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand; Fight, and I must prevail.
- 30. 8s & 6s. WOODLAND. NELSON.

 GREAT IS YOUR REWARD IN HEAVEN.—Matt. 5:12.

 THIS world is poor from shore to shore,
 And like a baseless vision;

 Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,

 Its gems and crowns, are vain and poor:

 There's nothing rich but heaven.

Empires decay and nations die;
Our hopes to winds are given;
The vernal blooms in ruin lie;
Death reigns o'er all beneath the sky:
There's nothing sure but heaven.

- 3 Creation's mighty fabric all
 Shall be to atoms riven;
 The skies consume, the planets fall,
 Convulsions rock this earthy ball:
 There's nothing firm but heaven.
- 4 A stranger, lonely here I roam,
 From place to place am driven;
 My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom;
 This world is all a dismal tomb:
 I have no home but heaven.
- 5 The clouds disperse; the light appears; My sins are all forgiven; Triumphant grace hath quelled my fears: Roll on, thou sun! fly swift, my years! I'm on my way to heaven.

581. C. M. DEVIZES. DODDRIDGE.

The Lord shall be thine everlasting Light. - Is. 60:20

- YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell, With all your feeble light;
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day, In brighter flames arrayed,



HEAVEN.

My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere, No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust Of my divine abode,

The pavement of those heavenly courts Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
Shall there His beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief Shall swell into mine eyes, Nor the meridian sun decline Amid those brighter skies.

There all the millions of His saints
'Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

82. C. M. JERUSALEM. S. STENNETT.
HE SHALL BLESS THEE IN THE LAND. - Deut. 28: 8.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene That rises to my sight! Sweet fields arrayed in living green, And rivers of delight!
- 3 All o'er those wide-extended plains Shines one eternal day; There God, the Sun, forever reigns, And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds or poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore: Sickness and sorrow, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place, And be forever blessed? When shall I see my Father's face, And in His bosom rest?

583.

8s. SPRING.

DE FLEUI

ALL THE ANGELS STOOD ROUND ABOUT THE THRONE.

1 YE angels, who stand round the thron And view my Immanuel's face, In rapturous songs make Him known

O, tune your soft harps to his prais GM?



HEAVEN.

Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at His feet,
His grace and His glory display,
And all His rich mercy repeat.

O, when will the moment appear When I shall unite in your song? I'm weary of lingering here, For I to your Saviour belong.

I'm fettered and chained here in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

84. Spring.

THE STREET OF THE CITY WAS PURE GOLD. - Rev. 21 : 21.

WE speak of the realms of the blessed, That country so bright and so fair, And oft are its glories confessed; But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its pathways of gold,

Its walls decked with jewels so rare,

Its wonders and pleasures untold;

But what must it be to be there!

DOXOLOGIES.

- 3 We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, temptation, and care, From trials without and within; But what must it be to be there!
- 4 We speak of its service of love,

 The robes which the glorified wear,

 The church of the first born above;

 But what must it be to be there!
- 5 Do Thou, Lord, 'mid sorrow and woe, Still for heaven my spirit prepare, And shortly I also shall know, And feel, what it is to be there.

DOXOLOGIES.

1.

L. M.

KE1

Praise God, from whom all blessings flor Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Chost.

560



C. M.

ET God the Father, and the Son, And Spirit be adored, here there are works to make Him known. Or saints to love the Lord.

8. M.

WATTS.

YE angels round the throne, And saints who dwell below. Worship the Father, praise the Son, And bless the Spirit too.

H. M.

WATTS.

To our eternal God. The Father and the Son, And Spirit all divine, Three mysteries in One. lvation, power, 9 By all on earth, nd praise be given, And all in heaven.

L. P. M.

WATTS.

ow to the great and sacred Three, ne Father, Son, and Spirit, be Eternal praise and glory given,



DOXOLOGIES.

hrough all the worlds where God is known, by all the angels near the throne,

And all the saints in earth and heaven.

6. C. P. M. TATE & BRADY.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more.

7. 7s. MEAD'S COLL

Sing we to our God above Praise eternal as His love: Praise Him, all ye heavenly host— Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

8. 8s & 7s.

Praise the Father, earth and heaver Praise the Son, the Spirit praise; As it was, and is, be given Glory through eternal days.

200

DOXOLOGIES.

9. 8s, 7s, & 4.
GREAT Jehovah, we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises

To Jehovah, Three in One.

To Thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings;
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings;
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all Thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

6s & 4s.

To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

DOXOLOGIES.

12.

4s & 6s.

To Father, Son,
And Spirit, — One, —
The God who reigns in heaven,
As done above,
May praise and love
By all on earth be given.

13.

10s & 11s. RIPPON'S COLL

ALL glory to God, the Father and Son, And Spirit of grace, the great Three in One, Let highest ascriptions forever be given By all the creation on earth and in heaven-

14.

8s, 6s, & 4s.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
On earth be praises given,
While angels raise
Their higher praise
With the redeemed in heaven.



DOXOLOGIES.

5s & 6s.

By angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be addressed,
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever blessed;
As hath been, and now is,
And always shall be.

P. M.

ALL glory to God
In His highest abode,
Who sits on His throne!
glory to Jesus, His crucified Son!
All glory and praise
To the Spirit of grace!
The eternal I AM:
His saints and His angels forever proclaim.



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